Sketches of War History, 1861-1865

Volume VI

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES OHI

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/isbn_9780469137202

SKETCHES

OF

WAR HISTORY

1861-1865

Papers Prepared for the Commandery of the State of Ohio, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

1903-1908

EDITED BY

BREVET COLONEL THEODORE F. ALLEN, DR. EDWARD S. MCKEE, AND CAPTAIN J. GORDON TAYLOR, PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMANDERY

VOLUME VI

CINCINNATI:
MONFORT & COMPANY
1908

NOTICE.

The papers contained in this volume have been prepared in accordance with the rule of the Commandery of the State of Ohio, which provides that

"The Recorder shall solicit Companions to prepare papers for the Commandery relating to their experience and observations in the battles and campaigns in the late War of the Rebellion, one of which shall be read at each stated meeting; and he shall publish all such papers, as fast as a sufficient number is collected, in a volume or volumes, uniform in size and style with Volumes I and II of the Commandery's *Sketches of War History.*"

W. R. THRALL,
Recorder.

CINCINNATI, June 1, 1908.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS IN ARKANSAS..... 1
By Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew W. McCormick.

A BOY AT SHILOH..... 14
By Companion John A. Cockerill.

THREE MEMORABLE DAYS. A LETTER FROM CHATTANOOGA, NOVEMBER, 1863..... 35
By First Lieutenant Alfred Pirtle.

FROM KNOXVILLE TO MOBILE BAY..... 47
By Captain J. Gordon Taylor.

THE LAST BLOOD SHED IN THE CIVIL WAR..... 63
By Captain Archibald H. Thomson.

MCDOWELL'S EXPLANATION OF THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST CORPS TO JOIN MCCLELLAN..... 71
By Colonel Latham Anderson.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY..... 78
By Captain Albert C. Thompson.

THE BOYS IN BLUE AT MISSIONARY RIDGE..... 89
By Brevet Major Leonidas M. Jewett.

PAGE

STONE RIVER SKETCHES 95
By First Lieutenant Alfred Pirtle.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION 111
By Brevet Major Frank J. Jones.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH AS A PRIVATE SAW IT 132
By Captain Robert H. Flemming.

THE "UNDERGROUND RAILROAD" AND THE "GRAPEVINE TELEGRAPH." AN ESCAPING PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE 147
By Brevet Colonel Theodore F. Allen.

THE BATTLE OF HOOVER'S GAP 168
By Brevet Brigadier-General John T. Wilder.

FIELD NOTES OF THE SELMA CAMPAIGN 174
By First Lieutenant Charles D. Mitchell.

THE SECOND DAY AT SHILOH 195
By Brevet Major Lewis M. Hosea, U.S.A.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE IN THE REAR AT STONE'S RIVER, TENNESSEE 219
By Brevet Brigadier-General Gates P. Thruston.

THE SANDERS RAID 238
By First Lieutenant Charles D. Mitchell.

RAID OF THE UNION CAVALRY, COMMANDED BY GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, AROUND THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN ATLANTA, AUGUST, 1864 252
By Captain William L. Curry.

PAGE

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA..... 276

By Major William H. Chamberlin.

IN AT THE DEATH; OR, THE LAST SHOT AT THE CONFEDERACY..... 287

By Brevet Brigadier-General William D. Hamilton.

THE SIEGE OF MUMFORDVILLE, KY., BY BRAGG'S ARMY IN SEPTEMBER, 1862..... 296

By Brevet Brigadier-General John T. Wilder.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

KILPATRICK'S RAID..... 275

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER, DECEMBER 31, 1862, A. M.... 236

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER, DECEMBER 31, 1862, P. M.... 236

SKETCHES OF WAR HISTORY

BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS IN ARKANSAS.

By ANDREW W. MCCORMICK,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Volunteers.

In August, 1863, General Steele's army marched from Helena through Arkansas, reaching and capturing Little Rock, its capital, September 10, with little resistance. Our forces had been frequently engaged in skirmishes on the way, as the enemy had held possession of most of the State, and seemed to intend holding it.

The Confederates had been driven from Helena, with severe loss, early in July, and had a wholesome dread of meeting Steele's forces, though they hung on our flanks and made hostile demonstrations during the expedition.

In December, the veterans of Steele's army, among which my regiment, the Seventy-seventh Ohio Volunteers, was included, re-enlisted, and we were sent home on veteran furlough, and to recruit. In March we returned to the front, with about two hundred new men added, making with the veterans a fine body of soldiers.

On reaching Little Rock, March 19, 1864, we found General Steele preparing to move to the Southwest. He was under orders to co-operate with General Banks, who was about starting on his Red River expedition, and was to march via Camden and make a junction with Banks at Shreveport. He started March 23, he having about fifteen thousand men, and was to be joined by General Thayer, who was coming

down from the North, after a march of a day or two. In the absence of the other two field officers, Colonel Mason desired that I go as a field officer on said expedition.

Having passed Spoonville, where we had a small skirmish, and not finding General Thayer, we marched on to Okaloua, where we had a more important action. Here I took command of a battalion and went to the aid of Colonel Krez, of the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin, who was contending with too large a force. Colonel Mason was still an invalid from his wounds, and only able to ride at the head of the regiment as it marched. Colonel Krez not only had a force of infantry equal to his own in his front, but a rebel battery was pouring shot into his ranks, and he had fallen back to a safer position. When I joined him with my force, the re-enforcement made him able, I thought, to take the battery, and I so suggested. He replied he had only been waiting till we came up to make the effort, and soon his bugler sounded the advance, whereupon the enemy fled and saved their battery.

We moved on to Little Missouri, where there was more fighting, and the enemy retired before us. At Prairie d'Ann we came up with them again just at dusk, and a sharp fight ensued in the twilight. When it became too dark, the enemy retired across the small prairie, and we bivouacked in the woods till morning, expecting to renew the battle.

We were informed by scouts that the enemy had entrenchments on the west side of the prairie, and General Steele formed his army in double lines of battle, and marched across the prairie in a direction to strike their works in the flank instead of in front. When they saw this movement, they came out of their breastworks and changed front so as to meet us, meantime the batteries on both sides engaging in an artillery duel. We moved steadily forward, suffering but little loss, as we were not yet fairly in rifle range, when the enemy suddenly abandoned the field and beat a hasty retreat. I never

in my life saw so pretty a military display as was made by our little army marching across the prairie in perfect order, in battle array, with banners flying and arms glistening in the morning sun. It is not certain which force was the largest, but the enemy did not feel like standing before us. Perhaps our batteries did more execution than theirs.

They took the road to Washington, Ark., probably thinking that was our objective point. But after following them and harassing them on their retreat, we made a change and took the road to Camden. After a time they discovered our new move, and tried to interrupt our progress by an attack at Moscow. Here we first encountered Indians in battle, as one or two of the Indian regiments in the Confederate service attacked us in the flank and rear. It is well known that the savages are much afraid of "big guns," and a few shots from our artillery soon sent them to the right about.

On reaching Camden we found that the enemy had just evacuated the town. Although General Thayer did not join us till we reached this place, General Price, with all the forces of General Fagin and General Marmaduke, would not give us battle.

Dispatches from General Kirby Smith, found in the telegraph office, may account for this, as General Price was told that General Banks was badly defeated and many of his men prisoners, while his army was in full retreat down Red River, and Price was instructed to get to the north of Steele and prevent his escape till Kirby Smith's forces would join him and aid to capture Steele's entire army. Possession of these telegrams put Steele on his guard, and some fine generalship was displayed.

When our army reached Camden, the troops were nearly starved, as we had left Little Rock with half rations of bread and quarter rations of meat, expecting to make a rapid march to Camden, where General Powell Clayton was to supply us

with rations, by sending a provision train from Pine Bluffs. Thayer's failure to join us at the expected time and place delayed us, and our rations were entirely exhausted some time before we reached Camden. Then we found foraging a poor reliance, as very little flour, meal or meat could be found in the country through which we marched. The provision train was still later in getting in, it having to be driven ninety miles over bad roads, during the muddy spring season. I never saw men devour crackers and bacon with so much eagerness before or since, except while a prisoner of war in the South. The supply would soon be exhausted, and our brigade was ordered to guard the empty train, consisting of two hundred and fifty wagons, back to Pine Bluffs. The roads out of Camden were all guarded by the enemy, but a pontoon bridge was laid across the Waschita River, and a new road cut through the woods, by which the train was started. It seemed the enemy had information that it was going, as an occurrence on the day it left will show. I was Division Officer of the day, and was making the rounds of the pickets, when an orderly came to me at an outpost, with an order relieving me of that duty, and assigning me to the command of my regiment to go on this march, Colonel Mason being too ill to go with the escort. As I was riding hastily to headquarters to report for this new duty, a man in citizen's clothes rode alongside of me for a few squares, telling me he was a Union man desiring to escape to the North, and wishing to go with the train escort that was soon to start to Pine Bluffs, asking at what time it would leave. Being distrustful of him, I gave him no information, and told him if a train was to leave, he would have to apply to headquarters for information as to time. He then rode off and I went to Seventy-seventh headquarters. He afterward made himself known to me as a rebel soldier.

As I was to go on a long march in command of my regiment I made a requisition on the Quartermaster for a horse,

which he could not furnish, and I was compelled to buy one.

The first day's march my regiment guarded the head of the train, and the second day we were broken up into companies and placed between sections guarding the center. The third day, April 25, I was ordered to remain with my regiment in camp till the entire train had pulled out, and then guard the rear. It was probably eight o'clock before we were able to see the last of the wagons on the march. Besides our long train there were dozens of farm wagons, filled with colored families, following the train, availing themselves of this first opportunity of fleeing to the North. We had been notified by prisoners taken that General Marmaduke's cavalry forces were along the road we were going, but Colonel Drake, who commanded the brigade and the four pieces of artillery and a company of cavalry which guarded the train, did not seem to think there was much, if any, danger of an attack. At least he gave me no orders that seemed to contemplate a fight other than the usual flank attacks by bushwhackers. But the last of the train had not marched much over an hour when we began to hear rumors of a large force in our vicinity, and before ten o'clock reports of artillery could be heard toward the head of our column. I supposed our battery was shelling the woods, till an orderly came back, saying Colonel Drake wished me to come forward with dispatch, as a fight was probable. I asked if he ordered that I pass the train, or bring it up as quickly as possible, and was told the latter was expected. I gave orders to the Quartermaster to instruct his wagon masters to move the train on double-quick time, all of which was promptly done.

Soon after this, a staff officer, Lieutenant Eagler, came from Colonel Drake with an order for me to leave the train and bring the regiment forward in all haste possible, which order was promptly obeyed. The men were marched on double-quick time for about five miles, and came to Marks' Mills, almost out of breath. We found the enemy in some

force, but both sides had ceased firing by this time. My first thought was that the greater part of the train and the Thirty-sixth Iowa, Forty-third Indiana, the cavalry company and a section of the Second Missouri Battery had made a junction with a body of General Clayton's Division, from Pine Bluffs, and were safe, while we were cut off and would have to cut our way through. I had with me two pieces of the Second Missouri Battery, and a small squad of cavalry, which had been scouting out a branch road and had rejoined me. Placing the battalion in a good position for a fight, with a line of skirmishers on each flank, I sent a detachment forward on the road leading into the woods, where I knew the enemy was concealed. I told the officer in command to go forward till he was driven back. He had not gone many rods till a volley of musketry from General Cabell's Brigade, wounding several of his men, sent him back to the battalion. This move had drawn their fire and developed their position to be within easy range of the guns of the Seventy-seventh Regiment, where we were formed behind some logs that had fallen parallel with the enemy's line, making a natural breastwork. As our advance guard fell back to this position at Marks' Mills, Cabell's Brigade rose up, as they had been lying concealed in the woods, and commenced firing on us. I ordered the battalion to return the fire, and commanded the sergeant who had charge of the section of battery to open on them with grape or canister. He fired solid shot instead, which had no effect, while the infantry were delivering a galling fire into the Confederates. I repeated my order to the artillery sergeant, and at the same time sent Adjutant Flemming to one side and Quartermaster Fisher to the other to see if they were flanking us. The battery began to get ready for a movement to the rear, the sergeant saying he was going to a hill behind us, from which point he could do better execution, as the range was too short for artillery from the position he then occupied,

to which I assented and he went. Soon the two mounted officers came galloping back and reported the enemy closing around both flanks, which made it necessary to fall back. I reluctantly gave the order to fall back to a little hill in the rear, where the battery had gone, and there about face and give it a support. The line officers, not seeing the flank movement, at first could not understand why we were to leave a position from which we were delivering such an effective fire to the front, and were getting so little damage in return. But on having the situation pointed out, made the movement with alacrity. On reaching the eminence, only a few rods to our rear, we found no battery there, but we aligned ourselves on this little ridge and poured such a volley into the advancing brigade as to cause them to waver and fall back in some disorder, when their General exclaimed, "My God! Are you going to let that little handful whip you?" whereupon they closed up their ranks and moved nearer us. Meantime we became aware that General Dockery's Brigade was charging across an open field on our right flank. The enemy consisted of nearly all the mounted men in the Trans-Mississippi Department under General Fagin, and we had learned from a prisoner that there were six thousand of them. Cabell's Brigade were fighting us in front, dismounted, but here came another brigade, mounted, charging down upon our right. They made a splendid mark for skirmishers, who were making every shot count, being themselves so protected by the timber and a fence that the enemy for a time thought we had been reinforced by General Steele. It was not long till they became convinced that we had not, and that we were nearly surrounded. Captain McKitrick said to me that it was no use to fight longer, as we were doubtless surrounded, and many of the men were out of ammunition — our ammunition wagon having fallen into the enemy's hands. I ordered that men who had cartridges should divide, and we would make a change

of position, across a strip of woods to another road, which I then supposed our artillery had taken, not knowing that there was any force of the enemy on our left and rear. On nearing this road we found it lined with General Shelby's Brigade, thus making a triangle of the three brigades, and cutting off all chance of escape. Surrender was inevitable, and Captain Whitridge, of the staff, who had come up, said, "Don't fire on us; we surrender!" I was so much engaged in the successful movement of the regiment to the new position I had chosen, that I had not observed the near position of Shelby, and in fact had not become quite sure the men we saw on that road, dressed partly in blue and partly in gray, were not some of our own soldiers and teamsters.

I ordered our men to cease firing, as further resistance was useless, and would only have caused our slaughter by scores.

General Shelby demanded that we throw down our arms, and we found ourselves prisoners of war. He asked me who commanded our forces, and I replied Colonel Drake. He said he did not mean the brigade, telling me Colonel Drake and two regiments had been captured hours ago, but he wanted to know who commanded this last force they had been fighting. On being told I was in command, and that I had three hundred men, he asked: "Why did you fight us with such a small force? Did you know how many men we have?" I told him some prisoners we had taken told us they had six thousand. He asked: "Did you expect to whip six thousand with three hundred? Did you not deem it a useless loss of blood and life to resist us? You should have surrendered without a fight." I replied: "We could not know the result till we had made the effort. We want it understood that it is not an easy thing to take Union troops, even if confronted by greater numbers. Besides, if surrender is necessary, we can get as good terms at the end of a fight as before."

He asked if they had captured all of us, and I replied: "If

you have taken the other two regiments, you have." He said: "Well, you are a dear lot of prisoners; it has cost us many lives to take you." He then told me I could keep my horse and ride along with the prisoners. This was an unlooked-for concession, as captives were usually dismounted at once.

We had not gone far when a rebel officer rode up to me and demanded my horse. I told him the officer to whom I surrendered said I could keep him, and ride along with the prisoners on the march. He answered: "Well, I am also an officer, and I say you can't; so get off!" I did not tell him it was General Shelby's order, or debate the matter of rank, as he had the argument,— two loaded revolvers, and I was disarmed. He got the horse. As I knew I could not keep him long, and did not wish exemption from fatigue from which my comrades suffered, I did not feel much regret at the loss, as horses are well known to be contraband of war. But when a rebel cavalryman rode past me as I walked along, and grabbed my hat, leaving in its place an old greasy white wool hat, that had a string tied around it for a band, and had been so often wet and stretched that it looked like a sugar loaf, I lost my patience, and under other circumstances would have entered a vigorous protest, to say the least. I found that I was only treated like the other prisoners, for soon I noticed all were being robbed of money, and such valuables and clothing as the enemy fancied, which fact I reported to Colonel Crockett, one of the officers commanding the guards, who were conducting us to the rear. He promised to have it stopped, and it probably did cease as soon as all had been taken that his men cared to possess.

The battle had ended by two o'clock, but it was near sunset before we started on our long march. We had not been allowed any rations since morning, and were marched all night, and till nine next day, about fifty miles, without being allowed to stop to eat or sleep. It was a cruel thing to treat

worn and hungry soldiers so, and Colonel Hill, who had command of the guard, apologized to me for it, and showed me an order from General Fagin to justify him. It read about as follows: "You will march the prisoners with all haste, not stopping to eat or sleep, or for any purpose, till they are south of the Waschita, lest we lose the fruits of our splendid victory." Fagin evidently thought there was danger that General Steele would rescue us.

On this all-night tramp I marched with the boys, and when one gave out secured a place for him in some wagon, if possible. After midnight such requests were generally refused, with the answer they were all full. This seemed incredible, as the captured train, if with us, had large capacity, but it was too dark to know whether it was or not. Much of it may have gone some other direction. Toward morning, finding that no more could be done for the men, I asked, almost demanded, that I be given a place in some wagon. The Major in command of the rear guard endeavored to find me a place, but the many he hailed responded that they were full. At last a light wagon, with a weak team, captured from some of the colored people, and in which only a lot of muskets, picked up on the battlefield, was being hauled, drove up. The driver said he could not possibly haul a man, as his load was all the team could pull. I did not wait for his permission, but climbed in at once, as did a lame comrade near me. We refused to get out, but told him when we came to a hill, where his team could not pull us, we would get out and walk up the hill. The Major sanctioned this, telling him I was the Colonel who commanded the last regiment captured, and that I was exhausted. We never got out till we reached the river, at the end of the march.

After daylight, we got to quietly examining the arms with which he was loaded. A lot of old bed quilts had been thrown over the guns, and we pulled some of these over us, to protect

us from the dew and cold. They so obscured us from the sight of the driver that my comrade, who happened to have a military screwdriver in his pocket, was able to draw out the screws and drop the hammers through the bottom of the wagon, thus rendering these muskets unserviceable. I got up on the seat with the driver, after the sun warmed the atmosphere, and got him interested in conversation, and so kept his attention till the work was completed. I even enlisted his sympathies for starving men, toward the last, so that he divided his corn bread and raw bacon with us.

After we had been in camp some time, one of the men who had helped bury the dead on the battlefield of Marks' Mills, reported that the Quartermaster said he had buried two hundred and eighty of their men, and that "more than half of them were killed by the last regiment they took." An officer remarked that their losses in killed and wounded, in the last two hours' fight, were about equal to the whole number of our regiment. This accounts for General Shelby's remark that we were "a dear lot of prisoners."

It was fortunate for General Steele that our brigade and the two hundred and fifty wagons were deemed a prize worth sending all the mounted men General Price had, forty-five miles from Camden, to make the capture. Price believed he had all points so guarded by his infantry and artillery that Steele could not get out of Camden in the absence of his cavalry, and while Kirby Smith was coming to aid in capturing Steele's and Thayer's united forces. But Steele's title of "The Fox" was not a misnomer, as the results of his strategy show. He laid another pontoon bridge, cut another road through the dense woods across the river, destroyed what he could not take along, muffled the wheels of his artillery, and was well on his way toward Little Rock, by way of Jenkins' Ferry, before Price knew he had left. To better deceive the enemy, he had left his pickets on their posts, with instructions to keep

their watch fires burning. Of course, the pickets were captured, but Steele held that it was better to have them (and perhaps our brigade) made prisoners than that all his army should be taken.

When Price found Steele had escaped him, he wrote a dispatch and started it to General Fagin, by a trusted courier, with orders to make all possible speed in delivering it. This dispatch-bearer was captured by some of our cavalry, who had escaped from Marks' Mills, and taken to General Steele about the time he got fairly out of Camden. He at once changed the name Jenkins' Ferry to Arkadelphia, took the Confederate courier's clothes, and, putting them on a gallant Union soldier, sent him with the changed dispatch to General Fagin. He lost no time in delivering it, and told Fagin he was "ordered by General Price to get a receipt for it, and report back to him at once." So he was allowed to leave. This completely misled Fagin, and as it took him far out of the way, Steele was able to reach Jenkins' Ferry without obstruction. But while he was getting his army across the Saline River, April 30, Price, with his whole army and reinforcements, came up, and a severe engagement ensued. Steele's position was such that the Confederates could not use their superior numbers to advantage, and the Union forces gained a decided victory, punishing the enemy so severely that they retreated south, and Steele reached Little Rock without further trouble.

The prisoners taken at Marks' Mills, meantime, had reached Camden, and when some of the returning rebels got there we heard one of the officers tell the officer in charge of us, who asked the results of the fight: "It is another Helena affair." As Steele had whipped them soundly at Helena, this comparison gave us much comfort, for while they would not tell us any news that indicated Union success, we could judge the result by this remark.

We were started at once for Camp Ford, near Tyler, Texas,

and about twelve hundred of Steele's men reached there early in May, marching on foot all the way, where they were held ten months.

Our loss in killed and wounded at the battle of Marks' Mills was not nearly as great as the reported loss of the enemy, which was probably exaggerated. General Francis M. Drake, our Brigade Commander, was wounded nigh unto death, but he survived, with the loss of a leg, and has since been Governor of Iowa. Many others who participated in that battle have had their services recognized by the Nation and their several States. Thirty-nine of the brave men of my own regiment died in military prison, from starvation and other hardships of life at Camp Ford, and are buried in Texas soil.

Several of the officers escaped, and some reached our lines, at Little Rock, after an exhausting march of two hundred and fifty miles, without rations, except what they could pick up on the way or were furnished by colored people — all of whom were friendly to them. Some of us, after marching many days and nights, through the woods and swamps of Texas and Arkansas, were recaptured by the use of blood hounds — as savage as the "Hound of the Baskervilles." Most of us were exchanged in the spring of 1865, but some, as a punishment for a second attempt to escape, were kept prisoners of war till the collapse of the rebellion.

A BOY AT SHILOH.

By Companion John A. Cockerill.

Note.—The personal experience as told by Mr. John A. Cockerill, under the title of "A Boy at Shiloh," is by many persons considered to be one of the best war sketches ever written.

It is in no way surprising to the friends of Companion John A. Cockerill that anything of a descriptive nature written by him should be the best of its kind.

In the years after the war Companion Cockerill was the distinguished editor of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, also editor-in-chief of *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Later he was editor-in-chief of *The New York World*, and altogether he was one of the most brilliant descriptive writers this country has ever produced. He died a few years ago at Cairo, Egypt, being at the time of his death in the service of *The New York Herald*. This paper by Companion Cockerill was first published by Allen Foreman, editor of *The Journalist*, New York City. It was afterward copyrighted and published by C. R. Graham in a book entitled "Under Both Flags." After Companion Cockerill's death this paper was read before the Ohio Commandery by Brevet Colonel Theodore F. Allen. Mr. C. R. Graham, the owner of the copyright, has permitted its publication in the sketches of War History of the Ohio Commandery, and by a vote of this Commandery at its meeting February 5th, 1908, it was directed that this paper be published in this volume.

Shiloh Church, Sunday Morning, April 6, 1862. Here is a date and locality indelibly burned into my memory. At sixteen years of age, I found myself an enlisted fourth-class musician in the Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry Regiment, in which my elder brother was a First Lieutenant, and afterward Captain and Colonel. I had campaigned in Western Virginia, and had seen some of the terrors and horrors of war at Philippi and Rich Mountain, and some of its actualities in a campaign in the Cheat Mountain District. During the winter of 1861, my command was sent to Louisville, Kentucky, where General Buell was organizing his splendid army of the Ohio

for active operations against Bowling Green and Nashville. My regiment was assigned to General Nelson's command, and the early spring found us on the left flank of the army, on the north side of Green River. With unexpected suddenness, Nelson's division was one day in March sent hurriedly back to the Ohio River, where it was placed on transports and headed for the Cumberland River, to participate in Grant's movements against Fort Donelson. Before reaching that point, intelligence was received of the capture of that stronghold, and our flotilla proceeded to Paducah, Kentucky. At that point, General W. T. Sherman was organizing his recruits from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, for the forward movement up the Tennessee River.

I had been taken ill on board the steamer *en route*, and my father, who at that time commanded the Seventieth Ohio Regiment, stationed at Paducah, found me and took me in his personal charge. Two days later, my regiment sailed up the Cumberland River, and was with the brigade first to enter Nashville. When I reached the convalescent stage, I asked permission to rejoin my command, but General Sherman said that the armies of Grant and Buell would form a coalition somewhere up the Tennessee River, and I might as well remain where I was, for the reason that my father could give me better care in my feeble state than I could have with my own command.

Thus it happened that I was with the army of General Sherman when it felt its way up the turbid Tennessee River as far as Pittsburg Landing, and so it happened that I was at Shiloh Church on the morning of that terrible onslaught by General Johnston's army upon Sherman's division, which held the advance of Grant's army operating against Corinth.

I have often wondered what sort of soldier in blue I must have appeared at that time. I can remember myself a tall, pale, hatchet-faced boy, who could never find in the quarter-

master's department a blouse or a pair of trousers small enough for him, nor an overcoat cast on his lines. The regulation blue trousers I used to cut off at the bottoms, and the regulation overcoat sleeves were always rolled up, which gave them the appearance of having extra military cuffs, and that was one consolation to me.

The headquarters mess of the Seventieth Ohio Regiment had finished its early breakfast, and I had just taken my place at the table on Sunday morning, 6th of April, when I heard ominous shots along our adjacent picket lines. In less than ten minutes, there was volley firing directly in our front, and from my knowledge of campaigning I knew that a battle was on, though fifteen minutes before, I had no idea that any considerable force of the enemy was in the immediate front of our cantonment. The Seventieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry Regiment and the brigade to which it was attached, commanded by Colonel Buckland, of Ohio, formed on its color lines under fire, and, although composed entirely of new troops, made a splendid stand. At the first alarm, I dropped my knife and fork and ran to my father's tent, to find him buckling on his sword. My first heroic act was to gather up a beautiful Enfield rifle, which he had saved at the distribution of arms to his regiment, because of its beautiful, curly-maple stock. I had been carrying it myself on one or two of the regimental expeditions to the front, and had some twenty rounds of cartridges in a box which I had borrowed from one of the boys of Company I. By the time I had adjusted my cartridge-box and seized my rifle, my father was mounted outside, and, with a hurried good-bye, he took his place with the regiment. By this time the bullets were whistling through the camp and shells were bursting overhead.

Not exactly clear in my mind what I intended to do, I ran across to the old log Shiloh Church, which stood on the flank of my father's regiment. On my right, the battle was raging

with great ferocity; and stretching away to my left and front, one of the most beautiful pageants I had ever beheld in war was being presented. In the very midst of the woods and rank undergrowth of the locality, was what is known as a "deadening" — a vast, open, unfenced district, grown up with rank, dry grass, dotted here and there with blasted trees, as though some farmer had determined to clear a farm for himself and had abandoned the undertaking in disgust. From out of the edge of this great opening, came regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade of the Confederate troops. The sun was just rising in their front, and the glittering of their arms and equipments made a gorgeous spectacle for me. On the farther edge of this opening, two brigades of Sherman's command were drawn up to receive the onslaught. As the Confederates, marching regimental front *en echelon*, sprung into this field, they poured out their deadly fire, and, half obscured by their smoke, they advanced as they fired. My position behind the old log church was a good one for observation. I had just seen General Sherman and his staff pushing across to the Buckland Brigade. The splendid soldier, erect in his saddle, his eye bent forward, looked a veritable war eagle, and I knew history was being made in that immediate neighborhood. Just then a German field battery from Illinois, which had been cantoned a short distance in the rear, came galloping up with six guns and unlimbered three of them between the Shiloh Church and the left flank of the Seventieth Ohio Regiment. This evolution was gallantly performed. The first shot from this battery, directed against the enemy on the right opposite, drew the fire of a Confederate battery, and the old log church came in for a share of its compliments. This duel had not lasted more than ten minutes when a Confederate shell struck a caisson in our battery, and an explosion took place, which made things in that spot exceedingly uncomfortable. The captain was killed, and his lieutenant, thinking that he

had done his duty, and, doubtless satisfied in his own mind that the war was over so far as he was concerned, limbered up his remaining pieces, and, with such horses as he had, galloped to the rear, and was not seen at any other time, I believe, during the two-days' engagement.

By this time the enemy was pressing closely on my left flank, and Shiloh Church, with its ancient logs, was no more a desirable place for military observation. I hurried over to the headquarters camp of the Seventieth Ohio Regiment, taking advantage of such friendly trees as presented themselves on the line of my movement, and there found a state of disorder. The tents were pretty well ripped with shells and bullets, and wounded men were being carried past me to the rear. As I stood there, debating in my mind whether to join my father's command or continue my independent action, three men approached, carrying a sorely-wounded officer in a blanket. They called me to assist them, and as my place was really with the hospital corps, being a non-combatant musician, I complied with their request. We carried the poor fellow some distance to the rear, through a thick wood, and found there a scene of disorder, not to say panic. Men were flying in every direction, commissary wagons were struggling through the underbrush, and the roads were packed with fugitives and baggage trains, trying to carry off the impedimenta of the army. Finding a comparatively empty wagon, we placed our wounded officer inside, and then, left at liberty, I started on down toward the Tennessee River. I had not proceeded more than a mile when I encountered a brigade of Illinois troops, drawn up in battle array, apparently waiting for orders. It was General McArthur's Highland Brigade, the members of which wore Scotch caps, and I must say that a handsomer body of troops I never saw. These fellows had been at Fort Donelson, and they counted themselves as veterans. They had their regimental band with them, their flags

were all unfurled, and they were really dancing impatiently to the music of the battle in front of them. As I sauntered by, a chipper young lieutenant, sword in hand, stopped me and said:

"Where do you belong?"

"I belong to Ohio," was my reply.

"Well, Ohio is making a bad show of itself here to-day," he said. "I have seen stragglers from a dozen Ohio regiments going past here for half an hour. Ohio expects better work from her sons than this."

As I was one of Ohio's youngest sons, my State pride was touched.

"Do you want to come and fight with us?" he said.

I responded that I was willing to take a temporary berth in his regiment. He asked me my name, and especially inquired whether I had any friends on the field. I gave him my father's name and regiment, and saw him make a careful entry in a little note-book which he afterward placed in the bosom of his coat, as he rather sympathetically informed me that he would see, in case anything should happen to me, that my friends should know of it. Thus I became temporarily attached to Company B, of the Ninth Illinois Regiment, McArthur's Brigade. Several other men from other regiments who had been touched by this young officer's patriotic appeals also took places in our ranks.

Rather a strange situation that for a boy — enlisting on the battlefield, in a command where there was not a face that he had ever seen before; only one face, indeed, that had the least touch of sympathy in it, and that belonging to the young officer who had enlisted him.

We waited here for three-quarters of an hour before receiving the command to move. During that time one of the regimental bands played "Hail Columbia." It was the first and only time that I heard music on the battlefield, and soon

afterward I saw that heroic band playing "Over the Hills and Far Away." That is to say, they would have gone over the hills if there had been any in the neighborhood. Finally, the order came to move to the front. By this time, the stream of fugitives on the road rendered it almost impassable, but we forced our way through them, and in due time reached the point where our men were being severely driven. At first we were sent to strengthen the line from point to point, and twice that morning our brigade was moved up to support field batteries, which service, I must say from my brief experience, is the most annoying in modern warfare. These batteries drew not only the artillery fire of the enemy, but they furnished a point for the concentrated fire of all the infantry in front. To be in supporting position was to receive all the bullets that were aimed at the battery, and which, of course, usually vex the rear. The shells intended for the battery in our front would have a habit always of flying too high or bursting just high enough in the air to make it unpleasant for the troops who are held in comparative inactivity. Under these conditions, we hugged the ground very closely, and fallen timber of any kind was most gratefully and thankfully recognized.

It is amazing how time flies under these circumstances. I am sure that there were occasions that morning when twenty minutes' exposure to fire behind these field batteries seemed to me an entire week. Everything looked weird and unnatural. The very leaves on the trees, though scarcely out of the bud, seemed greener than I had ever seen leaves, and larger. The faces of the men about me looked like no faces that I had ever seen on earth. Actions took on the grotesque forms of nightmares. The roar and din of the battle in all its terror outstripped my most fanciful dreams of pandemonium. The wounded and butchered men who came up out of the blue smoke in front of us, and were dragged or sent hobbling to the rear, seemed like bleeding messengers come to tell us of the fate that awaited us.

It was with the greatest sense of relief that orders came for us to move to the left, to face again that awful wave of fire, which seemed to be all the morning moving toward our flank. The Confederate divisions came into action at Shiloh Church by the right, with a view to penetrating to the Tennessee River, and taking us in flank and rear. It was along in the afternoon, that we were pushed over to the extreme left of the forward line. I had no watch, and could have no idea of the hour of the day, except as I saw the shadows formed by the sun. Up to this time, our command had suffered but little, but a dreadful baptism of fire was awaiting us. For a moment I realized that we were on the extreme left of our army; that my regiment was the left of the brigade, that I was temporarily attached to Company B of the regiment, which practically placed me on the left flank of that heroic army. I know all this because there was no firing in our front, and no sound of battle to our left, but steady, steady, steady from the right of us rolled the volleys which told us that the enemy was working around to our vicinity. I saw General McArthur, our commander, at this point, and as I remember, his hand was wrapped with a handkerchief, as though he had been wounded. By his orders we pushed across a deep ravine, which ran parallel with our front, and in five minutes we had taken up a position on the bank of this ravine facing the enemy. Everybody felt that the critical moment had come. The terrible nervous strain of that day was nothing compared with the feeling that now the time had come for us to show our mettle. The faces of that regiment were worth studying at that moment. Not one that was not pale, not a lip that was not close shut; not an eye that was not wild; not a hand that did not tremble in this awful anxious moment. Presently the messengers came — pattering shots from out the dense growth in our front, telling of the advance of the skirmish line. On our part, no response. No enemy could be seen, but the purple wreaths of smoke here and there told of the men who were

feeling their way toward our lines. A nervous man, unable to stand the strain, let off his musket in our lines. This revealed our presence. With a suddenness that was almost appalling there came from all along our front a crash of musketry, and the bullets shrieked over our heads and through our ranks. Then we delivered our fire. In an instant, the engagement was general at this point. There were no breech-loaders in that command, and the process of loading and firing was tedious. As I delivered my second shot, a musket ball struck a small bush in my front, threw the splinters in my face, and whistled over my shoulder. I must say that I was startled, but I kept loading and firing without any idea whatever as to what I was firing at. Soon the dry leaves, which covered the ground about us, were on fire, and the smoke from them added to the general obscurity. Two or three men had fallen in my vicinity. At this moment, the young lieutenant who had my descriptive list in his coat bosom, and who was gallantly waving his sword in the front, was struck by a bullet and fell instantly dead, almost at my feet. Then it was that I realized my utter isolation, and shuddered at the thought of the fate impending — "*Dead and unknown.*"

By this time the fire from the enemy in our front — it was the division of General Hardee turning the flank of the Federal position — became so terrible that we were driven back into the ravine. Here we were comparatively safe. We could load our pieces, crawl up the bank of the ravine, and fire and fall back, as it were. But many poor fellows who crawled up this friendly embankment fell back, dead or wounded, and in one instance, as I was crouched down loading my piece, a man who had been struck above me, fell on top of me and died by my side. It was here in this terrible moment that I, boylike, thought of the peaceful Ohio home, where a loving, anxious mother was doubtless thinking of me, and with the thought that perhaps my father had been killed, came a natural desire to

be well out of the scrape. Notwithstanding, I kept firing as long as my cartridges lasted. These gone, a fierce sergeant, with a revolver in his hand, placed its muzzle close to my ear, and fiercely demanded why I was not fighting. I told him that I had no cartridges. "Take cartridges from the box of the man there," he said, pointing to the dead man who had just fallen upon me. Mine was an Enfield rifle, and my deceased neighbor's cartridges were for a Springfield rifle. I had clung to this beautiful Enfield, with its maple stock, which my father had selected as his own, and I was determined that it should not leave my hands. While this scene was passing, the enemy came upon us in full charge, and, looking up through the smoke of the burning leaves and beyond a washout which connected with our ravine, I saw the gray, dirty uniforms of the enemy. I heard their fierce yells, I saw their flags flapping sullenly in the grimy atmosphere. That was a sight which I have never forgotten. I can see the tiger ferocity in those faces yet; I can see them in my dreams. For what might they not have appeared to me, terrified as I was!

It was at this point that our blue line first wavered. Out of this ravine, over the bank, we survivors poured, pursued by the howling enemy. I remember my horror at the thought of being shot in the back, as I retreated from the top of the bank and galloped as gracefully as I could with the refluent human tide. Just by my side ran a youthful soldier, perhaps three years my senior, who might, for all I knew, have been recruited as I was. I heard him give a scream of agony, and turning, saw him dragging one of his legs, which I saw in an instant had been shattered by a bullet. He had dropped his rifle, and as I ran to his support he fell upon my shoulder and begged me for God's sake to help him. I half carried and half dragged him for some distance, still holding to my Enfield rifle, with its beautiful curly stock, and then, seeing that I must either give up the rôle of Good Samaritan or drop the

rifle, I threw it down, and continued to aid my unfortunate companion. All this time, the bullets were whistling more fiercely than at any time during the engagement, and the woods were filled with flying men, who, to all appearances, had no intention of rallying on that side of the Tennessee River. My companion was growing weaker all the while, and finally I sat him down beside a tree, with his back toward the enemy, and watched him for a few moments, until I saw that he was slowly bleeding to death. I knew nothing of surgery at that time, and did not even know how to stanch the flow of blood. I called to a soldier who was passing, but he gave no heed. A second came, stood for a moment, simply remarked, "He's a dead man," and passed on. I saw the poor fellow die without being able to render the slightest assistance. Passing on, I was soon out of range of the enemy, and in a moment I realized how utterly famished and wornout I was. My thirst was something absolutely appalling. I saw a soldier sitting upon the rough stump of a tree, gazing toward the battle, and, observing that he had a canteen, I ran up to him and begged him for a drink. He invited me to help myself. I kneeled beside the stump, and taking his canteen, drained it to the last drop. He did not even deign to look at me during the performance, but he anxiously inquired how the battle was going in front. I gave him information which did not please him in the least, and moved on toward the point known as the Landing, toward which all our fugitives seemed to be tending. But my friend on the stump — I shall never forget him. How gratefully I remember that drink of warm water from his rusty canteen! Bless his military soul, he probably never knew what a kindness he rendered me!

A short distance beyond the place where I had obtained my water supply, I found a squadron of jaded cavalry drawn up, and engaged in the interesting work of stopping stragglers. In the crowd of fear-stricken and dejected soldiers I found

there, I saw a man who belonged to my father's regiment; I recognized him by the letters and number on his hat. Inquiring the fate of the regiment, he told me that it had been entirely cut to pieces, and that he had personally witnessed the death of my father — he had seen him shot from his horse. This intelligence filled me with dismay, and then I determined, non-combatant that I was, that I would retire from that battlefield. Watching my opportunity, I joined an ambulance that was passing, loaded with wounded, and by some means escaped the vigilance of the cavalrymen, who seemed to be almost too badly scared to be on any sort of duty. When through this line, I pushed my way on down past the point where stragglers were being impressed and forced to carry sandbags up from the river, to aid in the construction of batteries for some heavy guns which had been brought up from the transports. I passed these temporary works, by the old warehouse, turned into a temporary field hospital, where hundreds of wounded men, brought down in wagons and ambulances, were being unloaded, and where their arms and legs were being cut off and thrown out to form gory, ghastly heaps. I made my way down the plateau, overlooking the river. Below lay thirty transports at least, all being loaded with the wounded, and all around me were baggage wagons, mule teams, disabled artillery teams, and thousands of panic-stricken men. I saw, here and there, officers gathering these men together into volunteer companies, and marching them away to the scene of battle. It took a vast amount of pleading to organize a company of even fifteen or twenty, and I was particularly struck by the number of officers who were engaged in this interesting occupation. It seemed to me that they were out of all proportion to the number of fugitives in the vicinity. While sitting on the bank, overlooking the road below, between the beach and the river, I saw General Grant. I had seen him the day before, review his troops on the Purdy Road, while a company of

Confederate cavalrymen, a detachment of Johnston's army, watched the performance from a skirt of woods some two miles away. When I saw him at this moment, he was doing his utmost to rally his troops for another effort. It must have been about half-past four in the afternoon. The General rode to the landing, accompanied by his staff and a body-guard of twenty-five or thirty cavalrymen. I heard him begging the stragglers to go back and make one more effort to redeem themselves, accompanying his pleadings with the announcement that reinforcements would soon be on the field, and that he did not want to see his men disgraced. Again I heard him proclaim that if the stragglers before him did not return to their commands, he would send his cavalry down to drive them out. In less than fifteen minutes his words were made good. A squadron of cavalry, divided at either end of the landing, and riding toward each other with drawn sabres, drove away every man found between the steep bank and the river. The majority of the skulkers climbed up the bank, hanging by the roots of the trees, and in less than ten minutes after the cavalry had passed, they were back in their old places again. I never saw General Grant again, until I saw him the President of the United States.

While sitting on the high bank of the river, I looked across to the opposite side, and saw a body of horsemen emerging from the low canebrakes, back of the river. In a moment I saw a man waving a white flag with a red square in the center. I knew that he was signaling, for I had seen the splendid corps of Buell's army, and I recognized that the men with that flag were our friends. Sitting by me were two distracted fugitives, who also saw the movement on the other side of the river. Said one of them to his companion: "Bill, we are gone now. There's the Texas cavalry on the other side of the river!" The red square had misled him. Fifteen minutes later I saw the head of a column of blue emerge from the woods beyond,

and move hurriedly down toward the river's edge. Immediately the empty transports moved over to that side of the river, and the first boat brought over a figure which I recognized. The vessel was a peculiar one, belonging in Southern waters, and had evidently been used as a ferryboat. On its lower forward deck, which was long and protruding, sat a man of tremendous proportions, upon a magnificent Kentucky horse, with bobbed tail. The officer was rigged out in all his regimentals, including an enormous hat with a black feather in it. I knew that this was General Nelson, commonly known as "Fighting Bull Nelson." I ran down to the point where I saw this boat was going to land, and as she ran her prow up on the sandy beach, Nelson put spurs to his horse and jumped him over the gunwale. As he did this, he drew his sword and rode right into the crowd of refugees, shouting: "Damn your souls, if you won't fight, get out of the way, and let men come here who will!" I realized from the presence of Nelson that my regiment (the Twenty-fourth Ohio) was probably in that vicinity. I asked one of the boat hands to take me on board, and after some persuasion he did so. The boat recrossed, and as soon as I got on shore I ran down to where the troops were embarking to cross the river to the battlefield. I soon found Ammen's Brigade and my regiment. Hurrying on board one of the transports, I climbed to the hurricane deck, and there found my brother with his company. He was looking across the river, where the most appalling vision met our sight. The shore was absolutely packed with the disorganized, panic-stricken troops who had fled before the terrible Confederate onslaught, which had not ceased for one moment since early that morning. The noise of the battle was deafening. It may be imagined that my brother was surprised to see me. I made a hurried explanation of the circumstances which had brought me there, and gave him news of my father's death. Then I asked him for something

to eat. With astonishment, he referred me to his negro servant, who luckily had a broiled chicken in his haversack, together with some hard bread. I took the chicken, and as we marched off the boat, I held a drum-stick in each hand, and kept close by my brother's side as we forced our way through the stragglers, up the road from the landing, and on to the plateau, where the battle was even then almost concentrating. Right there I saw a man's head shot off by a cannon ball, and saw immediately afterward an aide on General Nelson's staff dismounted by a shot, which took off the rear part of his saddle, and broke his horse's back. At the same time I did not stop eating. My nerves were settled and my stomach was asserting its rights. My brother finally turned to me, and giving me some papers to keep and some messages to deliver in case of death, shook me by the hand and told me to keep out of danger, and, above all things, to try and get back home. This part of his advice I readily accepted. I stood and saw the brigade march by, which, in less than ten minutes, met the advance of the victorious Confederates, and checked the battle for that day. It was then that the gunboats in the river and the heavy siege guns on the bank above added their remonstrating voices as the sun went down, and the roar of battle ceased entirely.

But that night, on the shore of the Tennessee River, was one to be remembered. Wandering along the beach among rows of wounded men waiting to be taken on board the transports, I found another member of the Seventieth Ohio Regiment, named Silcott. He had a harrowing tale of woe to relate, in which nearly all his friends and acquaintances figured as corpses, and together we sat down on a bale of hay near the river's edge. By this time the rain had set in. It was one of those peculiar, streaming, drenching, semi-tropical downpours, and it never ceased for a moment from that time until far into the next day. With darkness came untold misery

and discomfort. After my companion had related the experiences of the day, I curled myself up on one side of the hay bale while he occupied one edge of it, and soon fell asleep. Every few moments I was awakened by a terrible broadside, delivered from the gunboats which lay in the center of the river a hundred yards or so above me. They were the "Lexington" and the "A. O. Tyler," I believe; wooden vessels, reconstructed from Western steamboats, and supplied with ponderous columbiads. These black monsters, for some reason, kept up their fire all through the night, and the roar of this cannonading and the shrieking of the shells, mingled with the thunders of the rain storm, gave very little opportunity for slumber. Still I managed to doze very comfortably between broadsides, and my recollection of the night is, that from these peaceful naps I was aroused every now and then by what appeared to be a tremendous flash of lightning, followed by the most awful thunder ever heard on the face of the earth. These discharges seemed to lift me four or five inches from my water-soaked couch, and to add to the general misery the transports that were bringing over General Buell's troops had a landing within twenty feet of my lodgment. All night long they wheezed and groaned, and came and went, with their freight of humanity, and right by my side marched all night long the poor fellows who were being pushed out to the front to take their places on the battle line for the morrow. By this time the road was churned into mud knee-deep, and as regiment after regiment went by with that peculiar slosh, slosh of men marching in mud, and the rattling of canteens against bayonet scabbards, so familiar to the ear of the soldier, I could hear in the intervals the low complainings of the men, and the urging of the officers: "Close up, boys, close up," until it seemed to me that if there ever was such a thing as hell on earth, I was in the fullest enjoyment of it. As fast as a transport unloaded its troops, the gangway was hauled in, the

vessel dropped out, and another took the vacant place and the same thing was gone over again. Now and then a battery of artillery would come off the boat, the wheels would stick in the mud, and then a grand turmoil of half an hour follow, during which time every man found in the neighborhood was impressed to aid in relieving the embargoed gun. The whipping of the horses, and the cursing of the drivers was less soothing, if anything, than those soul-shattering gunboat broadsides. There never was a night so long, so hideous, or so utterly uncomfortable.

As the gray streaks of dawn began to appear, the band of the Fifteenth Regulars on the deck of one of the transports came into the landing, playing a magnificent selection from "Il Trovatore." How inspiring that music was! Even the poor wounded men lying in the front on the shore seemed to be lifted up, and every soldier seemed to receive an impetus. Soon there was light enough to distinguish objects around, and then came the ominous patter of musketry over beyond the river's bluff, which told that the battle was on again. It began just as a shower of rain begins, and soon deepened into a terrible hailstorm, with the booming artillery for thunder accompaniment. I was up and around, and started immediately toward the front, for everybody felt now that the battle was to be ours. Those fresh and sturdy troops from the Army of the Ohio had furnished a blue bulwark, behind which the incomparable fighters of Grant and Sherman were to push to victory.

The whole aspect of the field in the rear changed. The skulkers of the day before seemed to be imbued with genuine manhood, and thousands of them returned to the front to render good service. In addition to this, 6,000 fresh men under General Lew Wallace, who had marched from Crump's Landing, ten miles away, and who should have been on the field the day before, had arrived during the night, and the tide

of battle was now setting toward Corinth. I met a comrade drying himself out by a log fire, about a quarter of a mile from the landing, who had by some process obtained a canteen of what was known as "commissary whisky." He gave me one drink of it, and that constituted my breakfast. Cold, wet and depressed, as I was, that whisky, execrable though it was, brought me such consolation as I had never found before. I have drank champagne in Epernay, I have sipped Johannisberger at the foot of its sunny mount, I have tasted the regal Montepulsiano, *but, by Jove! I never enjoyed a drink as I did that swig of common whisky, on the morning of the 7th of April, 1862.* While drying myself by this fire, I saw a motley crowd of Confederate prisoners marched past under guard. As they waded along the muddy road, some of the cowardly skulkers indulged in the badinage usual on such occasions, and one of our fellows called out to know what company that was. A proud young chap in gray threw back his head, and replied: "*Company Q, of the Southern Invincibles, and be damned to you!*" That was the spirit of that day and hour.

At ten o'clock the sound of the battle indicated that our lines were being pushed forward, and I made up my mind to go to the front. I started with my companion, and in a very short time we began to see about us traces of the terrible battle of the day before. We were then on the ground which had been fought over late Sunday evening. The underbrush had been literally mowed off by the bullets, and great trees had been shattered by the terrible artillery fire.

In places the bodies of the slain lay upon the ground so thick that I could step from one to the other. This without exaggeration. The pallid faces of the dead men in blue were scattered among the blackened corpses of the enemy. This to me was a horrible revelation, and I have never yet heard a scientific explanation of why the majority of the dead Confederates on that field turned black. All the bodies had been

stripped of their valuables, and scarcely a pair of boots or shoes could be found upon the feet of the dead. In most instances pockets had been cut open, and one of the pathetic sights that I remember was a poor Confederate lying on his back, while by his side was a heap of ginger cakes and bologna sausage, which had tumbled out of the trousers pocket, cut by some infamous thief. The unfortunate man had evidently filled his pocket the day before with the edibles found in some sutler's tent, and had been killed before he had an opportunity to enjoy his bountiful store. There was something so sad about this that it brought tears to my eyes. Further on I passed by the road the corpse of a beautiful boy in gray, who lay with his blond curls scattered about his face, and his hands folded peacefully across his breast. He was clad in a bright, neat uniform, well garnished with gold, which seemed to tell the story of a loving mother and sisters who had sent their household pet to the field of war. His neat little hat, lying beside him, bore the number of a Georgia regiment, embroidered, I am sure, by some tender fingers, and his waxen face, washed by the rains of the night before, was that of one who had fallen asleep, dreaming of loved ones who waited his coming in some anxious home. He was about my age. He may have been a drummer! At the sight of that poor boy's corpse I burst into tears, and started on. Here beside a great oak tree I counted the corpses of fifteen men. One of them sat stark against the tree, and the others lay about as though during the night, suffering from wounds, they had crawled together for mutual assistance, and there all had died.

The blue and the gray were mingled together. This peculiarity I observed all over the field. It was no uncommon thing to see the bodies of Federal and Confederate lying side by side as though they had bled to death while trying to aid each other. In one spot I saw an entire battery of Federal artillery which had been dismantled in Sunday's fight, every

horse of which had been killed in his harness, every tumbrel of which had been broken, every gun of which had been dismounted, and in this awful heap of death lay the bodies of dozens of cannoneers. One dismounted gun was absolutely spattered with the blood and brains of the men who had served it. Here and there in the field, standing in the mud, were the most piteous sights of all the battlefield — poor wounded horses, their heads drooping, their eyes glassy and gummy, waiting for the slow coming of death, or for some friendly hand to end their misery. How those helpless brutes spoke in pleading testimony of the horror, the barbarism, and the uselessness of war! No painter ever did justice to a battlefield such as this, I am sure.

As I pushed onward to the front, I passed the ambulances and the wagons bringing back the wounded, and talked with the poor bleeding fellows as they hobbled along toward the river, along the awful roads or through the dismal chaparral. They all brought news of victory. Toward evening I found myself in the neighborhood of the old Shiloh Church, but could get no tidings of the Seventieth Ohio Regiment. Night came on and I lay down and fell asleep at the foot of a tree, having gathered up a blanket, soaked with water, which I could only use for a pillow. It rained all night. The battle had practically ended at four o'clock that evening, and the enemy had slowly and silently withdrawn toward Corinth. Next morning I learned that my father's regiment had been sent in pursuit of the enemy, and nobody could tell me when it would return. I found the camp, and oh, what desolation reigned there! Every tent had been pillaged, and in my father's headquarters the gentlemen of the enemy who had camped there two nights before had left a duplicate of nearly everything they had taken. They had exchanged their dirty blankets for new ones, and had left their old, worn brogans in the place of the boots and shoes which they had appropriated,

and all about were the evidences of the feasting that had gone on during that one night of glorious possession. I remained there during that day, and late in the evening the Seventieth Regiment came back to its deserted quarters, after three days and two nights of the most terrible fighting and campaigning.

At its head rode my father, whom I supposed to be dead, pale and haggard, and worn, but unscathed. He had not seen me nor heard from me for sixty hours. He dismounted, and, taking me in his arms, gave me the most affectionate embrace that my life had ever known, and I realized then how deeply he loved me. That night we stayed in the old bullet-ridden and shot-torn tent and told of our adventures, and the next day I had the pleasure of hearing General Sherman compliment my father for his bravery, and say, "*Colonel, you have been worth your weight in gold to me.*"

* * * * * * * * * *

Many years after, speaking one day to General Sherman, I asked him, "What do you regard as the bloodiest and most sanguinary battle of our Civil War?"

"Shiloh," was the prompt response. And in this opinion I heartily concur.

THREE MEMORABLE DAYS — A LETTER FROM CHATTANOOGA, NOVEMBER, 1863.

By Alfred Pirtle,
First Lieutenant, Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

This Commandery has officially expressed a wish to have papers written by companions upon personal experiences in the Great War, which is the cause of my coming at this late day with anything about movements at Chattanooga in November, 1863; but it is offered with the hope that some one may, in the future, or now, on reading it, hear or be reminded of an item that had previously escaped record. I trust the frequent use of the "I" may be excused where it occurs.

The writer was a First Lieutenant of the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry in November, 1863, and the regiment was then, as for quite a while in its history, doing duty as headquarters guard, at headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, and when General Grant and General Sherman came to town, furnished guards also at their headquarters.

Of the events preceding November 23d I shall not make note except to say, we were very glad indeed when the "cracker line" had been opened and good rations again made glad the soldiers' stomachs. We had possessed awful appetites by the time full supplies once more were issued.

I had seen men go down on their knees under the wagons unloading boxes of crackers, in search of fragments of bread that sifted from the boxes and then through the openings in the wagon beds.

The Tenth Ohio was camped on a smooth spot on the ridge running almost east and west from Market Street, about where Oak Street now is, if I remember the name of the street cor-

rectly. There is to-day a fine stone church not far from where our camp lines ran.

From the camp we could overlook the lines of most all of the Army of the Cumberland, having a view to the south and east bounded only by the stunted trees which concealed the outlying enemy's forces.

The thousands of men encamped within the space occupied by our army had cleaned up about all of the standing trees, grubbed up the stumps, and were really somewhat hard up for fuel. We did not know that the enemy had made note of this fact, but it is said that Bragg remarked when our movements began that "the Yankees were out looking for a supply of fire wood."

Chattanooga and its vicinity and surroundings has been mapped so accurately and so often, by the Government engineers, railroads, or by others, that the general situation must be known to all of you; but I want to remind you that, as you faced the south from our camp, Lookout Mountain was in full view to the west of south, Rossville Gap a bit east of south, and Missionary Ridge directly to the east.

On the morning of November 23, 1863, after disposing of my business in camp, I obtained permission to go into the town. I wandered down to the wharf, where I had noticed some days before that our ingenious mechanics (all soldiers) had about made a practicable steamboat of the "Dunbar," that the rebs had set fire to at the landing some hours only before Crittenden's men had come into the place early in September, but which had not been absolutely destroyed.

Having pumped out her hull and patched up the breaks in it, the boat floated, but she was a sorry-looking craft. Fire had removed the cabin, pilothouse, wheelhouses, and thrown down the smokestacks and 'scapepipes, but had not seriously damaged the machinery at the decks, as the burning wreck had sunk. Our men had repaired the machinery and put up the

inside of the wheelhouse so as to keep the water off the decks. The pilotwheel, placed upon a temporary platform, had a hemp rope rigged up which moved a temporary tiller; the old bells, hung over the engines, one short and one long smoke-stack, carried the smoke away from the patched-up furnace. But the boat moved about obediently to the handling of the pilot, and the machinery did its duty amid the cheers of the crowd on the bank.

The pontoon bridge, that connected the town with the "cracker line" on the other shore, had been carried away by rafts sent down by the Johnnies the night before, and the first work for the "Dunbar" was ferrying.

When I returned to the camp of the Tenth Ohio, the grand movements of the Army of the Cumberland had commenced, and attracted the attention of everybody who was fortunate enough to see them.

The next day, the 24th, I was on duty as Officer of the Guard, having charge of the details at headquarters of General Grant, General Thomas and General Sherman, besides the regular camp guard. The guard was therefore large, and much scattered, requiring a great deal of tramping about from place to place. I was uneasy all night, and visited the sentries at the various headquarters every hour. There were many couriers arriving, men going here and there all night, and I frequently admonished my sentinels of the importance of being sure nobody should get to headquarters unless provided with the countersign, and to be certain no improper person passed their beats. Passing and repassing on my rounds, I can truly say I thus saw all the stages of the fight on Lookout Mountain that were visible from Chattanooga.

When the guard was relieved on the 25th, Colonel J. W. Burke, of the Tenth, assembled the regiment on the color line, addressed a few words to the command, saying that he anticipated great work would be done that day by our armies, and

admonishing the men to be within hearing of the bugle, dismissed the parade. Then, with a party of our officers, I made my way to Fort Wood, where I spent a great part of the day, remaining there until after the charge up the ridge.

Fort Wood was in charge of a battalion of heavy artillery, who managed the siege guns, firing several shots during the afternoon when our troops were under the heavy fire of the rebel guns posted in a long line along the ridge. I recall one shot from a 100-pound Parrot mounted on the southeast bastion, directed at the battery at Bragg's headquarters, which was firing with dread activity upon our men at the foot of the ridge. We followed this particular shot, seeing it plainly after it had left the gun, during its flight of about two miles to the battery, where we saw it explode. During the next day I went to the spot and saw the shell had blown up a caisson and also killed six men.

On Fort Wood, after several hours of tremendous excitement, when we saw our troops triumphantly waving their hats and colors upon the top of Missionary Ridge, two miles away, the crowd in Fort Wood manned the parapets and cheered with all their might. But I must not venture upon further remarks, or I will intrude upon the matter contained in the letter written, as is indicated by the address at the commencement of it.

"Camp Tenth Ohio Infantry,

"November 27, 1863.

"We have gained a great victory, and shown the world what can be done by science and bravery.

"On the morning of the 23d it was expected that we would commence the battle, but it seems that General Sherman had not crossed the Tennessee River north of Chattanooga, as was expected, and the program was delayed. During the forenoon the steamer 'Dunbar,' which the enemy had burned at the wharf here when they left in haste for Georgia, had been

rebuilt by mechanics from our army, was engaged in ferrying at the wharf, where our pontoon bridge had been swept away by rebel rafts sent down the night before.

"At 1:55 p. m. skirmishing commenced in front of Fort Wood, which was near the left of the ground occupied by the Fourth Army Corps. This seemed to be the signal for a general advance, as our forces moved from our lines simultaneously from all points in the front of Chattanooga, throwing out their skirmishers and grandly, slowly and surely occupying rebel ground once more. From a commanding elevation in the center, I saw this magnificent panorama of War, unexcelled by anything I ever imagined.

"Facing to the enemy, the heavy guns from Fort Wood boomed at intervals, and the rush and roar of their projectiles, overpowering the minor arms, gave dreadful note of our coming.

"Small arms sounded in the woods east of the Atlantic & Western Railroad embankment, and our men were in the enemy's lines on the left; the center swings out in fine order, slowly, as I said, as if expecting sharp resistance, but still advancing, their long black lines bristling and flashing with bright arms. From Fort Negley a long line of artillery opens, and rattling shells explode and crash in the woods in front of the troops advancing from our center. Those batteries cease, for our first line is in the woods, the second in the open ground, massed and ready to move in any direction. Now our right is going ahead, slowly also, over disputed territory, but without meeting opposition, reaching the timber where the enemy formerly picketed.

"The enemy's big gun mounted on the top of Lookout Mountain now joins in, to drop shells at our spiteful battery on Moccasin Point, which is blazing away at a column of rebel troops on the slope of the mountain descending to the valley on the road toward their right. A rebel battery away toward

the enemy's right on Missionary Ridge opens fire on our men near our left, who have occupied the rifle pits where they capture a Georgia regiment. This artillery fire from the enemy brings answering fire from one of our batteries; the rebels throw forward a larger force, and our men are obliged to retire. Not long do they rest, but, reinforced and encouraged, they return to the fray, reoccupy the ground and remain.

"While this is going on the dropping fire to the right indicates skirmishers are moving; the fire increases, declines, growing more and more distinct, until at dusk a half mile advance has been fought over, driving the enemy that far. The results are reported as highly satisfactory; two hundred prisoners taken and much ground secured with trifling loss.

"Both armies kept quiet during the night.

"The morning of the 24th was damp and disagreeable, promising rain. About noon a brisk skirmish rattled from the western slope of Lookout Mountain on our extreme right, where General Hooker's army corps had been encamped so long. Behind the slope of the point of the mountain, hidden from us in Chattanooga, a fierce fight was going on, but no one could tell to whom was the advantage. The deep roar of the artillery from batteries in Lookout Valley reverberated from the sides of Raccoon and Lookout Mountains, and curling wreaths of smoke marked where their shells burst in the woods. A lull occurred, and every one anxiously gazed at the open ground near a large white house on the northern slope in full view, expecting to see some signs of the fight, stragglers, or wounded men, but none of them appeared. Bragg had not looked for an attack on his left, for a letter or dispatch to one of his generals had been captured, saying we were massing on our left, and he was concentrating his troops there. The supports we supposed would soon go to the enemy at length appeared on the eastern slope of Lookout Mountain, concealed from our battery on Moccasin Point. The fight reopened on

the western slope and grew heated; hearty cheers and rattling volleys; a silence, and then—a rush of rebels across the open fields, hurrying indiscriminately from our victorious lines. Into this mass of fugitives our guns from Moccasin Point and Fort Negley poured shells, ceasing to fire when our blue-coats emerged from the woods. Forming line of battle, the first regiment advanced at double-quick across the field, their colors borne thirty yards before them, and amid the shouts of our army, who saw the gallant deed, took the white house, made good their hold on the enemy's rifle pits, and remained under a heavy fire. A second regiment soon joined them, and the enemy's supports came up too late. The Fortieth and Ninety-ninth Ohio regiments are said to-day to have done this gallant deed, and, whoever they were, they deserve to be remembered well by their country, for it filled all our army with admiration. A tremendous rain and mist soon came down, hiding the fight from us, but the steady rattle of musketry behind the veil showed a stubborn resistance from the enemy. This fire was kept up, dying away at times, again to be renewed and lull again, until about 10 p. m., when it ceased.

"The rain was over by dusk, giving way to a most splendid moon about full, and the night turned very cold before day. On Lookout Mountain, over the space newly gained so bravely, gleamed a line of fires, beacons of loyalty, carrying glorious news and encouragement to General Grant's army that lay at the mountain's foot. Early in the night from the east slope of Lookout Mountain, the side where the two lines of foemen lay fighting, bright sparkles of vivid light, quick and bright as lightning, gleamed at each shot, sometimes so frequent as to almost illuminate the spot where the brisk skirmish was going on, kept up by the enemy to enable them to extricate the forces from the summit of Lookout, and hide the rattling of wagons that all night long were hurrying down the big guns and supplies.

"The 25th was bright and cool, bracing and exhilarating.

"General Sherman's corps had made good their footing on the night previous, as their long lines of fires gleamed on the hillside at the north end of Missionary Ridge, opposite the camp-fires of the enemy on a knoll just south of theirs.

"About 8 a. m. on Wednesday (25th) the battle began on Sherman's front. Fort Wood had a commanding position, giving a view of the whole lines of both armies, and we could see two batteries on Sherman's front at work, as well as an answering one from the enemy; but as both remained stationary, we concluded neither side was gaining ground. The sounds of the musketry only came at intervals, borne on the wind, but the boom of the cannon followed regularly on each shot.

"The Eleventh Army Corps moved from its place in front of Fort Wood about 9 o'clock, crossed Citico Creek, advancing under skirmishers toward Sherman; for we could see the enemy's column hurrying along the top of Missionary Ridge to mass on their right, and all were apprehensive of an attack on our extreme left or Sherman.

"While these movements were going on, a sharp fire opened up on General Thomas' front, as if he was going to take the enemy's rifle pits, eliciting a heavy artillery fire from the ridge, replied to by one of our batteries on Orchard Knob, Fort Wood, and a battery in Sheridan's division. This advance drove the enemy from the woods and forced them to retire on their intrenchments in the open ground near the foot of the ridge.

"Our attention was drawn from our immediate front toward the left again, where an effort was beginning toward the top of the ridge. A line of battle could be seen moving over an open field, up a hill, directed on a rebel battery that had been playing on our left up to this time. Up went the regiment until near the crest, where it halted to take breath and throw

out skirmishers toward the enemy. A strong support moved up, and the two lines closed upon the foe, followed by a third line. When the latter arrived near enough to be in supporting distance, a brisk fire opened, a charge was soon made, the rebel battery fires, reinforcements to the enemy rush along the ridge, and after a hard struggle we see with deep sorrow our men fall back down the hill. One of our batteries pitched into the pursuing forces, who are checked, and finally fall back in turn. Forming again, our undaunted warriors, after a rest, try another line of approach farther to our left, fight with renewed vigor as well as a determination that drives all before it, giving us possession of the hill, but at a considerable loss. From the fact that Bragg had massed the majority of his troops on his right, the fight there was not attended, on our side, with the same amount of success as followed our operations on his center and left.

"General Hooker, meantime, had been occupied swinging round the right of our line from Lookout Mountain on Rossville, a distance of four or five miles, feeling his way, but making good progress, for about 3 o'clock word went round Fort Wood that 'Hooker was in Rossville,' and every one expected something great would soon happen, but where the blow was to fall no one appeared to know.

"By reviewing the position, it will be observed that Grant had so maneuvered that Bragg had concentrated most of his troops on the north end of Missionary Ridge, while the national troops were driving back his center and left. Almost a parallel case to ours at Chickamauga, only the wings were reversed. Events subsequently showed he had no Thomas to save his left. So confident was he of driving us back that he was at his headquarters until our men were on the ridge within rifle shot of him, and had taken some of his artillery.

"Since occupying the ground in September, the enemy had cut the timber off the valley for more than a mile from the foot

of the ridge, and also trimmed the slopes of the hill so as to give range to their artillery, more than thirty pieces of which bore on the ground over which our troops had to advance if an assault on the ridge was ever attempted.

"Not far from the timber, from which our lines debouched, a line of rifle pits was thrown up, and again between them and the hills heavy breastworks of logs and stones, earth and other objects had been erected to protect their camps.

"About 3 o'clock, or later, orders were issued from Orchard Knob, General Thomas' headquarters, for the line in front of Missionary Ridge to advance. It is beyond my powers of description to give any idea of the excitement we all felt at Fort Wood, from our heart of hearts, as we heard the first shots that told the hot work that was coming. We, nor the troops, knew what lay behind those intrenchments, nor what vast supports might be near the top of the ridge, hidden from our view. From our outlooking position on Fort Wood we could see the movements made on the hillside, as it lay directly before us, though the first push of our brave boys was concealed by the woods, whence they had driven the enemy about 1 o'clock in the morning.

"The firing broke forth at all points almost at the same moment. Fort Wood joined in, with the heaviest guns on the batteries at Bragg's headquarters, more than two miles away on the summit of the ridge. The enemy's batteries threw shells at our men, who were charging across the open at the intrenchments, while we could see the rebels rushing from behind the crest of the ridge to line the breastworks, thrown up along the very highest part of the ridge, from battery to battery, six of which were playing on our men in the fields below. For these details we had to rely on glasses to bring them out, because Fort Wood is more than two miles from the ridge.

"For a few moments the roar of the battle was tremendous and incessant, and then we saw the rebels leaving the rifle pits,

scampering for the second line. Our men paused for a few moments under cover, charged the second line and took a few prisoners. Here the fire of the enemy's batteries was very hot, when to seek protection from it our officers led the way to the ridge.

"Now commenced the most exciting and brilliant feat of arms yet performed during the war. The ridge is about five hundred feet high, very steep, free from underbrush where the assault was made, having been cleared, as I before remarked. Several wagon roads led to the top, by which the rebs had communication with the camps below, but these roads were raked by artillery. Here and there sharp ridges of only a few feet in altitude broke the general formation of the slope, affording protection against flanking fire to a few men who availed themselves of the gullies between. Up the steep charged Sheridan's, Wood's and Baird's divisions in full sight, in the order named, from right to left. Twenty pieces of cannon under General Bragg's personal supervision rained grape and canister at our gallant fellows, while thousands of small arms cracked from behind the breastworks. We see the glancing arms of our lines slowly creeping up, and we mark the dear old flags so bravely blowing in the enemy's face. A few yards at a time each man climbed, and when exhausted threw himself down behind a tree, stone, stump or other cover to get his breath. High up the hill one brave fellow has borne his stars and stripes until he falls for want of breath; lying there he waves and waves his flag, and we fancy we can hear his comrades cheer, for he does not lie long alone; we see men crawling, climbing, up to him, past him, and soon he rises, runs forward to plant his flag in or among the enemy, almost in their ranks. Here he pauses, flaunting his flag at the rebels, who fire at him in vain. Clustering around we see men forming, and gradually the line becomes formidable. Another flag soon stands near the first, and then two regiments approach the top, their centers

forming the point of a wedge toward the enemy. Swinging the wings around, they clamber over the breastworks, and are face to face with the foe, who in superior numbers stretch along both ways; but they are wavering and their line is thin out toward the flanks—our's strengthens every moment, fighting furiously. At another point, up go supports, straining every nerve. We, who stand watching them so anxiously, see the large numbers of the enemy fighting those already up, and we tremble lest the supports do not get there in time. They are 'in at the death'—five standards blow out in the north wind, a splendid charge follows, and our men disappear behind the ridge, in pursuit of the rebs. Those who participated in this grand achievement told us that such cheering was never before heard as pealed from thousands of throats, and 'Chickamauga, Chickamauga' followed in thunder tones the flying foe down the eastern slope, where hundreds of them were captured.

"The fighting on Sherman's front continued till dark, but we could not see that he gained any ground from where we stood.

ALFRED PIRTLE,

"First Lieutenant, Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry."

FROM KNOXVILLE TO MOBILE BAY.

By J. Gordon Taylor,
Captain and Aide-de-Camp, U. S. Volunteers.

The sight of a little trinket, which I found on my library table some evenings since, awakened memories reaching far back into the past, and decided the subject of this paper. The trinket was a shark's tooth.* Nearly forty years had passed since I extracted it from the mouth of its original owner, and it bore engraved upon it this legend: "Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864." As I read it, I watched again the struggle on Lookout, as our boys swept around the point, now disappearing in the clouds that enveloped the slope, now reappearing, but ever advancing our flag until, at last, it crowned the summit of the mountain.

Again I stood on Orchard Knob and saw the rebel line on Mission Ridge give way before the charge that gave the nation a real cause for thanksgiving on the day following that victory. Then came the long march through December rains to carry relief to those beleaguered in Knoxville, the pursuit beyond to Blains X Roads and Strawberry Plains, the fearful night of December 31, 1863, which filled our hospitals, and cost us a list of fatalities rivaling those of the three days' fighting at Chattanooga. The marches over the frozen roads by men almost shoeless, clad only in their summer garments, without tents, and many without blankets, make a record of priva-

* The "shark's tooth" referred to was taken from a man-eating shark, eleven feet long, caught by one of our vessels during a trip to Pensacola for coal. The writer secured a dozen of the teeth, and, after his return home, had them mounted as watch charms, the date engraved as above, and distributed them among his friends as interesting souvenirs of the passage of the fleet.

tions and sufferings which our late companion, General Cox, once said far exceeded those of the army at Valley Forge.

However, spring came at last, and found us at Loudon, Tenn., looking forward with eager anticipations to the coming campaign which we hoped would bring an end to the struggle and peace to the country. But our hopes of participating in it, with the army with which we had been so long associated, were suddenly dashed by an order early in April, 1864, relieving General Gordon Granger from command of the Fourth Army Corps, and sending him to New York City, there to await further instructions. There he remained, chafing under the injustice done him and at his enforced inaction until late in the following June, when, at the insistent demand of General Garfield, then in Congress, he was ordered to report to General Canby, at New Orleans. General Granger proceeded at once, by sea, to New Orleans, ordering his staff to join him without delay by way of the Mississippi River, with our horses, camp equipage, etc., which had been left at Cincinnati on our way to New York.

We left Cincinnati July 5, 1864, and reached Cairo, after many vexatious delays, the evening of the 7th. Here we were forced to tarry several days, waiting for transportation. The weather was intolerably hot, our hotel poor, the streets dirty, and the stench from them was as thick as the Egyptian darkness of old, which could be felt.

Sunday, July 10th, found us safely embarked on the steamer James White. No incidents of note marked our trip down the river, and we landed at New Orleans some six days later, where we found our General waiting our arrival.

When General Granger had reported to General Canby he had been met by the frank statement that there was no command, commensurate with his rank, to which he could assign him, and that all he could offer was the command of the troops destined for Mobile Bay, numbering about 2,500 men. This

General Granger at once accepted, and immediately began to accumulate the necessary stores, ammunition, etc., but the difficulty of procuring transports delayed us, so that it was not until the evening of July 31st that we finally took our departure.

Our course lay through Lakes Pontchartrain, Borgne, and Mississippi Sound, and on August 3d General Granger reported to General Canby his arrival off Petit Bois Island with the transports Battle, Jas. Brown, Tamaulipas, Clyde, St. Charles and a barge, with about 1,700 men, and that he would commence, about 4 o'clock that afternoon, to disembark the troops about ten miles east of the western extremity of Dauphin Island.

The landing was made in accordance with the above, on the south side of the island, on the extreme east point of which was situated Fort Gaines, one of the defenses at the entrance to the bay. The boats were run in close to shore until they grounded, when the men jumped overboard and waded out. Guns, carriages, and materials of that character were thrown overboard, and at low tide were dragged, as Mr. Weller would say, "by sheer force o' wiolence," up to dry land. Provisions were landed by the use of small boats. Fortunately, the weather was propitious, and no casualties occurred. As fast as they reached shore, the commands were formed in order, and moved as close to Fort Gaines as was prudent, where they intrenched preparatory to commencing regular approaches for the reduction of the fort.

Some time before daylight the next morning I was awakened by the thumping and grinding of our boat, and, upon going on deck, I found we were aground under the guns of Fort Gaines. The General had been reconnoitering on his own hook, and, not being acquainted with the shoals, had struck bottom, but after an hour's hard work we succeeded in backing out from our perilous position without drawing upon us the

compliments of the fort. We moved over to one of our monitors, to which we made fast, with Fort Morgan about four miles to our right, Fort Gaines about three miles to our left, and cruising about in the bay in our front was the rebel ram "Tennessee." Two steamboats were plying between Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell, apparently carrying reinforcements from the latter to the first two. Forts Morgan and Gaines are about three and one-half miles apart, Morgan on the east side and Gaines on the west side of the entrance to the bay. Stretching out from Gaines was a line of piling, obstructing the entrance, the water being quite shoal for some two miles east of the fort, the piling continuing until the entrance to the bay was confined virtually to the deep ship channel, so that any vessel entering was compelled to pass directly under the guns of Fort Morgan.

About 11 o'clock the monitor Winnebago moved up toward Fort Gaines to get a shot at the steamer lying at the pier, but before getting in fair range the steamer retired. The monitor and the fort exchanged several shots with no apparent effect, when the monitor returned to her anchorage. In the meantime we moved up the island about two miles in rear of the fort, where General Granger went ashore to inspect the position of our troops. There was not much sleeping done that night on our boat, as the next day, August 5th, was set for the passage of the fleet into the bay, and we were up before daylight, on the wheelhouse of our steamer, which, I have neglected to state, was a small blockade runner of New York build, called the "Laura," glasses in hand, to watch the vessels form in line. The single-turreted monitors, Tecumseh and Manhattan, and the double-turreted Chickasaw and Winnebago, were in the lead, spaced, as nearly as I could judge, about two hundred yards apart. Next came the Brooklyn, followed by the flagship, the Hartford, each ship in the line having lashed to it, on the side furthermost from Fort Morgan,

a smaller gunboat, there being seven pairs of vessels. Fort Gaines could take no part in the action, being too far away. In the bay, with steam up, were the ram Tennessee and the gunboats Morgan, Gaines and Selma.

Our steamer took position off Pelican Island, one and one-half to two miles southwest of Fort Morgan and about the same distance from Gaines, the fleet passing between us and Fort Morgan. It was exactly 7 o'clock when Fort Morgan opened with her long-range rifles, the fleet replying shot for shot. No attention was paid to the monitors until they were immediately abreast of the fort, when the rain of iron beat upon them most fearfully; but they moved on, returning the fire with deliberation. The rebel vessels added their fire to that of the fort, and soon the Tecumseh turned her bow toward the rebel ram, evidently intending to measure strength with her, when suddenly the sea heaved up beneath her, she gave a lurch, her screw appeared in air, and in what seemed not more than ten seconds of time, she had gone down with her crew to her ocean grave. A torpedo did what naught else could have accomplished. No words can describe our feelings. A groan arose from all, and eyes were turned away as if they could not bear to see more. But the work had only commenced, and again we turned our glasses toward the fleet. A little boat appeared, bearing three or four men, those whom Providence had allowed to escape. It was just 8 o'clock when the iron-clad went down, and now the Hartford and her consort were under the fort, passing through the trial by fire. We could see shot apparently pass entirely through her, but her fire never slackened, and soon the fort was hid from view by the smoke of her guns. Fortunately, the air was damp and heavy, the sun almost hidden by the hazy atmosphere, and the light wind set directly toward the fort, driving the smoke directly into its embrasures, at times almost stifling the rebel gunners and preventing their aim from being as accurate as it otherwise would

have been. Half way up the mainmast of the Hartford was a twelve-pound howitzer, which, over the smoke, threw canister into the water battery, driving the rebels from their guns. And now the roar was terrific. Seventeen Union vessels, with their 100-pound Parrots, nine, eleven and fifteen-inch guns on our side, and on the other, the fort with the rebel fleet, all contributing to the infernal din. At 8 o'clock and fifteen minutes all our vessels had passed into the bay, and the fire of the fort ceased gradually, as our vessels passed out of range. Then came the ram Tennessee bearing down upon the Hartford, but a few broadsides checked her for the time. The Morgan also dashed into the fray, the Selma soon struck her colors, and the Gaines was disabled and retired from action. Now the vessels were uncoupled, and, as the ram had withdrawn some distance, our monitors started in pursuit, while the rest of the fleet took a breathing spell and exchanged a few shots with Fort Powell. For a while there was a lull, but at 9 o'clock the ram came up to make her last desperate effort. With her it was "do or die," and never was vessel fought more bravely. Alone she encountered our entire fleet, and for one hour and five minutes the shot was poured unon her unceasingly. With vigor she replied, coolly, deliberately, exciting even our sympathy by the bravery with which she encountered such fearful odds. But there could be but one end. At five minutes past 10 o'clock she surrendered and was taken in tow by our vessels. The Morgan ran under the guns of the fort, where the Gaines had already sought protection, and the day's work was virtually ended.

And now came a most inexplicable movement on the part of one of our vessels left outside of the bay. Lying near us had been a small two-masted steamer—the Phillippi—which suddenly started to steam past the fort, evidently intending to join the fleet inside the bay. In endeavoring to keep as far as possible from the fort, she ran into shoal water and went hard

aground, and in this position was perfectly riddled by the guns of the fort. Her crew speedily put off to one of our tugs in small boats, leaving her to her fate. Soon the Morgan steamed out toward her, sent out a yawl, set her on fire, and she burned to the water's edge. As this movement of the Morgan would have brought her quite too near us, we prudently retired, returning to our anchorage of the day before, and the rest of the day was spent unloading cannon, stores, etc., ready for the reduction of Fort Gaines. That night a message came from the Admiral saying his loss on the Hartford was seventeen, and that Admiral Buchanan, of the Tennessee, had lost his leg in the action. This, however, later proved to be a mistake, as our surgeons succeeded in saving his leg, though it was badly broken. Later in the evening another message was received, which said: "Our flag floats over Fort Powell." A deserter also came into our lines from Fort Gaines after dark, who stated that the garrison was composed mostly of boys under eighteen, and old men over the military age, and he did not think they would make much of a fight. His diagnosis proved correct, for on the morning of the 7th of August they sent out a flag to the fleet, proposing to surrender, and all day long negotiations were carried on.

About 4 o'clock General Granger went over to the flagship to consult with the Admiral as to final terms, and while the General was busy we made a visit to the Tennessee.

She was built after the fashion of the Merrimac, looking somewhat like the truncated roof of a house afloat. Her plating or walls, beginning on the inside of her casemate, were first three inches of oak, then sixteen inches of squared yellow pine, then six one-inch iron plates, laid alternately at right angles, one layer to the other, the whole bolted through from the inside, the bolts being riveted down in countersunk holes through the outside plate, flush with the outer surface. I counted upon her stern nine shots made by the Chickasaw's

eleven-inch guns, none of which had penetrated, though fired while the bow of the monitor lay against the stern of the ram. The plates were considerably bent and bruised, and in some places an iron slab was started loose, but no serious damage was done. The only shot that penetrated was a fifteen-inch steel shot weighing about 400 pounds, fired by the Manhattan at a distance of about fifty feet. This struck her fairly in the side and made a hole about the size of an old-fashioned bushel basket. The Hartford, during the action, ran upon her and gave her a broadside of thirteen nine-inch guns at one discharge, but the shot glanced off, inflicting no perceptible injury. The Hartford, the Lackawanna and the Metacomet then tried to sink her by ramming, but that was as harmless as their shot. In the action she had two men killed and her commander was wounded, which was the extent of her casualties. Her smoke-stack was shot entirely away, and her steering apparatus disabled, and this caused her surrender. One great defect in her construction was the method of bolting the iron plates to the wooden backing, shots striking her forcing off the bolt heads, which flew through the casemates like grapeshot. Her armament consisted of eight seven-inch rifled guns, throwing a shell of 128 pounds.

Our monitors came out without a scratch. The Hartford received twenty-three shells, one of which killed ten men and wounded eight at one gun. The Oneida had her boiler exploded, and many were scalded to death. Our total loss was about 240, of whom about seventy-five went down with the Tecumseh. On our return we passed Fort Powell, which was blown up and evacuated the night of the 5th, but it was too dark to land. Before we left the flagship the articles of surrender were signed by Colonel Anderson, the commander of the fort—Gaines—and under them we were to take possession at 8 o'clock the next day.

On the morning of August 8th we were early at the fort's

pier, the first unarmed vessel to enter the bay. The naval officers who were to participate in the ceremonies were already on hand. Our troops were drawn up in line outside the fort, the rebel line facing us, and at a given signal the rebel flag was hauled down, the stars and stripes raised, the rebels stacked their arms, and the fort returned to its allegiance, while its late defenders became prisoners of war. As our flag was unfurled a salute of thirty-four guns was fired. The muster rolls were handed to three of General Granger's staff—myself being one—and we called them over, verifying the reports; 813 men and forty-six officers. In the fort were some three months' provisions, thirty guns of various calibers, ammunition, etc. The details occupied us until after 2 p. m., when all were glad of a chance to rest.

Promptly on the morning of August 9th our forces began embarking on the transports, and were transferred as speedily as possible to the eastern shore of the bay, landing at a collection of fishermen's cabins, called Pilot Town, some three miles in the rear of Fort Morgan. In anticipation of such a movement, the rebels had set on fire all the buildings between the fort and the town, finishing with the hospitals, which were under the protection of the guns of the fort. The gunboat Gaines, which, since our fleet entered the bay, had been anchored near the fort, was also burned. The Morgan had previously escaped under the darkness of night and made her way to Mobile. A flag of truce was sent to the fort demanding its surrender, but General Page, its commander, replied, "I am ready to sacrifice life, and will surrender only when I have no means of defense." After the reply was received the monitors steamed up and shelled the fort for several hours, by way of practice, placing many shots with admirable precision. As soon as our troops were landed, they marched up within one thousand yards of the fort, where they threw up slight works for temporary defense. The fort made no effort to

dispute our advance, nor did they molest us, when, in the afternoon, we ran down with our little steamer to within three-quarters of a mile, and carefully examined the exterior of the fort through our glasses. Why they were so forbearing I can not say. We were surely as good a target as the Phillippi was, which they hit eleven times out of fourteen, at nearly twice the distance. Although I have not heretofore mentioned the fact, we had had rain every day since we landed on Dauphin Island, and this day it came down in torrents. Some of the sailors tried to make us believe that at sea it always rained salt water, so we caught a pitcher full to test it. We found it sweet and cool, very refreshing and quite a contrast to the bilgy water in our tanks, or the brackish water on shore. On shore our method of procuring water was to dig a hole in the sand two or three feet deep, which would soon fill with water, rather warm, but still answering our purpose. In a few hours the water in the pool would become brackish, and unfit to use, and a new hole would be necessary. The bay was full of crabs, and these we frequently added to our rations. We could see plenty of fish also, but for some reason they would not be caught.

On August 12th General Canby paid us a visit, and went out to our battery line. While there all received our daily baptism from the clouds. August 13th was spent on shore, our General personally supervising the placing of the troops, determining the position of batteries, etc.

The monitors kept dropping shells into the fort at regular intervals, while on the land side our riflemen were so close that the fort could not use its barbette guns at all. Reinforcements arrived, and our troops were in the best of spirits, pushing the work day and night. The ram Tennessee also joined in the fray, and was once struck by a shot from the fort, which, however, did no damage. August 14th we received two eight-inch mortars, which were speedily put in position, later landing

shells in the fort with great precision and effecting great damage. On the 15th Admiral Farragut and General Granger, with two monitors and four gunboats, went up the bay to within four miles of Mobile. This move seemed to cause great commotion in the city, but obstructions in the bay prevented nearer approach. By August 20th we had sixteen guns and fourteen mortars in position. The practice of the mortars was a new experience to me. In daytime the flight of the shells could easily be followed with the naked eye, while by night the burning fuse made them readily traceable in the darkness.

The woodwork and timbers of the fort were finally set on fire, and burned so fiercely that with the continually exploding shells the rebels were unable to check it, and gradually it drove them into the casemates, where they were almost stifled by the heat and smoke, and all effort at resistance ceased. They were compelled to flood the magazine, and finally to dump the loose ammunition into the cisterns. Their provisions were also destroyed, their water supply cut short, and finally, seeing that it was only a question of a day or so when we would be able to carry the fort by assault, about 7 o'clock on the morning of August 23d they hung out the white flag and the end came, the surrender taking place at 2 o'clock that afternoon. The prisoners were reported as 581.

Upon the fall of the fort General Granger issued his congratulations as follows:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
MOBILE BAY, ALA., August 23d, 1864.

Officers and Soldiers:

It is with pride I communicate to you my acknowledgment of the noble part you have taken in the reduction of Forts Morgan and Gaines, and your full share of the glory of the result. In the midst of danger you have been brave; under the severest exposure and fatigue you have been patient. The patriotic zeal that animated you entitles you to the gratitude of your country and the thanks of your commander. Continue to cherish all those virtues of discipline and courage so necessary to the success of a soldier, which you have so signally displayed, and which

aided in producing the result that has fulfilled our most sanguine expectations. By your efforts, united to those of our gallant navy, the strongholds of the enemy at the entrance of Mobile Bay have been captured; fifteen hundred prisoners, one hundred cannon, the flags of the forts, stores and ammunition have fallen into our hands as trophies of your prowess. In the hands of such officers and soldiers our country's cause must be triumphant. G. GRANGER.

Major-General Commanding.

After the surrender of Fort Gaines, General Page very sharply criticised Colonel Anderson in his reports to the rebel government, and in view of General Page's own action at the time of the surrender of Fort Morgan it might be well to insert here the comments of all concerned, leaving my hearers to form their own judgment. In a dispatch to General D. H. Maury, August 8th, General Page said: "Yesterday morning at daylight Colonel Anderson communicated with enemy by flag of true without my sanction. . . . I went there last night, and was greatly surprised to find Colonel Anderson absent in the fleet making terms for surrender. . . . Colonel Anderson's conduct inexplicable and disgraceful." Following this with a written report of the same date, General Page further said: "At sundown a flag of true was reported from the enemy's fleet to Gaines, and there remained some time. Immediately I took a small boat and crossed over, and can convey no conception of my utter astonishment at finding that the flag of truce of the morning was to ask for terms of surrender from the enemy; that Colonel Anderson had ordered his signal corps not to reply to nor acknowledge any of my dispatches, such being, as he strangely conceived, a breach of honor of the flag of the morning," and he concludes with the words "the enemy's flag was hoisted over Gaines, the evidence and the emblem of the consummation of the deed of dishonor and disgrace to its commander and garrison."

Regarding the situation and condition of Fort Gaines, after the entrance of our fleet into the bay, our chief engineer,

M. D. McAlister, after a careful inspection of the fort subsequent to its surrender, reported: "It was utterly weak and inefficient against our attack—land and naval—which would have taken all its fronts, in front, enfilade and reverse."

As of special interest in this matter, I quote in full a letter from Admiral Farragut to General Canby, dated:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP HARTFORD,
MOBILE BAY, ALA., August 26, 1864.

General: Believing, as I did, that General Page was one of those unfortunate men who had been induced by circumstances to join the rebels rather than by inclination, and having known him for many years in his community as a man of respectable standing and a good officer in our navy, I was much disposed to intercede for him in order that he might be sent North, which appeared to be his desire. But since I have heard of the wanton destruction of the public property, and his childish behavior in denying that he had a sword to deliver up, after manifesting his submission by showing the white flag on his fort, I have determined to say nothing on the subject, but to leave it to yourself to say how he should be disposed of. Much indignation, I understand, was manifested by the garrison of Fort Morgan at the surrender of Fort Gaines by Colonel Anderson. I think the community will render a very different judgment when the facts are known. As I stated to the Honorable Secretary of War, Colonel Anderson found himself in a small fortification, with a much larger garrison — many of them being boys — than could be sheltered from either the shot or shell of our ships or the guns of our army, and perfectly untenable, as was satisfactorily proven to him and his officers by one of our shells entering his casemate and killing two of his sick men and wounding several. He, therefore, very wisely determined, in order to save a wanton sacrifice of life, to capitulate, and in this determination was supported by all his officers save one. On the other hand, General Page, commanding a first-rate work, with a sufficient force to maintain it, well armed and provisioned, and a garrison determined, like himself, to defend it to the last, quietly and tamely yielded after one day's bombardment, that of the 22d, and during which he never fired a single gun, as all the firing previous to that day were merely occasional shots, apparently to obtain their ranges, while preparations were making for the bombardment. And then, having raised the white flag in token of submission, with a chivalrous spirit of resistance they destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, spiked the guns, sawed gun carriages, and broke their swords and threw them away. Colonel Anderson, however, was so conscientious that he

would not permit a thing to be touched after he had made an offer to surrender, and everything was left intact after that moment. So that, whether Colonel Anderson was to blame or not, I can not conceive that General Page and his officers are the proper persons to criticise him.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Rear Admiral Commanding West Gulf Squadron.

The sequel to all this appears in the following:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF WEST MISSISSIPPI,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sept. 1, 1864.

Special Orders
No. 115.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A council of war, to be composed of Major-General S. A. Hurlbut, U. S. Volunteers, Brigadier-General James Totten, Missouri State Militia, and Lieutenant-Commander S. R. Franklin, U. S. Navy, members, and Captain DeWitt Clinton, Aide-de-Camp, Recorder, will assemble in the city of New Orleans, La., at 10 a. m. to-morrow, for the purpose of examining into the allegations against Brigadier-General R. L. Page, C. S. Army, for violation of the laws of war, in destroying or injuring the works, armament, and munitions at Fort Morgan, Ala., of which he was then commander, after he had abandoned the defense of the fort and indicated his intention to surrender by hoisting the white flag.

* * * * * * * * * * *

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY.

C. T. CHRISTENSEN,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

On September 15th the opinion of the council was submitted as follows:

The council, being limited by the terms of the order convening it, and the rules laid down in Paragraph 144 of General Orders No. 100, from the Adjutant-General's office, dated April 24, 1863, is of the opinion that Brigadier-General R. L. Page, C. S. Army, is not guilty of a violation of the rules of war.

With the surrender of the fort, the next question that arose was whether we should go on and undertake the capture of Mobile, at the head of the bay. General Granger wanted to embark his troops at once on the light-draught steamboats,

run up the bay as far above Dog River bar as possible, land on the western shore and march immediately on the city. He had been urging a movement of this sort during the progress of the siege of the forts. On August 14th he had written General Canby of his intention to make a lodgment at Cedar Point, and again on the 20th he wrote him, saying, "If it is the intention to make a dash on Mobile, the sooner it is done after the fall of Morgan the better." General Granger's soldierly instincts were rarely at fault. He was quick to perceive his opportunities and ready and prompt to act. After-information of the then existing conditions showed that his judgment in this instance was correct.

On August 3d, 1864, General D. H. Maury, commanding the department, reported a grand total of troops at and around Mobile of but 4,432, of which number 1,575 were in Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell. August 13th he reported to Adjutant-General Cooper that "Mobile had been stripped of troops and other military resources to reinforce the Army of Tennessee." On August 23d, the very day of the surrender of Fort Morgan, writing confidentially to General Richard Taylor, he said: "There are in this whole district about six thousand troops of every description; about one thousand of these have been under fire; the rest are State reserves and militia, and the old men and boys of the town, all recently organized and armed. The works are strong. The supply of ammunition is short." August 24th he again says in a dispatch to Adjutant-General Cooper: "Attack on Mobile may commence at once. Need much more and good troops and ammunition." The same day he telegraphed General Forrest: "Come and help Mobile," and later, on August 30th, he says: "You are my only hope of succor." Thus it is seen that the movement was perfectly feasible; that the city had but few defenders and no serious defenses. On the other hand, our forces had been gradually increased to between six thousand and seven thousand men, all

well and in good spirits, ready for any undertaking and anxious for such a move. Had General Granger's ideas been carried out, all the work and bloodshed of the following spring would have been avoided. But his wishes were overruled, and our army was still on the narrow spit of land in rear of the fort, when a letter from the War Department arrived accepting the writer's resignation, which had been some time before tendered, and he bade his comrades farewell and returned to "God's country."

J. GORDON TAYLOR.

DECEMBER 2, 1903.

THE LAST BLOOD SHED IN THE CIVIL WAR.

By Archibald H. Thomson,
Captain, Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

While enjoying a much-needed rest at Sweetwater, Tenn., August 18, 1865, with a daily anticipation of an order to have our final muster rolls ready, I suddenly realized that, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee," and my halcyon day dreams were ruthlessly thrust aside by an order as follows:

First Lieutenant A. H. Thomson, commanding D Company, Twelfth Ohio Cavalry, will report for escort duty to Brevet Major-General Gillem at Chattanooga, Tenn. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation. By order of Colonel R. W. Ratliff.

R. B. Smith, *Lieutenant, A. A. A. G.*

In a few hours I was quartered at Chattanooga, but evidently not to rest long, as next morning I received the following orders:

Chattanooga, Tenn., August 19, 1865.

Special Orders
No. 180.

Lieutenant Thomson, commanding Company D, Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, will report with twenty-five men armed, equipped with five days' rations, to Captain Garfield, C. S. Volunteers, in this city, at 7 a. m., 20th inst., for the purpose of collecting beef cattle belonging to the United States Government.

By command of Brevet Major-General Gillem.

Edward S. Richards,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Enclosed with the above were the two orders as follows:

By telegraph from Nashville:

August 16, 1865.

To Captain C. S. Garfield, C. S.:

Major-General Thomas directs that you order a detail of one reliable commissioned officer and twenty-five men, mounted and properly

supplied for a scout, to report to Captain C. S. Garfield, C. S., to go with him in search of United States cattle in the State of Georgia, to try to recover them.

(Signed) ROBERT H. RAMSEY,
Colonel, A. A. G.

By telegraph from headquarters at Nashville:

AUGUST 17, 1865.

To Captain C. S. Garfield, C. S.:

The State of Alabama is included in your order to search for cattle belonging to the United States.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS.

(Signed) ROBERT H. RAMSAY,
Colonel, A. A. G.

Official.

C. S. Garfield, Captain C. S.

General Thomas' first dispatch stated that Captain Garfield was to accompany the detail, but he did not. (Captain Garfield died a few weeks ago at Glenville, near Cleveland. He was a cousin of the late President Garfield.)

When I reported to Captain Garfield, he informed me that Gatewood, a guerrilla, had stolen some Government horses and cattle from the corrals, the matter being reported to General Thomas, who sent two civilians to recover the property. These civilians were arrested and placed under a five thousand dollar bond, but allowed to go on their own recognizance, with a promise if they returned they might expect "a long rope and a short shrift." The first day's ride brought us to Summerville, Ga., if my memory is not at fault, a distance of forty-five miles, where, by written instructions, I met Mr. Leab Grinsmith (who had been in the service of General Sherman as a scout). Grinsmith knew the country well, and about where the stolen property was located. The second day, accompanied by Grinsmith, we headed toward Cherokee County, Alabama. About 3 p. m. an extra large man rode up and asked, "Are you in command of this detachment?" On being answered in the affirmative, he produced a

missive over the signature of Colonel Ramsay, stating Major-General Thomas would accept it as a favor if Mr. Hamilton would render what aid he could to a detail of cavalry sent down there to recover Government cattle. Mr. Hamilton was a true-blue Union man, although his brother was just the reverse, and was acting as Sheriff of Cherokee County. Mr. Hamilton, knowing where most of the stock was, started out with a detail of corporal and four men. We went into camp about 5 p. m. Half an hour later Hamilton galloped into camp, stating (and without any preliminary such as "I regret to report, sir"), "a lot of d—d rebs have captured your men." Asking if any of my men were hurt, Hamilton replied, "Not a shot fired, only at me, and by my own brother," Hamilton and the boys overtaking a couple of mounted men who carried rifles, having been (as they stated) squirrel hunting. All jogged along together, and soon overtook three more "squirrel hunters," who also joined the cavalcade. Soon the subject of guns was brought up, our men having Spencer carbines. The "squirrel hunters" were much interested, and soon had every carbine, examining them. Quick as a flash the guns were turned on our boys, who had also to give up their sabers and Colt's revolvers. Hamilton made a dash for liberty, and got away scathless, and he supposed they would expect us to surrender. In a little while the Sheriff rode in with the outfit, demanding, "Who is in command here, and by whose authority do you invade my territory?" On raising my right hand with a revolver in it, twenty carbines were leveled on the gang. We disarmed, then dismounted them. I informed them that they would be my guests for the night, that this is no social function, but I must insist on their remaining the night in camp. As each soldier had been provided with a pair of handcuffs, and wishing to save my men, and plenty of good stiff saplings were growing there, we just made every man place his arms around a sapling, then sprung the handcuffs. They

demurred, of course, but they had their choice of standing or lying down. At early daybreak I foolishly turned them loose, they having been safe and supperless all night, and I not wishing any inroads made on the men's rations in the morning, and they apparently being as contrite in the morning as they had been prone to evil the night before, my heart softened to the foxes. After breakfast I detailed a non-commissioned officer and five men, until the squad was divided up, excepting four men and Grinsmith, who went with me, each squad having directions where to go. Having the farthest to go, our squad left earlier than the others. We had ridden but a few miles when, at the bend of the road, we met four men all mounted and armed, and who wheeled around to get away; but we had three of them at our mercy, who surrendered; the fourth fired as he galloped away. Two revolvers spoke, and the poor fellow fell out of his saddle. I rode up to him, but he was beyond any help. One of the prisoners acknowledged that men from all over the country were to rendezvous near to where we had camped. Consequently we doubled on our tracks after destroying the prisoners' guns. Realizing that my boys were of more importance than branded animals, we galloped back toward our old camping ground. But the mischief had been done ere we reached them. I felt heartsick for a moment, and mad the next. There lay Edward J. Latson dead, three men wounded, a dead horse or two, a saber and a frying pan. The debris showed work had been done. On asking where the balance of the men were, and how many of the Johnnies, one of the men said, "All captured, and there's about two hundred of the rebs." Turning to my men, I consulted what we should do, for the tracks of the horses all showed as having gone toward Summerville. The boys gave me to understand that they would follow where I led, so we headed for Summerville, determined to cut our way through, if luck stayed with us. We had cantered probably a mile when we ran into four of

the enemy, with five of my men prisoners. One, who assumed leadership, rode up to me, pointing a Spencer within about four inches of my heart, while another struck my left hand quite a blow with the butt end of a Spencer. Picking up my reins, which had dropped, I motioned to Grinsmith (who carried a short double-barreled shotgun). Quick as a flash Grinsmith struck the man on the back of the neck with his gun, and he fell to the ground. Jumping up, he made for the brush, but two of the boys' revolvers got him, and I guess a doctor could not help him. The other three surrendered. This gave me nine men, with Grinsmith and myself. Taking up a sharp trot, we had ridden about half a mile, when we ran into nine or ten men, with one of my men a prisoner, J. C. McClintock, who, about eight years ago, went over the divide to the great majority. There was a little shooting done, but none of our side were any the worse. The other side got safely away. About half a mile farther we saw to the right of the road, and on much higher ground, twenty or twenty-five men, mounted and in line facing us. I told my men to get their revolvers ready and to hold them behind their thighs, and to make no move until I did. Singling out whom I presumed was the leader, I rode straight to him, and, sticking my revolver between his eyes—not that I thought he was near-sighted, but I could not afford to make any mistake—ordered him to surrender. Each of my men had done likewise, and surrender they did, without a shot or a demur—twenty of them. I now had ten of my men, Grinsmith and I making twelve of us, and twenty-seven prisoners. We at once headed toward Chattanooga on a slow trot. I learned from one of the prisoners that my surmise was right. I had selected the leader, who, if my memory serves me right, commanded a regiment in the Confederate Army, Colonel McSpadden, and his regiment was the Eighteenth Alabama, and most of our prisoners had been under him. They were nearly all clad in

gray. Flora McFlimseylike, they had "nothing (else) to wear." We passed through Summerville, Ga., at just dark, where our friend, the gallant Grinsmith (who recently died at Sulphur Springs, Texas), left us. Riding about two miles past Summerville, we halted on the road near a farmhouse, where we found provender for our horses, and the men had about enough rations left to give us all a tantalizing taste. I had left three men in our rear about two hundred yards, as guards. When bridling up, we heard shooting in our rear. I took one man and went to the rear, sending a sergeant on with the men and prisoners, and with instructions to keep up a trot and to shoot any prisoner who tried to escape. On reaching the vedette post the boys were holding back a number of men. We got glimpses of, say from forty-five to sixty men, who evidently had great respect for the Spencer. We at once took up our line of march, and whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself, we embraced it and paid our respects to our friends, the enemy, then scampered after our men. This was kept up until we reached Lafayette, Ga., about thirty miles from Chattanooga, where were stationed two companies of infantry. This relieved us, and we went into camp to rest ourselves and horses. It had been a pretty hot day any way you measured it, and our horses were getting very tired. The infantry gave us our breakfast, which we relished, having really had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. We reached Chattanooga about 10:30 a. m. Before reaching our destination, I talked with some of the prisoners as to the ultimatum of breaking their paroles. They were quite despondent. Had they possessed some of the philosophy of Confucius, or the diplomacy of Machiavelli, they would not then have been in such a dilemma. At Chattanooga we rode to General Gillem's headquarters. The General, after listening to my account, got very mad and wanted to know why I had not killed every ——— one of

them. Were I to write the General's words, radium would be discounted. That night, about 10:30, my colored boy woke me up and handed me a paper, holding the candle while I read an order to report next morning to Captain ———, of the Second Missouri Cavalry, better known as Merrill's Horse. I dressed and showed General Gillem my left hand badly swollen and inflamed, which I was unable to close for eight months afterward. He said: "That is no excuse; you report in the morning, as ordered." The result was, with two pretty strong companies of cavalry and one ambulance, we went to Gaylesville, Ala. Of course, the men had separated and gone to their respective homes. We got back the men who had been captured, also the three wounded men, who had been taken to a farmhouse, where they were kindly cared for and their wounds dressed by an M.D. On my return General Gillem evidently thought he had been a little rough, and he offered to secure for me a second lieutenancy in the Second Heavy Artillery, in which regiment he then held a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, and, being a brother-in-law of both President Johnson and U. S. Senator Patterson, of Tennessee, I did not doubt his ability to deliver the goods; but the war was over, and to a successful issue, and I doubted the return of my left hand to its normal condition, consequently, thanking General Gillem kindly, I declined.

I afterward ascertained from citizens of Gaylesville, where John Gatewood lived, that Gatewood had made trips to both Nashville and Chattanooga, and interceded for any old thing that would help his friends to do a little farming, as everything in the quadruped line had been absorbed by the blues or the grays. What stock Gatewood and his two friends, Joseph Killett and Brooks Giffet, took from Chattanooga, they gave around to their friends who needed them most, without any equivalent. While in Nashville, in October, I called on General

Thomas, who was always approachable even to a lieutenant or a private soldier, and laid the circumstances before him as I had ascertained them. He asked, "What would you suggest?" My answer was, "General, this is but 'a tempest in a teapot'; I would let the boys go home and rejuvenate the country." "I will consider it," he said, and I left. General Thomas turned the rascals out shortly afterward.

McDOWELL'S EXPLANATION OF THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST CORPS TO JOIN McCLELLAN.

By Colonel Latham Anderson,
Eighth California Volunteer Infantry.

The subject-matter of this paper is presented because it is assumed to have been a prime factor in determining the part played by the First Army Corps (McDowell's) in connection with the Peninsular Campaign.

In 1865 Major-General Irwin McDowell was in command of the Military Division of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, and the writer was attached to his staff. In that capacity, and as a friend of the family, the writer was frequently a guest in General McDowell's house.

During this familiar intercourse, General McDowell once related an incident in connection with the movements of the First Army Corps, during the Peninsular Campaign, so dramatic and startling as to have indelibly impressed the main facts upon the writer's memory.

Of course, during the General's lifetime it would have been improper to have published the statement without the General's permission and revision. But General McDowell passed away long since, without making these facts public, so far as the writer knows. Posterity having an inherent right to the possession of every important or significant historical fact, the writer believes that the time has come when a further withholding of this incident would be an infringement of this natural right. Officials on duty at the White House or Secretary of War's Office, officers on General McDowell's staff, or in the First Army Corps, at that time, would all be competent witnesses to all or some of the facts in this con-

nection. And it is distinctly not the purpose of this paper to establish this occurrence on the evidence of one man. On the contrary, it is the especial purpose of the writer to call forth every available item of evidence in the premises. And an appeal is herein made to all persons having any such knowledge to add their quota to the clearing up of this important question.

In order to simplify the narrative, General McDowell's statement will be given in the first person, although, of course, the writer does not pretend to render the General's precise words.

GENERAL M'DOWELL'S STATEMENT.
(As the writer remembers it.)

When General McClellan was assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, he made it a condition precedent that there should be added to this command the garrison of Washington City and its defenses and the armies of Banks and Fremont, and also of my command (the First Corps). It was understood that the latter was to be stationed at Fredericksburg, to operate thence under McClellan's direct command, as part of the Army of the Potomac; the intention being that, at the proper time, my corps should advance from Fredericksburg, bearing as far to the right (west) as I could to keep in touch with his right wing, thereby attacking Richmond from the northwest, or, if possible, from the west. These conditions were freely assented to by Mr. Lincoln and grudgingly by Mr. Stanton. About the time McClellan had fairly disembarked his army and become involved in the siege of Yorktown, the First Corps was abruptly detached from the Army of the Potomac, by an order of the Secretary of War, and made an independent command. At that time the First Corps numbered 42,000 effectives, besides a brigade (?) of cavalry, which was attached to it.

When McClellan's troubles before Yorktown began to multiply, he clamored for reinforcements so effectually that Franklin's division (about 10,000 men) was sent to him. This left me 32,000 effectives and the cavalry.

Within less than two (?) days after Stonewall Jackson started on his raid down the Shenandoah my spies and scouts advised me of the fact, and also of the destination of the expedition. I immediately issued orders for the troops to be provided with two days' cooked rations in their haversacks and for the cavalry to advance eight or ten miles on the road to Richmond that evening. Orders were also issued for the entire corps to move out before daylight next morning, in light marching order, and the trains to follow up with the reserve and rear guard. That evening I got on my dispatch boat and hastened to Washington, where I disembarked on the Long Bridge at about 1:30 next morning. I made a requisition on the Officer of the Guard for a trooper's horse, on which I galloped to the White House. I informed the Assistant Secretary, who was up and on duty at that hour, that a crisis of the war made it imperative that I should see the President immediately. The Assistant Secretary said that it was impossible, that the President was in bed, and he positively declined, either to carry up my message or to disturb the President at that hour. In spite of his protests and prohibition, I pushed past him and knocked loudly at the door of the President's bedroom. Mr. Lincoln came to the door in his dressing-gown and slippers and asked me into the ante-room. He listened with his usual patience and urbanity, although, *as this was the first intimation he had of Jackson's raid,* he was startled and much troubled thereby.

I then proceeded to explain the situation to Mr. Lincoln. I told him that if we acted with celerity and judgment, Richmond was at our mercy, and the issue of the war in our hands. According to my information, Jackson took about

15,000 men from Lee's army, and if my 32,000 men were opportunely rushed into the gap, it would make a balance against Lee of 47,000, or, with my cavalry, say 50,000 men. It would seem that this overwhelming odds should place the result in our favor without a doubt, "especially, if you wire McClellan this morning to immediately attack along his whole front and maintain his pressure on the enemy until my arrival on the scene. This course would compel Lee to weaken his lines on the west side of Richmond, and I would thus be enabled to enter from that quarter almost without opposition." I explained to him the dispositions I had made to this end, and begged him to confirm them.

On the other hand, I warned him that when this raid became known, it would probably arouse a wild panic throughout the country for the safety of the capital, and especially among some of the officials in Washington, whose pressure would be hardest to resist. If Banks met with a reverse, Harper's Ferry would be the first point of popular solicitude, and a howl of "On to Harper's Ferry" would be raised, which might, in the end, prove as disastrous in its effects as was the "On to Richmond" cry; and I begged him not to commit a second error of that kind, especially, as in doing so, *he would be carrying out the very purpose for which Lee designed the raid*, which undoubtedly was to prevent reinforcements from being sent to McClellan and to toll my corps as far as possible from Richmond. It was preposterous to apprehend that Jackson's 15,000 men could seriously threaten Washington, with its strong fortifications, manned by a garrison, with as many more under Banks and Shields, etc., interposed between the invaders and the capital. "If you yield to this senseless clamor, and order me to Harper's Ferry, it is to be feared that by the time my advance reaches Martinsburg, Jackson's main force will have fallen on McClellan's right and rear before Richmond."

The President seemed convinced by my arguments, and directed me to return to Fredericksburg at once, and that the first thing in the morning orders would be wired me confirming my present action. I left the White House with a light heart, feeling assured that the fate of Richmond and the Confederacy was sealed.

That morning on my way down the river on my dispatch boat, I *met the advance of my corps thirteen miles north of Fredericksburg on the march to Washington. At daylight that morning a telegraphic order to that effect, and countermanding my previous arrangements, had been received from the Secretary of War.* The rest is history.

QUERIES.

A. Is the writer's memory at fault in making General McDowell say that he started to Washington to interview the President within two days after Jackson began his raid, i. e., after Ewell's division was detached from Lee's army to join Jackson? If not so early in the raid, at what subsequent stage of the campaign could the midnight interview at the White House have occurred?

B. Did Mr. Stanton countermand McDowell's advance on Richmond on his own responsibility, or after a conference with the President? (In this connection see McClellan's statement (p. 175) that early on May 24th the President telegraphed him that McDowell would certainly march on the 26th, and that later on the same day another telegram from the same source, advising McClellan that, owing to Jackson's advance down the valley, McDowell would not be ordered South.)

(Mem.—On the 24th Jackson was defeating Banks.)

C. Was McDowell still at Fredericksburg on May 24th, and could the midnight interview between him and the President have occurred about that time?

D. Did Mr. Lincoln receive the first news of Jackson's raid from General McDowell, as stated herein?

FOOT-NOTES.

From McClellan's paper on the Peninsular Campaign, in Vol. II of Battles and Leaders in the War, etc. (Century Co.), pp. 161 et seq.

At no time during the war was the enemy able to undertake the siege of Washington; nor, if respectably garrisoned, could it ever have been in danger from assault. (Page 161.)

The maximum garrison necessary to hold the place against a siege from any and every quarter was thirty-four thousand men, with forty field guns, etc.

The campaign was undertaken with some one hundred and forty-five thousand troops, to be increased by a division of ten thousand men drawn from the troops in the vicinity of Fort Monroe, giving a total of one hundred and fifty-five thousand. (Instead, Blenker's Division was *taken away*, reducing the force to one hundred and thirty-five thousand.)

While at Fairfax Court House, on the 12th of March, I learned *that there had appeared in the daily papers* the order relieving me from the general command of all the armies, and confining my authority to the Department of the Potomac.

On April 1, 1862, McClellan left forty-two thousand men for the defense of Washington, and thirty-five thousand men for the Shenandoah Valley. (Page 168.)

On my arrival, on the 2d of April, came a telegram stating that the Department of Virginia was withdrawn from my command.

Just at this moment came a telegram, dated the 4th, that the First Corps was withdrawn from my command. * * * Another reduction of forty-three thousand * * * diminished my paper force to ninety-two thousand men. (Page 170.)

Meanwhile, on the 22d of April, Franklin's division of McDowell's corps had joined me by water, in consequence of my urgent calls for reinforcements. (Page 172.)

Early on the 24th of May I received a telegram from the President informing me that McDowell would certainly march on the 26th. * * * On the same day another dispatch came, informing me that, in consequence of Stonewall Jackson's advance down the Shenandoah, the movement of McDowell was suspended. (Page 175.) * * * The failure of McDowell to reach me at or before the critical moment was due to the orders he received from Washington. (Page 176.)

Notes from General Imboden's paper on "Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah," Vol. II, pp. 283 et seq.

Jackson's little army in the valley had been greatly reduced, * * * so that at the beginning of March, 1862, he did not have over five thousand men of all arms available. (Page 283.)

* * * * * * * * * *

The result (of Jackson's attack on Shields, etc.) was so pleasing to the Richmond Government that it was decided to reinforce Jackson by sending Ewell's division, which reached him about the 1st of May. (Page 285.) In May Jackson was near Port Republic, maturing his plans. (Page 285.)

(Explanatory text under map, page 284.) * * * On May 6th Jackson was at Staunton; he fought Milroy and Schenck, near McDowell, on May 8th; Banks at Front Royal, Newtown, and Winchester on May 23d, 24th, and 25th; Fremont at Cross Keys June 8th; Tyler at Port Republic June 9th. * * *

On the 17th of June * * * Jackson moved all his troops southeast, and on the 25th arrived at Ashland, seventeen miles from Richmond. (Mem. from McClellan's paper, page 179: "During the night of the 24th information arrived confirming the anticipation that Jackson was moving to attack our right and rear. * * * Shortly after noon on the 27th the attack commenced on Porter's corps.") (Page 181.)

(Resuming Imboden's notes.)

This withdrawal from the valley was so skillfully managed that his absence was unsuspected at Washington; *something like a panic prevailed there, and the Government was afraid to permit McDowell to unite his forces with McClellan's, lest it should uncover and expose the Capital to Jackson's supposed movement on it.* (Italics by editor.)

MEM.—From McClellan's paper it appears that on the 25th of June McDowell was near Front Royal, one hundred and fifteen miles from Richmond.

These foot-notes, taken from papers by Generals McClellan and Imboden, published in Vol. II of Battles and Leaders in the War of the Rebellion, Century Co., have been added to assist the reader in connecting this recital with contemporary events.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY,

As Known in History and as Known to Me as One Who Served Under Him While He Commanded the First Division of the Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

By Albert C. Thompson,
Captain, One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

General Kearney was born in New York, June 2, 1815, and was killed in battle, near Chantilly, Va., September 1, 1862. He was a nephew of Major-General Stephen Wats Kearney, of the old army. It is said that his grandfather, Hon. John Wats, by whom he was reared, intended him for the Church, but, coming from a family of soldiers, and inheriting the family spirit, he chose the life of a soldier, and March 8, 1837, was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the army and was assigned to the First Dragoons, then commanded by his uncle, Stephen Wats Kearney. July, 1839, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and acted as aide to General Atkinson. In the same year he was sent by the Secretary of War to France to observe the cavalry tactics of the French army. There he entered the military school of Saumur, and in May, 1840, he was permitted to join the French army in Algeria, and was attached to the First Chasseurs d' Afrique, and served during the campaign of that summer against the Arabs under Abd-el-Kader. At Miliana, and in the affair of the Col de Tenea, he distinguished himself for gallantry, and was tendered the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French King, Louis Philippe, which, however, he was compelled to decline because our Government, at that time, would not permit our officers to accept foreign decorations. In the fall of 1840 he returned

to the United States, and was appointed aide de camp to General Macomb, and remained with him until the latter's death, June 25, 1841. In the same year he was appointed aide de camp to General Scott, with whom he remained until 1844, when he joined his company at Fort Leavenworth. In 1846 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons. He inherited quite a large fortune from his grandfather, and spent money freely in mounting the men of his company on fine gray horses. It was the crack company of the service, and afterward served as bodyguard of General Scott, during the Mexican War. He was brevetted Major for gallant conduct at Contreras and at Churubusco, and in a charge on the San Antonio gate, of the City of Mexico, lost his left arm. Mayne Reid, who witnessed the charge, described the appearance of Kearney and his men as follows:

> Emerging from the smoke cloud of Churubusco, they looked like a band of angels with Gabriel at their head. It was Kearney with his squadron. They were going at full gallop in half sections of twos, the men with sloped sabers, the horses with snorting nostrils, each buried in the spread tail of that preceding it; the hoofs of all striking simultaneously on the firm crown of the causeway as if they were galloping to set music.

At the close of the Mexican War he was ordered to California, and commanded a successful expedition against the Rogue River Indians. October 9, 1851, he resigned from the army and went to Europe, where he continued to pursue military studies. He served in the war with Austria, in 1859, as an aide on the staff of the French General Maurier, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon III., for gallantry at the battles of Magenta and Solferino.

On the breaking out of the Civil War he hastened home, and was given command of the First New Jersey Brigade, and in April, 1862, he was placed in command of the First Division of the Third Army Corps (the division in which I had the honor to serve), and was made a Major-General July 4, 1862.

He took command of the division while we lay in front of Yorktown. The men and officers of our regiment who witnessed his first appearance in our camp will never forget him or the occasion of his visit. The regiment was on picket duty, but the Major, the Quartermaster, and the regimental band, and perhaps some who were on the sick list, were in camp. The band was composed of a lot of as reckless young chaps as were ever gotten together, and that afternoon, in defiance of General Kearney's orders prohibiting the lighting of fires which might expose our position to the enemy, they were cooking before a blazing fire which could be seen from Kearney's headquarters, and he sent an aide to have the fire put out and the wrongdoers brought to punishment. But the band boys hooted the aide and went on with their cooking. Then came Kearney riding furiously, and as he swept through the camp every man, sick or well, turned out in alarm to meet they knew not what. The band scattered in every direction, but he rode them down and put them at work to extinguish the fire. He then drove the Major and the Quartermaster to the fire and put them at work also, saying that their commissions would not be worth salt if the thing ever occurred again. No more fires were kindled in that camp, and the band boys thereafter were models of good behavior when within possible reach of Kearney.

Yorktown was evacuated by the Confederates during the night of the 3d and the morning of the 4th of May, 1862. We hurried after them, and in the morning of the 5th, Hooker opened the battle of Williamsburg and waged an unequaled contest with five brigades of Longstreet's corps, from 7 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, being hard pressed and losing ground, when Kearney came to his relief, and, attacking the enemy vigorously, by nightfall recovered the field. Hooker had called for reinforcements, but McClellan was at Yorktown, Heintzelman, the corps commander, could not be found, and

Sumner, who was in command in McClellan's absence, instead of sending Casey's division, which was near by, ordered Kearney, who was many miles in the rear, to Hooker's support. We double-quicked for miles through the mud and in the rain, coming on the field almost exhausted and in disorder; but we soon formed our line, the boys dropping into their places as they came up. After a horrible night in the mud and rain, our regiment, the next morning, moved with a skirmish line in front into Williamsburg, where we picked up many Confederate stragglers and found William and Mary's College filled with wounded from both armies. There I found General Dwight, of New York, badly wounded, and there McClellan appeared and received a flag of truce from the enemy, requesting permission to send surgeons to take care of their wounded. We resumed the march up the peninsula, and on May 31st were again in battle at Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, as it is called by the Confederates. Casey's division had been smashed and Couch was hard pressed when Keyes, to whose corps they belonged, called on Heintzelman for help, and Kearney was ordered to the front. When the summons reached us, Captain Dowling, of our regiment, and myself were dining with our Colonel, dressed in our best and enjoying a glorious dish of baked beans, but in a twinkling we were at the heads of our companies, which we found formed and ready, and were soon moving at the double-quick up the Richmond road, and within an hour Captain Dowling was dead, shot through the head, and the Colonel and myself were wounded and disabled. In writing of the battle scene, when I was younger and when the picture was still vividly before my eyes, I said:

> We relieved, I believe, the Tenth Massachusetts, and as we moved down the old Richmond Road, I saw, for the first time, a man killed in battle. A man from Company E fell dead in the road; he seemed to strike on his head and shoulders, his gun flying some distance behind him, and a little curl of dust, like smoke, rose about him as he writhed

for an instant in the death struggle. It is one of the grand mysteries of the mind how, in an instant of time, in the rush forward, the mind could note and take a lasting impression of all the details of the terrible picture. The air seemed filled with whizzing musket balls, as though you might hold out your hat and catch it full. General Jameson, who led the charge, leaned forward in his saddle, with his hat pulled down, and looked as though breasting a strong wind. A ghastly, moving line of blanched faces, parted lips, set teeth I saw as I looked to the right and to the left, and the rush, the din, and the fury of the occasion seemed to be expressed in each countenance, except that of brave Phil Kearney, whom I saw quietly picking his way through the "slashing" as though nothing unusual was going on.

Kearney was in the midst of the fighting, encouraging and leading his men, and with his aid Keyes held the enemy at bay until Sumner came on the field in the evening, and the next day we drove them back to Richmond, and, as I firmly believe, we could have taken Richmond if McClellan had put his whole army into the fight. But it was not to be. The conditions out of which the war grew required a fight to the finish.

The North deprecated the war, and a victory then, which would have enabled us to retain our self-respect, might have led the way to concessions to the South which would have been worse than defeat and a separation of the sections. But Fair Oaks and the bloody battles of the Seven Days, and the fighting in the West, nerved both sides for the desperate conflict which continued for three long years afterward, but which put an end to slavery, re-established the Union on a firm and enduring basis, and placed us in the front rank of the great nations of the earth.

During the Seven Days, Kearney bore the brunt of the fighting at Glendale and Nelson's Farm, and enjoyed the pleasure of leading into that fight his old command, the First New Jersey Brigade, which had been sent to his relief.

At the Second Battle of Bull Run, on the 29th of August, 1862, our brigade was placed on the extreme right facing Bull Run. Our regiment lay, inside a fence, with a wood in front,

under the fire of rebel batteries, for hours, timing the coming of shells, by counting the heart beats, and, as men were hit to the right and to the left, speculated on our chances of escape from the next one, when, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we saw Kearney riding furiously toward us, followed by the little boy bugler, who always accompanied him, and we knew it meant a charge and desperate fighting, but we welcomed relief from the strain of dodging the shells of an enemy against whom we could not return blow for blow, and we followed him with a hurrah, although we lost more men in a few minutes than the shells would have killed in a week.

Kearney described this charge in his report of the battle, as follows:

During the first hours of combat General Birney, our tired regiments in the center falling back, of his own accord rapidly pushed across to give them a hand to raise themselves to a renewed fight. In early afternoon General Pope's order, per General Roberts, was to send a pretty strong force diagonally to the front to relieve the center in the woods from pressure. Accordingly I detached for that purpose General Robinson with his brigade; the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Hayes; the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Captain Craig; the Twentieth Indiana, Colonel Brown; and, additionally, the Third Michigan Marksmen, under Colonel Champlin. General Robinson drove forward for several hundred yards; but the center of the main battle being shortly after driven back and out of the woods, my detachment, thus exposed so considerably in front of all others, both flanks in air, was obliged to cease to advance and confine themselves to holding their own.

At 5 o'clock, thinking — though at the risk of exposing my fighting line to being enfiladed — that I might drive the enemy by an unexpected attack through the woods, I brought up additionally the most of Birney's regiments — the Fourth Maine, Colonel Walker and Lieutenant-Colonel Carver; the Fortieth New York, Colonel Egan; First New York, Major Burt, and One Hundred and First New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Gesner — and changed front to the left to sweep with a rush the first line of the enemy. This was most successful. The enemy rolled up on his own right. It presaged a victory for us all. Still our force was too light. The enemy brought up rapidly heavy reserves, so that our further progress was impeded.

Ropes, in his book, "The Army Under Pope," at page 106, describes this charge as follows:

> It was gallantly led by that gallant soldier, General Kearney, and was supported well by the division of the equally gallant Stevens. At first it was successful. Hill's troops had suffered greatly in all the skirmishing and fighting of the day, and had now run short of ammunition. Kearney's attack, so violent and determined, rolled up their line, and it seemed as if their left was really turned. Hill says that the chance of victory trembled in the balance. His own troops could hardly stand this new charge. Gregg's brigade lost six hundred and thirteen officers and men killed and wounded, including all the field officers in the brigade but two. But Gregg told Hill that he would hold his position with the bayonet. The tenacity of the soldiers could be relied on to the last. Yet the Federals, in their impetuous onset, bore them down, as it were, by main force. Fortunately for Hill, he was able to call in two brigades of Ewell's division on his right, those of Lawton and Early, and these troops, striking ours when exhausted and disorganized, as troops always are, even by a victorious charge, drove us out of the position we had so hardly won.

On the Monday following Kearney fell at Chantilly. Stevens had been killed and his division had retired in some disorder, leaving a gap on Kearney's right, and Kearney, galloping forward to reconnoiter the ground, rode into the enemy's lines and was killed.

In training and experience as a soldier, Kearney was the superior of any man in the army, and, as Ropes says of him, "in the field he was always ready, always skillful, always brave, always untiring, always hopeful, and always vigilant and alert." And he was the equal of the best in those qualities which distinguish the great commanders of armies, and had he lived his record would have been unsurpassed by any of our great soldiers who brought the war to a successful close.

As showing how he was regarded by the men who served under him, I take the liberty of reading, as a part of this paper, a few remarks which I had the honor to make, August 21, 1888, on the occasion of the presentation of his statue, by

the State of New Jersey, to the House of Representatives, to be placed in Statuary Hall. I then said:

Mr. Speaker: This is an occasion when I feel especially privileged to speak. As a company commander I followed General Philip Kearney, from that day in front of Yorktown when he took command of the First Division of the Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, down to the day of his death at Chantilly, and to-day, as I looked upon his well-remembered features, shown so true to nature in the beautiful bronze here presented to the Nation by the State that claimed him as a citizen, I again saw him, as in life, riding at the head of his charging columns through the "slashings" of Fair Oaks and across the blood-stained fields of Manassas, bridle in teeth, saber in hand, and that dread light in his eyes which to us was the sign of desperate and deadly battle, and I remembered how, in the rush and fury of the fight, amid all its appalling surroundings, we turned to him for guidance, for the assurance of victory, and for approval of what we had done, and I could not refrain from adding my feeble tribute to the memory of my old commander. His division was composed of troops from Maine, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and was known as the "Red Patch Division," because of the red patch each officer and soldier was required to wear on his hat or cap, a device of General Kearney's by which the men of his division were distinguished from all others, and which was the origin of the corps badges afterward prescribed for the whole army. To us he was "Brave Phil Kearney," as he was to the "old army," when as a lieutenant he lost his left arm at the San Antonio gate of Mexico, and no soldiers ever followed a leader more devotedly than did the men of the old "Red Patch Division," General Kearney.

Sorrow for his death never ceased in the hearts of these

men, and to-day among the survivors of that famous division the mention of his name brings to the cheek the unbidden tear. While the organization lasted his name and fame were cherished by it as something with its personal keeping, and in his honor a division decoration was adopted, known as the "Kearney Cross," of which General Birney, who succeeded to the command of the division, in General Order No. 48, dated May 16, 1863, spoke as follows:

> The Brigadier-General commanding division announces the following names of meritorious and distinguished non-commissioned officers and privates, selected for their gallantry, as recipients of the "Kearney Cross," the division decoration. This cross is in honor of our old leader, and the wearers of it will always remember the high standard of a true and brave soldier, and will never disgrace it.

And it never was disgraced, but was conspicuous in the front of every battle from Chantilly to Appomattox. Upon the cross worn by the officers was inscribed the motto, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—a noble sentiment; a sentiment worthy of Kearney. The devotion to patriotism expressed in this motto is not, however, mere sentimentalism, but has had substantial illustration in every age and land, and nowhere more gloriously than in this land and upon the battle-fields of the rebellion. Every village and hamlet, and almost every fireside, in the loyal, liberty-loving North contributed its sacrifice to this love of country, and each succeeding year the flowers of May are showered upon the graves of thousands of as pure and unselfish patriots as ever honored mankind.

Men who voluntarily left home, wives, children, and loved ones, and endured exposure, hardships, sickness, battle, and death, not to further personal ambition or the desire for fame, but to protect and preserve "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and to guarantee to all men, white and black, that equality proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence. These men came from every walk of life, and

abandoned the prosperous employments of peace to die, if need be, for country. The lessons of patriotism taught by them—the "boys in blue," as in tenderness we love to call them —should be constantly impressed upon the youth of the Nation, and no higher or more important duty devolves upon the survivors of the grand army of the Union than that of bringing up their children in that respect for authority, that reverence for the Constitution, and that love of country which so distinguished them in the days of '61.

General Kearney loved his men, and was always solicitous for their comfort, but in battle required the utmost of them. There he seemed to be omnipresent. He saw every movement of his division, and there was a feeling among the men that his eye was always upon them, and that the conduct of each individual soldier was known to him, and no man wearing the "red patch" dared to be a skulker. He led the battle, but required his officers to be in the front of it with him. His General Order 15 was characteristic of the man. In it he says:

> Shoulder straps and chevrons, you are marked men; you must be ever in the front. Colonels and field officers, when it comes to the bayonet, lead the charge. At other times circulate among your men, and supervise and keep officers and men to their constituted commands; stimulate the laggard, brand the coward, and direct the brave.

He himself was an exemplar of the duty he thus required, and with such leadership no man could ever be found wanting. He loved the battle! The sound of the cannon was a call to which he never failed to respond. He threw himself into the battle with an abandon which is well described by one of the poets of the war, in the following lines, entitled

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey —
That story of Kearney, who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine;
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest —
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder —
His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign;
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder:
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left — and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the melee infernal,
Asking where to go in — through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward. 'Tis all the same, Colonel;
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, veil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still — in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign —
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

Brave, gallant spirit, you still live in the hearts of the men of the old "Red Patch Division."

THE BOYS IN BLUE AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

By Brevet Major Leonidas M. Jewett,
U. S. Volunteers.

In the march of American progress since the great struggle for national life took place from Sumter to Appomattox, the American people, many of whom have grown up since then, do not know that this Republic was saved by the valor, patriotism, and courage of the men in whose honor we meet to-day. To honor the officers and soldiers who did their whole duty in this great struggle is the sole and only purpose of this paper.

I can not refrain from expressing my views as to the high character of the officers and men of the Union army that fought and won the battles of the war for the preservation of the Union from 1861 to 1865. To this and similar organizations is left the duty of reminding the citizens of this, the greatest government on earth, that they owe their life as a nation to the members of the Union army, dead and living, who saved this Nation from the angry waves of secession and treason that dashed against Fort Sumter in 1861. It is a subject that appeals to the loyalty and patriotism of every member of the Loyal Legion, and we must in every possible way emphasize the fact that to the loyal armies of the Union we owe every advantage and blessing we enjoy to-day.

The men that won these battles are rapidly answering to the last roll call, and those that are left must upon all occasions testify to, and keep before the public, an appreciation of the valor of our soldiers upon the battlefield, and invoke the citizens of a loyal and united country to see in the centuries to come, that our heroes who saved the Nation in the time of its greatest peril and caused the blessings of freedom to

spread over every inch of our broad domain, are not forgotten.

There is nothing that can be said to the grizzled veterans of the war upon the subject I have selected that will be new to them; but there is satisfaction in rehearsing some of the incidents of the great struggle and the principles for which we fought in the Civil War.

You loved the Union then; you love it now. You honored the Union cause by fighting for the preservation of the American Republic of States, that treason in vain tried to break up and destroy. You made a great and glorious record, upon whose every page bristles an account of your unflinching devotion and bravery for the cause of the Union. It was after the experience of mighty battles and Union victories that some of us from the Army of the Potomac had the honor of joining our comrades of the Cumberland with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, under Hooker, Howard, and Slocum, and sharing in the honors of Wauhatchie and Brown's Ferry. Soon thereafter there happened an event that was one of the grandest achievements of the Civil War, and as best I can I want to surround you in your memory with the grand army of the Union that fought and won the battle of Missionary Ridge, simply to recall some of the incidents of that eventful day, that is a sacred heritage for the generation that has grown up since the war, and to teach those who will follow them to honor the bravery and patriotism of our Union soldiers who carried the flag of the Nation to victory.

The grandeur of that eventful day lingers in our memory as one of the most exciting events of the Civil War. The marching of that glorious army of ours from the surroundings of Chattanooga to the foot of Missionary Ridge and up its rocky and mountainous heights was a scene hard to rival upon any battlefield. The steady march of veterans accustomed to the smoke and cloud of battle, with the grand old flag of

the Union floating over their heads, the flash of the sunlight upon thousands of gleaming muskets of our soldiers wearing the Union blue are some of the incidents that memory places before us to-night in reviewing the glory and victory of our noble army at Missionary Ridge.

The grandest scene of a lifetime, that impresses a soldier, is to see an army march to the field of battle. It is like the surging waves of the mighty ocean to witness the confident onward march toward the enemy, of old and young, tried, trusty, brave American soldiers, which can only be attained by the highest soldierly valor and by actual experience upon the battlefield, and by soldiers who are filled with courage that inspires them to win great and decisive battles. In that column were brave men. They were the pride of the patriotic, union-loving people of the nation, who with their prayers were anxious for the overthrow of treason, and the preservation of the best and greatest of all the nations of the earth. The first battle of the war cleaned out and sent to the rear the officers and men who were unworthy and could not face the dangers of the battlefield. In that magnificent column at Missionary Ridge, marching to death and victory, there were none but brave men, whose courage had been tested at Stone River, Chickamauga, and many other battlefields, and they had the push and spirit that can only be seen in tried and trusted soldiers. Nothing could be grander than the sight on that beautiful November day. The valleys, hills, and mountains of this historic battlefield, beautified and adorned by one of the grandest panoramas of nature that the human eye ever gazed upon, was an inspiration that seized upon the valor, courage, and patriotism of every soldier who marched in that noble column of blue across the valley to the foot of Missionary Ridge and up its steep and rocky sides to victory. In front of them were steep and difficult heights bristling with almost unassailable fortifications. At the moun-

tain top was the flower and pride of the Confederacy, wide awake and on the alert to destroy, with Confederate shot and shell, our soldiers, who were so soon to engage in acts of valor and bravery never excelled by the soldiers of any country or clime.

I have referred to a few of these facts to show some of the difficulties that surrounded our boys in winning one of the most brilliant victories of the war. To have stood in that column and marched with it in its grand forward movement to victory was an honor not excelled by any other event of the Civil War. It was a battle, as we all know, in some degree fought and won without orders. The boys did not stop at the foot of the mountain. The defiant enemy at the top of the mountain hurling shot, shell, and musket balls into our advancing ranks raised a spirit of courage in the minds of our noble heroes that caused them to disobey the order to stop at the foot of the mountain, and inch by inch, in the face of almost certain death and destruction, they advanced up the mountain side where the battle was on.

The Blue and the Gray were engaged in one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the war; the long roll of musketry and blazing cannon filled every nook and corner of the mountain side, and caused the brave soldiers of the Union to spill their blood in the tangled thicket and forest of the perilous ascent. The torrent of death and destruction rushing down the heights from Confederate musket and cannon was destroying our brave boys, but nothing diminished their bravery and courage. They step upward and onward. They are met by almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of fortifications prepared under the leadership and direction of the engineers of the Confederate service.

But with skill and courage they wind around fallen trees, logs, and fortifications and continue their upward march; the

old flag of the Union beautifies the scene of death and destruction; its starry folds are torn with shot, shell, and flying debris; its noble bearers fall in the bloody path; noble soldiers take the places of their fallen comrades, and the old flag proudly floats over our boys as they continue their march up the perilous mountain side. It is a hell-roaring battle of death and destruction, but as the ranks thin the courage and bravery of the boys in blue increase, and amid blazing lines of musketry, shot, and shell the steady march of our victorious soldiers is reaching the mountain top. The enemy was amazed. The heroes of many hard-fought battles never witnessed grander fighting or braver soldiers than the boys in blue who were then entering upon the mountain top, and driving from the breastworks and fortifications at the top of the mountain the veteran battalions of Bragg's army. What a glorious day it was for the Union cause, an hour of Union triumph and soldierly devotion to our great and mighty Nation! What a joy it was to think we had such brave and capable soldiers and officers that could win so grand and glorious a victory as that! Think of the obstacles they had to meet, and the dangers they had to encounter! Recalling the charges at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, it did not seem possible that a front assault could be successfully made upon the heights and fortifications of Missionary Ridge; but the great big fact remains that God Almighty only knows what our noble boys in blue can do in trying and exciting conflicts that demand the highest order of soldierly courage on the part of the participants in great and mighty battles.

I have tried in this paper to emphasize the bravery and courage of the Union soldiers that were in our commands in the great conflict on that eventful November day. I have always felt that at no place in the great galaxy of battles that we fought and won for the preservation of the Union could a

better position be selected to exhibit the courage and soldierly qualities of our heroes than the grand battle fought on the November day at Missionary Ridge.

I am thankful that some of us yet live to review the incidents of that great and decisive battle of the war, and while I say this, I do not forget grand old fighting Joe Hooker, who, with his noble army in the clouds of the heavens, won the famous battle of Lookout Mountain. In the memories of this eventful day, while we are honoring the Union boys in blue who bore our flag to such a grand victory, we must not forget the grand old commander of the Army of the Cumberland, Major-General George H. Thomas, where the Rock and Sage of Chickamauga became at Missionary Ridge the successful commander of the brave Army of the Cumberland that I have been attempting to describe. What soldier that fought at Missionary Ridge does not venerate the name of Thomas? He was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a child. He was a man that inspired the confidence of his soldiers; they looked upon him as a military father, who had an eye single and alone to the honor and glory of the Union cause. They looked upon him as a commander who would not rashly plunge them into the abyss of death and destruction. He was slow and sure in his methods of command, and in conducting military operations he was never reckless and rash, and at the bottom he was always looking out for the best interests of his soldiers and the Union cause. His genius, ability, and bravery upon the battlefield commanded unflinching support from his officers and soldiers. The mention of his name commands the highest admiration and respect from every living soldier who fought in that great and glorious column on that November day when the illustrious battle of Missionary Ridge was fought and won.

STONE RIVER SKETCHES.

By Alfred Pirtle,
First Lieutenant, Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Christmas Day of 1862 had been passed quietly in camp near Nashville by the Army of the Cumberland, under Major-General W. S. Rosecrans.

By the unwritten law of a custom that had existed from the beginning of the Era, Christian armies had refrained from fighting on the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

The first division of the center, Major-General Lovell H. Rousseau commanding, upon whose staff I had the honor to serve as ordnance officer, was put in motion at an early hour of the morning of the 26th on the road toward the army of Major-General Braxton Bragg, who soon showed a disposition to dispute every mile of the advance.

It must not be expected that this paper will take up any account of the general movements or events of the brief campaign of a little more than a week which brought such great results, but rather that it shall record some of the history, some which I saw, and part I heard.

In preparing for the coming campaign I had, under the direction of Major Loomis (by order of Major-General Rousseau), Chief of Artillery of the division, whom I consulted freely, drawn fixed artillery ammunition for James' rifle cannon, ten-pounder Parrot, twelve-pounder smooth-bore, and a small supply for six-pounder smooth-bore, so that I had twenty-two wagons loaded with this branch of ammunition. Also, having advised with the General Ordnance Officer at Nashville, I drew small-arm ammunition for .69-caliber muskets, .58 Springfield rifles, .57 for Enfield rifles, and .54 for

Austrian rifles, making fifteen wagon loads of this branch of missiles.

My train was fully equipped with six-mule teams, and I had a citizen wagonmaster, his assistant, as well as white and black citizen drivers.

When we got stretched out on the road it made quite a show.

As I had signed vouchers for all this Government property I felt deeply the responsibility, and kept my train well in hand whenever it was possible. The first day's march was a short one for our division, and I got into camp early.

A rain fell during the night, putting everybody behind time, and on the 27th it was late before we pulled out across the country on one of the worst roads teams ever hauled over, where delays of all kinds kept us till after dark reaching camp. The next day we moved late, and it was 1 o'clock in the morning before we were parked all by ourselves, without any guards —in fact, we were so worn out we wanted rest and sleep beyond anything else. Delays continued, until in the afternoon of the 30th, about 4, I reported in person my arrival to General Rousseau, very much to his relief, as he said.

That night we camped near Stewart's Creek, not far from Murfreesboro, on the turnpike from Nashville. While I was preparing to get to sleep as soon as possible, an orderly requested me to report to General Rousseau, who desired me to go to the headquarters of Major-General George H. Thomas, commanding the center, to inquire of him if he desired to give any personal order about the handling of my train on the coming morrow, which it was generally understood would see a great battle. Furnished with a guide, I rode out into the wintry night across the country for some distance, on an obscure road or pathway until, in the approach to a house, a sentry challenged us, received the countersign, and passed us,

directing us to the General's headquarters, where we were again challenged, and passed into the little camp. Tents were pitched in a long row upon a small lawn in front of a frame house, such as were common in that section, for General Thomas preferred to sleep in his tent rather than turn a family out of their home, no matter how spacious it might be. Before one of the tents, in which candles gleamed, burned a large camp-fire. I gave my reins to the orderly and went to the tent, where I recognized Major George E. Flynt, Chief of Staff and Assistant Adjutant-General, who was busily writing. I reported my name, station and business. While I did so I noticed General Thomas sitting astride a chair, on the opposite side of the fire, apparently asleep, resting his arms on the back of the chair.

In my boyhood days I had seen a picture of Napoleon asleep in a chair the night before the battle of Austerlitz, and it came up before me as I looked at the veteran General, too tired to keep awake, and too anxious to go to bed. I have often recalled the warlike scene, so striking and picturesque—the white tents, the camp-fire, the nodding General, the occassional gleam of steel, and the regular footfalls of the nearest camp guard breaking the silence.

Hardly had I finished reporting to Major Flynt, when General Thomas roused up, asking who I was. I neared him and repeated my report, to which he gave polite and interested attention. Then he said that at the battle of Perryville (Ky.) there had been much valuable time lost at a critical time in the battle by the ammunition wagons being too far in the rear, and he would like to have my train within a short distance of the rear line in case of a battle the next day. He explained to me that the plan of battle required a line of battle with reserves about six hundred yards to the rear, and he would like to have my train about the same distance in the rear of

the second line. I saw the General the next day when I was right in the rear of the troops, a fact which he remembered a long time, as he told me afterward.

I shall not weary you with a general account of the battle, but shall try to record personal recollections, or incidents impressed upon me at the time.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 31st of December, Rousseau's division had marched as far as the cedars, on the Nashville pike, which were made the resting place of so many brave men, in a few hours, coming to a halt in the cotton fields just outside the cedars.

As the sounds of battle neared and increased, the division moved forward and disappeared in the woods, moving in the direction of the sounds, where there seemed to be the most need of help.

My train moved up until it halted on a slight elevation, from which I had a full view of all the cleared ground in every direction. It gave upon all sides an uninterrupted sight of the lay of the land. It is now the highest point in the National Cemetery at Murfreesboro. While pausing here I first saw troops under fire. A strong regiment of bluecoats, well drilled, was marching up a steep slope about half a mile away on my left, or south. With colors bravely flying, with officers and file closers at their proper places in the rear, they advanced in battalion front as if on the parade ground. From my seat on horseback I could look over the crest of the hill up which they were moving, and in the distance I saw a body of troops, but I could not determine what they were. The line advanced—I saw they moved "guide center"—keeping the most accurate alignment, until the full array was displayed on the summit; then three puffs of smoke rose from the troops in the distance, the reports of the guns were heard, and the shells dropped into the right, left, and center of the regiment so bright and gay, when, with a unanimity that seemed to have been

drifted into them, every mother's son turned and ran down the hill, save here and there a man killed or wounded lay upon the green hillside.

Nearer the sounds of battle on the right grew louder and more distinct, more small-arms fire increasing every moment. Across the cotton field a few men straggled in leisurely fashion toward the rear; an ambulance came into view; a squad of soldiers moved rather rapidly from the front; I saw more unhurt men every moment; it looked badly to me as the crowd grew larger and larger; a color-bearer with the colors thrown carelessly over his shoulder moved to the rear, and the space was filled with an unorganized mob, so numerous that I thought I was about to see another Bull Run.

In no time there were hundreds of men, crowded among ambulances and cannon and caissons, hurrying out of the cedars intent on reaching the turnpike to Nashville.

A battery at a walk, in perfect order, came out of the cedars on the side before me, which I recognized as the First Michigan, under the command of Lieutenant George W. Van Pelt; Captain Cyrus O. Loomis had been promoted from its command to Major, and Chief of Artillery of Rousseau's division. At this moment General Rousseau, followed by a single orderly, advanced from out the cedars at a gallop, and toward him I spurred my horse, then turned to my wagons and said: "General, shall I post the battery where my wagons are? It is the best position on the field." "Do it instantly. Tell Van Pelt I will get him infantry support." I rushed my horse to Van Pelt and delivered an order to him, who was cool as if on the march. He looked at the spot, nodded "Yes," and rode away to direct the first piece of the battery, while I rode up to my wagons, which I moved into a little hollow behind the knoll on which they had been, parked them as closely as possible, dismounted all the drivers, telling them to lie down under the wagons and keep as cool as they could.

In the brief time thus consumed the field in every direction had become covered with troops much demoralized and disorganized. Van Pelt had opened fire, drawing some reply from the rebel infantry in the edge of the cedars; another battery had been posted directly to his right and fired a few shots. I became so much interested in the battle that I left my wagons, remaining on the crest of the knoll to see what was going on. The battery to Van Pelt's right was Battery H, Fifth U. S. Artillery, belonging to the regular brigade of our division, commanded by Lieutenant Frank L. Guenther. This battery was organized early in the war by Captain W. H. Terrell, who was distinguished at Shiloh, and made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, but met an early death at Perryville (Ky.) October 8, 1862. Lieutenant Guenther had been in command and remained in command many months. Promotion was "very slow" in his case, as happened many a man in the "regulars" in that war.

He had been posted in his position by Major Loomis, and the regular brigade was supporting the two batteries on the right and left, with the Second Ohio Infantry on their right and some troops of Van Cleve's division on the left of the regulars—I never knew what command they were.

And on this nucleus General Rosecrans began to reform his line of battle, extending it northwardly. The left of the line at this time was mostly of Crittenden's corps, the left wing, which was but slightly disorganized.

There came one of those strange lulls in battle; it seemed to mean something. I was standing near a gun rather to the rear of the First Michigan Battery looking toward the dark cedars, where I knew the enemy were, because none of our forces remained beyond the front of these two batteries and their supports. A small space of ground lay before us; then the turnpike, then a cotton patch about three hundred yards wide. Near the right edge of this cotton patch was a clump of

small trees, tall weeds, and deep grass. Lying scattered on the surface of the cotton patch were some dead men and some wounded men in gray, moving now and then, but not much; no signs of life visible in the cedars, but all eyes turned there, for into their depths the enemy had gone, and from them they must come, or in there we must go.

As I looked on, an officer on foot, sword in hand, sprang into view with a shout; in an instant the edge of the timber was alive with a mass of arms, heads, legs, guns, swords, gray coats, brown hats, shirt sleeves, and the enemy were upon us, yelling, leaping, running. Not a shot from them for a few jumps, then one or two paused to throw up their guns, fire and yell, and then run forward to try to gain the front. By no order that I heard, the whole of the guns in the two batteries together fired, covering their front with a cloud of smoke, hiding all objects in it, and then as fast as they could load they fired into the cloud. They ceased, and, as the curtain of vapor rolled up, not a moving object beneath it came into sight, but the dreadful effects of the cannonade were shown. The number of the dead and wounded had been fearfully increased, and cries and groans reached our ears. On our side men had been wounded, and horses killed or crippled, but no great loss inflicted. At my feet one of the Michigan gunners lay wounded, but refused to leave the field.

I went to my train, which was undisturbed, and I decided that the time to move had not yet come. Back to the front I went to take in the scene, for I felt the enemy would make another charge because this was the first point where they had met with such stubborn and successful resistance, and the position must be carried. Since the first attack at daybreak they had for miles swept up everything in their impetuous, unceasing rush, and now victory was within their grasp, since if this brief stand was carried, Rosecrans would be rolled away from the road to Nashville, perhaps routed.

Major Loomis was encouraging his old command by a few words of praise. I heard him tell Van Pelt that the enemy was going to make another charge, and "you give them double-shotted canister as hot as hell will let you." He went to the regular battery, where Lieutenant Guenther and his Second Lieutenant, Israel Ludlow, were preparing for the next charge, and gave them the same warlike orders. The interval this time was used by our men in getting the guns depressed so as to rake the ground from the turnpike to the cedars; in filling swab buckets, taking harness off dead horses, replacing sound implements for damaged ones, and caring for the wounded. The enemy were reconnoitering the position carefully, as much out of sight as possible, though occasionally one would be seen; yet the silence on their side was ominous.

All this time our army was being rapidly placed in position on the new line of battle, keeping the two batteries for the pivot, as I have mentioned, extending up the turnpike. The mass of the men recovered their spirits wonderfully as soon as they reached the open, where "they had any show," as they said.

The advance of the enemy the third time was in several deep lines of battle, with a front long enough to cover both batteries. These lines (I could not see how many, for they soon became hid in the smoke) advanced very rapidly and completely deployed, at which instant our batteries opened on them a deafening, unceasing, deadly fire, throwing twenty or twenty-four pounds of missiles from each piece across the small space without any decided interval between the discharges. I found myself at this moment between the batteries in company with Major Loomis and Major Carpenter, commander of the battalion of the Nineteenth Regular Infantry. Like me, they were fascinated by the rash bravery of our foes, who seemed determined to have those guns at any cost. I never saw guns served on trial drill as fast as those were now. Before the

recoil was expended, the gunners grasped the spokes and threw the pieces into position; like lightning the sponge was run in, turned and withdrawn, the load sent home and the piece fired. Such a roar was deafening, making our little group use signs to each other.

When I first told my friends at home about this moment of thrilling interest, some one asked me if I was afraid, knowing I had never been under fire before. To this I said, "I do not remember that I was afraid or conscious of the danger, but I was so filled with the sense of the great excitement and the importance of repulsing the enemy that I wished they had but a single neck, that I might cut it off with one stroke of my saber."

And the enemy! They were running, swarming across the field, firing and shouting; we could not hear them, but we got sight now and then of their waving arms and weapons, while every moment a bullet hissed near us, or we would see some man in the batteries fall, or perhaps a horse rear, plunge and drop. We kept our gaze fastened on the charge coming, coming on like the breakers of the sea, always nearer at each succeeding wave. But men were not yet born who could longer face that storm of iron sweeping death and destruction to all in its path. They broke, they fled, some taking refuge in the small clump of trees I have mentioned. Our fire ceased, and cheers of victory rose from the manly throats of our brave cannoneers, which were taken up on the right and left as soon as it was seen that the charge had been repulsed, followed by handshaking and congratulation on all sides, changed into a perfect frenzy of cheers at the charge of the Second Ohio Infantry into the bushes, returning with a flag and a group of prisoners.

My attention was now drawn to my train, which had became stalled on the railroad track. While engaged in extricating it, officers and men began to come to me clamoring

for ammunition, which I issued to all regardless of any forms. I had painted on the wagon tops the caliber of the cartridges in each wagon so as to save time in issuing, and here it worked to a charm. Major Loomis was rapidly placing the fixed artillery ammunition where it was most needed.

It was at this time I noticed General Rosecrans ride by with his staff, and I got an encouraging smile from him. General Thomas passed also, but I did not know for some time that he had seen the opportune result of having my wagons right there just then, though months after he told me he had seen the work going on. I was interrupted in issuing ammunition by a battery of the enemy getting the range of the wagon tops, and the first thing I knew shot began to fly around, and one struck a wagon I was issuing from. Well, I lost no time, but dropped to the ground and spread myself out about as thin as a sheet of paper, expecting the load would explode when the shell burst; but it didn't burst, whereupon I took the hint and moved my train in lively manner to a safer place in the rear.

Just then a tremendous fire of musketry broke out in the cedars, continuing for some time, but I did not know until night that it was the desperate advance into the cedars made by the regular brigade.

My train was stationed now in the rear of the center, yet I kept in touch with the division by sending a man to guide a member of the staff where I was to be found, which information brought many ordnance officers to my train outside of the division, to whom I issued all they wanted. Besides, I issued every afternoon during the long battle to the brigade ordnance officers of our division, and in this way the men were kept fully supplied at all times. In the four days I issued 100,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition and the twenty-two wagon loads of fixed artillery ammunition.

Major-General Rousseau had commanded the regular brigade for many months. It was composed as follows:

The First Battalion Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, Major John H. King.

The First Battalion Sixteenth U. S. Infantry and Company B, Second Battalion, Major Adam Slemmer.

The First Battalion Eighteenth U. S. Infantry and Companys A and D, Second Battalion, Major James N. Caldwell.

The Second Battalion Eighteenth U. S. Infantry and Companys B, C, E, and F, Third Battalion, Major Frederick Townsend.

The First Battalion Nineteenth U. S. Infantry, Major Stephen D. Carpenter.

The whole brigade under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver L. Shepherd, Eighteenth U. S. Infantry.

I had made the acquaintance of Major John H. King and several officers of the Fifteenth Infantry when it was recruiting at Newport Barracks, Newport, Kentucky, in the summer of 1861, becoming thus personally interested in the career of the battalion, having followed its history up to the time of the battle. I was also somewhat acquainted with officers of the other battalions, with whom I had been in business contact frequently. These facts of comradeship made me anxious, when I reached our headquarters at dark, and learned of the loss of Major Carpenter and other friends, to hear all I could about the gallant demonstration the brigade had made in the cedars at the moment I had moved my train from the neighborhood of the batteries.

So high an estimate have I always had of this movement that I hold too little has been printed on the topic, nor do I think enough can be said in praise of the behavior of this command all during the fighting.

After the repulse I have endeavored to fitly narrate, General Rosecrans, in order to hold back the enemy long enough to give some shape to the new line of battle, as well as to secure the center on the high ground, selected the regular brigade to

go into the cedars again. Of this Major-General Thomas says in his report: "In the execution of this movement, the regular brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Shepherd, Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, came under a most murderous fire, losing twenty-two officers and 508 men in killed and wounded, but with the co-operation of Scribner's and Beatty's brigades and Guenther's and Loomis' batteries, gallantly held its ground against overwhelming odds." And General Thomas was not given to exaggeration or flattering phrases. In regard to the fight in the cedars, Lieutenant-Colonel Shepherd says in the style of simple narrative usual to the thorough military man: "The excellence of the firing by file by all the battalions of the brigade could not be excelled, and was terrifying and destructive to the enemy, who were brought to a stand for about twenty minutes." Those were dearly-bought minutes; still, they enabled Rosecrans to so far carry out his plans as to align his troops on his new line, which was not penetrated at any point or seriously threatened during the remainder of the battle.

Again in his report Lieutenant-Colonel Shepherd says: "The enemy's lines extending, however, beyond both flanks, enabled them to pour an incessant fire from three directions, the front, left and right flank, and the brigade, being unsupported by any other forces on either flank, and having secured the required time for the receding regiments to reform, I thought it proper to order a retreat, which was probably quite long enough deferred."

That showed that the commanding officer understood that his handful of men were to make any needed sacrifice to hold the enemy twenty minutes. They fell back in good order to reoccupy their former position near the batteries. The work had been done, and well done, but look at the cost—"four officers killed and eighteen wounded, and seventy-eight men killed and 430 wounded, exclusive of forty missing"—out of

the force that went into the cedars, which numbered close to 1,440.

I do not mean to in the slightest disparage the deeds of the volunteers, because I belong to them, but here was a shining example of the value of the thorough training of officers and men, also of the esprit de corps which kept them at their post of duty though they realized they were being sacrificed.

I do not personally know of the fighting after the charge of the enemy on the batteries. The recorded reports show that there were engaged in those attacks, the Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, Colonel Savage, which lost 207 men out of 402; the Eighth Tennessee Infantry, Colonel Moore (who died of his wounds), which lost 306 men out of 425, and the Thirtieth Arkansas Infantry, which lost during the day ninety-five men out of 266 who were at roll call in the morning; all leaving a striking demonstration of the gallantry of the American soldier.

The brilliant handling of the rebel cavalry on the 31st of December cut off communications with Nashville, making supplies very scarce for a day or two with quite a portion of the army. I learned of the scarcity of food from the fact that, as fast as my wagons were emptied of ammunition, they were sent out of the lines under escort to forage for corn for the horses of the army, and as they came into the lines squads of soldiers would gather around them and ask for the grain to parch for rations. Major-General Negley, in his official report, says of the privations of his men, "living three days on a pint of flour and parched corn." General Rousseau says of his command: "The rain on the night of the 31st, which continued at intervals until the Saturday night following, rendered the ground sloppy and muddy, and during much of the time my men had neither shelter, food, or fire. I procured corn, which they parched and ate, and some of them ate horse steaks, cut from the horses on the battlefield, and broiled."

And in another place he speaks of General Thomas in a way that showed that even then General Thomas was looking after the comfort of his men: "They were much encouraged by the constant presence and solicitous anxiety of General Thomas for their welfare."

Stephen D. Carpenter, a native of Maine, entered West Point July 1, 1836; graduated July 1, 1840. Brevetted Second Lieutenant, First Infantry U. S. A., July 1, 1840. Served in the Florida War 1840-41. Mexican War 1846-48. In Texas at various dates from 1848 to 1858. Wounded in an engagement with Comanche Indians October 13, 1855. Appointed Major Nineteenth Infantry, May 14, 1861. Joined the Army of the Ohio February, 1862. Participated in the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862. At the head of the Nineteenth Infantry, in the cedars at Stone River, he was struck by six balls, and fell dead from his horse at the moment the retreat began.

My gallant friend, Major Cyrus O. Loomis, had been mustered as Colonel of the First Michigan Light Artillery November 5, 1862, but it was not generally known, and he was called "Major" until after the battle. He remained in the service; was brevetted Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers June 20, 1865, for "gallant and meritorious services," and was discharged July 29, 1865. He died at the National Military Asylum at Washington, D. C., whence his body was sent to Detroit for burial, but by some mistake it was carried on to Chicago, and on the return to Detroit the express car caught fire, cremating the remains of General Loomis.

George W. Van Pelt enlisted as a private in Company A, First Michigan Light Artillery, for three years, May 31, 1861. At the battle of Stone River he had reached the rank of First Lieutenant, and received the highest praise from his superior

officers for the handling of his battery in that action. He met his death in action at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Francis L. Guenther entered the army from West Point July 1, 1859; was on duty at Fort Randall at the breaking out of the war as full Second Lieutenant; promoted to First Lieutenant May 14, 1861; at Camp Wood, Ky., winter of 1861-62; advanced to rank of Captain, Fifth Artillery, July 2, 1863; was in command of Camp Marshall, near Washington, D. C., September, 1863; took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863. He has served with distinguished ability until lately, when he was discharged with the rank of Brigadier-General, and retired, and resides in New York City.

Lieutenant Israel Ludlow was a man to know whom was to admire. His tall figure attracted attention, and his quiet, unassuming manners were highly pleasing. Brave, prompt, intelligent, and active, he made a fine record in the service. Of him an intimate friend said: "I do not think he ever had an enemy, and am certain he never deserved one. His was a very fine character." He resigned from the army July 31, 1865, and became a lawyer. He died at Fredericksburg, Texas, April 28, 1873.

It is interesting to note that these three young men, Guenther, Ludlow, and Van Pelt, were all about twenty-five years old at this battle.

As I sit in my well-lighted library, surrounded by every comfort, and go over the sufferings and privations that I knew the men of the ranks passed through at this battle, I can not help asking: "Has our country done all that should have been done for the brave private soldiers who braved all these privations?"

Saturday, the 3d of January, 1863, the wagons began to come up, and that night I remember we, at Rousseau's head-

quarters, had hot biscuits for supper, and "Old Thornton," the darky cook, had his hands full keeping our table supplied.

Rosecrans had, according to the official reports, 43,400 men; Bragg had, according to his official reports, 37,712 men.

Rosecrans lost in killed and wounded 8,788, or 20.22 per cent.; Bragg lost in killed and wounded 10,266, or 29.4-7 per cent.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF A SOLDIER DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

By Frank J. Jones,
Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers.

No one is more sensible of the fact than I am that I am in the presence of those who participated in those memorable campaigns and hard-fought battles of the great Civil War, which for four long years was waged with awful loss of life and property for the suppression of the gigantic effort on the part of the people of the South to destroy our glorious Union of States, and it is not an idle boast that actuates me in saying, from actual and personal experience, you and I know what war means. It is with no feeling of vanity, nor for the selfish purpose of attracting attention to my own personal record as one of your comrades in arms, I have accepted the invitation of the esteemed Recorder of our Commandery, and will read a paper for your entertainment this evening which, for the want of a better title, I will call "Personal Recollections and Experience of a Soldier during the War of the Rebellion."

In October, 1860, I was in Boston at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward of England) to that city, and formed the acquaintance of one of the State officials of South Carolina, who were among the large number of visitors present to witness the demonstration made in honor of the royal visitor, and while in conversation with him I was told that war between the North and South was inevitable and near at hand. I treated the remark at the time lightly, for I had a confident belief that the wise, conservative, and loyal men of both sections of our country would prevail in the coun-

cils of the Nation, and the political differences of the more violent men would be happily and satisfactorily adjusted.

I was soon convinced of my mistaken judgment, for the horrors of a fratricidal war came upon us, and the national crisis became a dreaded reality. I knew then, as it had never occurred to me before, that the bloody conflict could not be avoided. In the month of April, 1861, and at the time when Fort Sumter was fired upon, I was a law student in the Harvard Law School, receiving instruction from Joel Parker, Emory Washburn, and Theophilus Parsons — three most eminent jurists, distinguished for their patriotism and ardent support of our Government during the Civil War. I was a witness of those exciting and never-to-be-forgotten scenes in and about Boston, where the citizens were, without distinction in public sentiment, preparing for the long struggle which confronted the American people. On the Monday following the surrender of Fort Sumter I took my departure from beautiful Cambridge, in company with a goodly number of fellow students, all hurrying home with anxious impatience to take their places in the army then being recruited for active service under the first call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men for three months, and it was expected with a feeling of strong confidence that an army of such a numerical strength would be all-sufficient to suppress the wicked designs of the ambitious leaders of the South. The war was upon us, and the pluck and endurance of the Nation were to be tested with great sacrifice and at the price of much precious blood. Upon my arrival in my native city I realized the seriousness of the situation, and determined to go without delay to Camp Harrison, near Carthage, on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, and I thereupon enlisted as a private in Company A of the Guthrie Grays, under the command of Captain Mark Westcott, and soon found myself associated with quite a number of my boyhood friends, among others our honored companion,

Major Lewis M. Hosea. In those early days of our military career we were not uniformed or equipped alike, and at roll call the variety of clothes worn gave us somewhat the appearance of Dogberry's army. However, our enthusiasm was strong, and fortunately, through the energetic efforts of some generous and patriotic citizens, the necessary funds were obtained to purchase and provide gray uniforms for the entire regiment. The uniform resembled the one worn by the West Point cadets. Our musket was the Greenwood musket, rifled, requiring ammunition of a different caliber from that required later on in the war, when the regiment was subsequently equipped with the improved Springfield rifles. We were mustered into service for three months by an officer of the regular army, and under the instruction of the First Sergeant, Donovan, of our company, we commenced to learn the manual of arms and the duties of a soldier. Our drillmaster was active, industrious, and thoroughly competent for the task assigned to him, and it was not long before this awkward squad of untrained but enthusiastic patriots was molded into a well-disciplined and efficient body of soldiers. I am confident but few of those at first enrolled in the army entertained the idea that we had entered upon a long period of hostilities; the prevalent expectation was, that seventy-five thousand men called into service would accomplish the work, and the rebellion would be an event of short duration. This was the national delusion, and, after a few weeks of excitement and hurried preparation for the contest, the second call of our President for three hundred thousand more troops told the serious truth of what was to come. Then, and not until then, did those of us who had enlisted for three months comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking. The company of which I was a member was composed of men of education, intelligence, and social standing; its officers were well qualified for the positions they held, and the regiment was commanded by officers who enjoyed

the confidence and esteem of all who knew them. Our first encampment, as I have said, was Camp Harrison, on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, near Carthage, but during the next month, to-wit, the month of May, we broke camp, marched into Cincinnati, and there boarded a train at the Little Miami Railroad depot, and were taken to Camp Dennison, an encampment laid out and commanded by Brigadier-General Joshua H. Bates, an honored and respected member of this Commandery of the Loyal Legion. It was not long before we were comfortably settled in the frame houses provided in this great camp of instruction, and our daily routine consisted in the many things which go to make up the ordinary experience of a soldier's life in a garrison, such as reveille, guard mount, company and regimental drills and parades, tattoo, etc. All went on with energy and enthusiasm, and the expectation of receiving orders to go to the field of greater activity was anxiously expected. On Monday, June 17th, the regiment, with but few changes in its composition, was mustered into the service for three years by Captain Walker, of the United States Army, and our bright and attractive uniform gave way to the familiar regulation uniform of the United States Army, which was far more serviceable than the one we regretfully abandoned. The regiment was then designated on the muster rolls as the Sixth Regiment of Ohio Vounteer Infantry, and was commanded first by Colonel William K. Bosley, and subsequently by Colonel Nicholas L. Anderson, a most efficient and capable officer, who distinguished himself for his personal skill and gallantry in the many engagements in which he participated, and at the close of the war he was brevetted Major-General for his brilliant services rendered. Our company was commanded by a captain who had served in the Mexican War, and his lieutenants were industrious and indefatigable in the performance of their official duties, and from the ranks of this organization, in the earlier months of the

war, there arose a colonel of a regiment, a few majors, and a goodly number of subordinate officers, many of whom won distinction in the service of their country. Ludlow, Hosea, Burt, Anderson, and Woodrow were appointed in the regular army; Charles D. Jones (my brother) was reappointed in the regular navy, and I was transferred to and appointed Second Lieutenant in the Thirteenth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Burt and Anderson, after years of honorable service, are now on the army retired list as Brigadier-Generals. And on the very day, June 28th, the Sixth Regiment broke camp, my regiment, the Thirteenth O. V. I., also boarded a railroad train composed of box or freight cars in waiting at Camp Dennison, and took its departure for the Kanawha region, by way of Marietta and Parkersburg, Virginia, under the encouragement of the resounding cheers of a large assemblage of friends and citizens, and while en route one would have imagined by the ovation at every passing station that we were heroes returning from war instead of untried soldiers with their first experience awaiting them. My Colonel, William Sooy Smith, was a West Pointer and a classmate at our National Military Academy of Sheridan, McCook and McPherson, and he himself attained the rank of Major-General in the army subsequently during the war. He was thoroughly educated in the theory and science of war and ambitious to achieve distinction as the commander of a regiment worthy of the reputation it afterward gained on the battlefield. The record of this regiment's service covers a period dating from the month of April, 1861, at Camp Dennison and extending for many months after the close of the war, in fact, to December, 1865. It fulfilled three enlistments, viz.: three months, three years, and as veterans for the war, and upon its proud banner is placed the names of twenty battles in which it took a conspicuous part. From a regiment of 1,046 strong, they had dwindled to a battalion of 185 all told under a major at the end of its final

term of enlistment. But to resume the connection, our regiment reached Parkersburg and went into camp on the bank of the Kanawha. Within ten days after our arrival there, I was selected to command a detail of twenty-four men and go by rail from Parkersburg to Clarksburg. At the appointed hour in the evening of a certain day we were placed in a box car drawn by a wheezing locomotive and started on what seemed a perilous expedition. I was instructed to keep a sharp lookout for guerrillas, and to facilitate me in their detection I was provided as a part of our outfit with a locomotive lantern on the top of our car, and I presume it was expected by the aid of this light we would be enabled to discover the hidden foe in the woods as we passed along. The real object of this excursion remains to this day a mystery in my mind, but fortunately we reached Clarksburg in good order, and had hardly commenced to enjoy the satisfaction of being safe and free from danger before the hungry stomachs of my men reminded me of the necessity of getting rations from some source or other. I hardly knew how or where. I was told by some one in authority at the post headquarters that I must make out a requisition upon the commissary for subsistence. I went hither and thither without avail, and finally in despair invited my men, together with a negro boy who accompanied us, to dinner at a small tavern, where our inordinate appetites were satisfied, and the lieutenant in command was thanked thoroughly for his kindness. I found out from practical experience that my ignorance of how to draw rations from the commissary cost me about twenty dollars. I learned afterward the methods required to feed my men at Uncle Sam's expense. We rejoined the regiment the next day and reported for duty, and this was our first detached service. Our regiment was soon transferred to Clarksburg, and became a part of General Hill's command, and marched east as far as the Allegheny Mountains, but reached there too late to participate in the

so-called battle of Cheat Mountain, in which General McClellan was victorious. Afterward we marched back to Clarksburg, where I, unfortunately, was taken sick with the typhoid fever, and was unable to rejoin my regiment until after the battle of Carnifex Ferry, and about the time I returned to my company it was detailed to act as guard at the headquarters of General W. S. Rosecrans, and we were encamped alongside of the Mountain Howitzer Battery of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, commanded at that time by Captain Oscar H. Mack, with whom it was my privilege to be on terms of the closest friendship. With him was associated Lieutenants Charles C. Parsons and Rufus King, the former of whom served with marked distinction throughout the war and died of yellow fever in Memphis, having resigned his position in the army, and after having fulfilled the required course of theological instruction, became an Episcopal minister in the Diocese of Tennessee. He was a true and noble man, and Bishop Quintard eulogized his life and services in a most complimentary manner in a pamphlet distributed to his loving friends. Among my pleasantest recollections of the war, I recall our short service in the mountains of Western Virginia at Department headquarters, where it was my opportunity to be associated and meet with men serving on the staff of the Commanding General, who subsequently took high rank in the army. Often I have sat at the camp-fire and listened with especial interest to the conversations of General Reynolds, who was killed at Antietam; of General Hartsauft, who was Chief of Staff; of Lieutenant Wagner, whose life was forfeited before Yorktown, and of Captain Mack, who died several years after the war, at Washington, full of wounds received in the battle of Stone River. The admirers of Captain Mack, who was a very superior soldier, frequently told the following story of him: He, in the early part of the war, was commanding a battery of artillery at the headquarters of Major-General McClellan, then in Clarksburg, Va. One day

the Captain visited the headquarters in undress uniform, probably with his blouse and no insignia of rank on, except his shoulder straps. He called at the tent of the General, who was not in at the time, and the Captain was about to retire when he was accosted and reprimanded by an aide de camp in very severe language, and reminded that he would be punished if he presented himself again at the headquarters of the Commanding General in that condition. He was especially instructed that he and others visiting army headquarters were required under such circumstances to be in full uniform. Within a few days afterward the General and the aide referred to were riding about the camp, and while the latter was relating to his General his experience with the ignorant or negligent Captain, he espied the identical subject of his remarks and called the attention of the General to him. To the astonishment of his aide, the General replied that the officer in question was one of his own associates at West Point, and in every way was capable of instructing the young aide de camp in the requirements of our army regulations. The aide de camp felt the rebuke, and it is fair to presume he never afterward practiced the part of a foolish pedant. One day, while acting as Officer of the Day, I was inspecting the company quarters of the battery of artillery, and stopped in front of a tent which attracted my attention, by having displayed on it the Greek motto, *η ςκηνη των σ τρατων*. A soldier came from within and asked me whether I could read Greek. I told him I was a college-bred man and translated the motto to be the tent of the soldiers. He told me that he was a graduate of the University of Dublin, and from the service marks on his arm I discovered that he had been in the army ten years. This was First Sergeant O'Brien, a scholarly and well-educated man, who was transferred to Washington City subsequently and occupied an important position in the Ordnance Department of our army. I allude to this incident to show the intelligence

and character of the men that are sometimes found among the enlisted men of our regular army. In the month of November, 1861, General Benham's brigade, in which my regiment was serving, crossed the Kanawha at Camp Huddleston, and commenced a pursuit of General Floyd and his army, which had been in camp on the west bank of the New River, opposite Hawk's Nest. Their position was extremely harassing to the forces under General Rosecrans, and it was determined by the combined movements of Benham on the Kanawha and Ewing, Scammon and others on the New River, to capture the rebel forces or drive them from their naturally strong position. Hardly had we struck tents and left our encampment at the mouth of Loup Creek before the ground was covered with snow and the roads were almost impassable on account of their miry condition. At Cotton Hill a sharp skirmish took place, in which our regiment became hotly engaged in a running fight in that hilly and broken country. The campaign was a difficult one on account of the character of the country and the condition of the weather, but was eminently successful in its result. The following month, to-wit, December, the Thirteenth Regiment, with other regiments at that time stationed on the Kanawha, was transferred to Louisville, Ky., by water, and our regiment then became a part of Dumont's brigade in the Third Division of the Army of the Ohio, commanded by General O. M. Mitchell. After leaving Louisville we marched to Elizabethtown, where we were in camp for some time; then on to Bowling Green, and finally entered Nashville, Tenn., in February, 1862, and were encamped near the lunatic asylum, about four or five miles south of the city, on the Murfreesboro Pike. We remained there about a month, during which our regimental and company officers were actively engaged in instructing our men in regimental evolutions and maneuvers. One day a laughable incident occurred, which might have been serious in its results.

Captain Braden, on General Dumont's staff, entertained the commendable desire to forage for fresh butter and eggs as well as other palatable things for his General's table. He mounted his General's best horse, and, accompanied by an orderly, started out beyond the picket line. He had not gone far before that omnipresent cavalryman, John Morgan, captured him and his orderly. The alarm was soon given, and, after an exciting chase, Colonel Kennet, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, overtook the rebels and recaptured Braden, who had been transferred in the meantime by Morgan's men to a mule, and the noble charger of our General was taken away to do service on the other side of the line. Dumont was rejoiced to see his staff officer, and while looking at the mule addressed him about as follows: "Well, Braden, I am glad to see you, but I think you have made a damn bad swap."

When Buell's army moved south from Nashville, on what is termed as the Shiloh campaign, my regiment, being still in Mitchell's division, moved out on the Murfreesboro Pike as far as Lavergne, where general orders reached us, and we marched across the country to Franklin and joined the Fifth Division, commanded by General T. L. Crittenden, and continued to march south with the Army of the Ohio, through Columbia and other intermediate places, until we reached Savannah, on the Tennessee River, one day before the battle of Shiloh. During the most of the first day's battle at Shiloh my regiment was bivouacked on the roadside near the north bank of the Tennessee River, within the hearing of the boom of artillery and the incessant rattle of musketry. This was a day of intense excitement, and rather aggravating, for we momentarily expected to be ordered into the fight, which was going on, we knew not how far off. Toward evening the anticipated order was received, and the Thirteenth Regiment went by steamboats up the river ten miles distant to Pittsburg Landing, which we reached about 10 o'clock that night. We

experienced great difficulty in disembarking and threading our way up the bank on account of the disorganized mass of soldiers driven from the line of battle, who had gathered at that point under the protection of two gunboats, who were firing their shrieking shells constantly during the night. The rain was pouring in torrents, and our Colonel, having but little knowledge of the exact location of the enemy or the point to which Grant's army had been driven back, experienced great difficulty in getting our regiment located for the night. After doing the best we could under the circumstances, he and I sought shelter under a wagon not far from the top of the river bank. In the month of the previous November I was promoted to First Lieutenant and appointed Regimental Adjutant, and on the day before the battle of Shiloh, my Colonel having been appointed the brigade commander, I was detailed to act as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on his staff. In the gray dawn of the following morning, to-wit, the 7th of April, the order was quietly passed along the line to load and fix bayonets and to move forward, keeping well closed up. This was accomplished in good order, and when it was light enough to distinguish the commands on our right and left, we discovered Crittenden's division in line of battle and ready for the contest. On our left we were in contact with Nelson's division, and subsequently during the engagement McCook's division took position on our right. We were thus posted in heavy timber land with an open field in front of us and awaiting further orders. General Buell and some of his staff passed along the rear of our line of battle, and at his request I went forward a short distance, to ascertain what flag was then flying in our front on the left. I had gone but a short distance when I readily discovered the first rebel battle flag I had ever seen, and saw their line of skirmishers creeping slowly through the grass in an open field before us. Almost immediately upon my return to my first position and to make a report of what

I saw, the roar of artillery on our left and right had commenced, and we were ordered forward to meet the approaching enemy, whose well-defined line of battle was becoming every minute more distinct. While advancing, a soldier of our regiment requested me to take care of his money, which he had on his person, expressing the apprehension that he might be wounded or killed, and he desired the money sent to his wife at home. I declined, stating that I could offer no especial security against loss, for I was just as liable as he to be shot, but recommended him to give his money to Dr. Turney, our regimental surgeon, and this advice, I was told, he followed. During the progress of the fight in the morning our regiment charged a battery of artillery, captured it, and, after a stubborn resistance, was driven back, securing only one of the pieces. While we were falling back, under the protection of a curtain of woods, I noticed lying on his back one of our men, with a gaping wound in his forehead, and upon closer examination I recognized the soldier who had earlier in the day wanted to leave his money with me. He had bravely met the fate he seemed to anticipate. This was the battle of April 7, 1862. It ended toward evening, and the rebels were driven from the field; our army, after its two days' hard fighting, was too much exhausted to make a very vigorous advance after the retreating enemy. General Smith's brigade consisted of the Thirteenth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the Eleventh and Twenty-sixth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, and the Fourteenth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, with Mendenhall's regular battery of artillery.

Our regiment lost in the fight 11 killed, 48 wounded and 7 missing, and among the wounded were four officers, as is shown by the records in the War Office. The loss on the Union side was as follows: 1,735 killed, 7,882 wounded, 3,950 missing. On the Confederate side, 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, and 959 missing.

After the battle of Shiloh, General Buell's army, in which my regiment was then serving, advanced upon Corinth, in Mississippi, and together with the combined forces of the Army of the Tennessee, under General Sherman, and the Army of the Mississippi, under General Pope, and all under the command of Major-General Halleck, laid siege to that supposed stronghold of the rebels. Day after day our experience was monotonously and vexatiously on the wait for the fall of that intrenched town and the capture of its besieged army of defenders. A few days before the evacuation and the entrance of our forces, my regiment was on the extreme left of General Buell's picket line and adjoining the line of Pope's skirmishers. The time I wish to refer to was at daybreak. All was quiet along our front, when suddenly the stillness of the hour was disturbed by a loud military challenge, which resounded through the woods with unusual distinctness, and then the report of a musket followed. Not many minutes elapsed before the report came to us with the sad intelligence that the General Officer of the Day of Pope's army was inspecting the picket line and testing the qualities of a soldier stationed at one of the most dangerous points, and notwithstanding the challenge given him, he continued to advance, and paid the penalty of his rashness by receiving a mortal wound at the hands of this faithful soldier. This was a very sad and deplorable incident. The officer was popular, and his death was deeply lamented. The brave soldier was commended for his courage and watchfulness, but no one regretted the loss of this valuable officer more than he did.

Without attempting to enter into the details of the approach and capture of Corinth, it is sufficient to say the place fell into our hands, and our army entered and took possession of a lot of empty houses, dismantled earthworks, a few other things of little value left behind by the rebels, who retreated with great deliberation, and among our spoils we captured but few

prisoners. The Army of the Ohio then went east along the line of the Charleston & Memphis Railroad, and when our command reached Huntsville, Ala., after passing through Iuka, Tuscumbia, Florence and Athens, I was detailed for service and assigned for duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Brigadier-General Lovell H. Rousseau, commanding the Third Division of the Army of the Ohio, from the command of which General O. M. Mitchell had been recently relieved. My chief may well be recollected as a large and fine-looking man, with much of the brave and chivalrous warrior in his composition. He was tall, portly and dignified, and sociable to a high degree. Consequently, while our headquarters were located in one of the prettiest parks in Huntsville, our military and citizen visitors were many, and a lively and attractive appearance was given to our encampment. Of the nine officers serving on the General's staff at that time, five forfeited their lives subsequently on the battlefield, and one, Lieutenant Harrison Millard, enjoyed a national reputation at that time and afterward as the author of several popular patriotic songs. While we were stationed at Huntsville bushwhackers and guerrillas were very troublesome along the line of the railroad to Bridgeport, Ala., and were constantly shooting into passing trains, frequently wounding passengers and the employes operating the trains. The General conceived a novel plan to put a stop to this cowardly warfare, and through the assistance of his active cavalry, under Colonel Kennett, gathered into Huntsville many, if not all, the ministers of the gospel residing in that section of the country, for it was well known that they had great influence among the people, and, having scattered the information very thoroughly among the churchgoers, he placed a preacher on each train, and it was not very long before the guerrillas put a stop to their practice, fearing lest they would miss a loyal soldier and injure one of their spiritual advisers. At the time that we were stationed

in Huntsville, during the summer of 1862, the headquarters of General Don Carlos Buell, commanding the Army of the Ohio, was also located there, and there was a sufficiently large military force in and about the city to give the place a very animated appearance. It was not very long before orders were received and General Rousseau was transferred to Nashville and placed in command of the Department of Middle Tennessee and North Alabama. I was left behind at Huntsville, with orders to bring up our headquarters force, together with the remaining soldiers at that place and the infantry stationed along the line of the railroad. All went well with us until we reached Pulaski, Tenn., where we found the bridge across the creek, which was almost dry, was burned, but fortunately for us we had an officer in one of the regiments who had had some experience as a civil engineer, and was a genius in his way. He gathered together negroes and cotton bales from the plantations around about, the soldiers chopped down trees, straightened out the railroad rails, and this very competent officer, within a day or so, had a sufficiently strong bridge constructed with piers made of cotton bales, stringers and ties from the trees cut down and the iron rails straightened out, and our train, consisting of a large number of box cars, filled with soldiers, contrabands, army supplies and cotton bales, proceeded on its way to Nashville without further molestation. Generals Buell and Rousseau met us at the depot at Nashville upon the arrival of our train, and when they were told our experience were greatly surprised that we had got through so safely and without the loss of a life or any property. In due course of time the Army of the Ohio marched north from Nashville, leaving there a post guard consisting of the command of Brigadier-General Negley. Upon our arrival at Louisville, our army was to some extent reorganized and gained additional strength by the addition of new recruits and other regiments assigned to it, the Commanding General, Don Carlos

Buell, being still retained in command. In the early part of October, 1862, our army moved south, and on the 8th day of the month was fought the battle of Perryville, not far from Harrodsburg, in that State. The Confederates called it the battle of Chaplin Creek, taking its name from a small stream at that time almost dry. The portion of our army for the most part engaged in the fight was commanded by Major-General A. McDowell McCook, and the rebel army was commanded by General Bragg. I was then serving on the staff of General Rousseau in the same position heretofore held by me. The battle commenced about noon with a spirited contest for the possession of the small stream of water above referred to, for our men, as well as those of the enemy, were almost famished for the want of something to quench their thirst. It was a hard-fought battle, and closed at nightfall, the enemy being practically in possession of the field. It resulted in a loss of about 4,000 men on our side and about 3,000 on the rebel side. Among them several brave and distinguished officers, such as Generals Terrell and Jackson and Colonel Curren Pope, were slain, and General Lytle was wounded and taken prisoner. Immediately after the contest of the day the work of reorganization and new alignment of our army was commenced in anticipation of resuming the fight the next day. While in the performance of my official duty, after nightfall, going along the line communicating the orders of the General for the new formation, I became separated from our command and was surprised and captured by a body of rebel cavalry, which was as utterly in the dark as to the exact location of their forces as I was myself. Things were greatly mixed at that time, and as a result of the confusion between three and four hundred of our men, including myself, were marched to Harrodsburg as prisoners and placed in the jail there. The second day after the battle the Confederates commenced their retreat, and the prisoners they had on hand were released

upon parole and sent back to our lines. On the 19th of November I was exchanged for Lieutenant N. M. Nooney, of the Forty-ninth Tennessee V. I. (Confederate Army), but did not receive the notification of my exchange in time to rejoin my regiment and participate in the battle of Stone River. When I returned to my regiment, the Thirteenth O. V. I., the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel having been killed in the battle of Stone River, and the Major being off on detached service, and I being temporarily the senior Captain present, I assumed command of the regiment. I, however, was not permitted to remain long in this capacity, for on the 16th of February, 1863, I received official notice from the War Department of my appointment as Aide de camp U. S. Volunteers, and was ordered to report forthwith for duty to Major-General A. McD. McCook, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps. Upon reporting for duty, I was appointed by the General as the Inspector of his corps, relieving Colonel Bassett Langdon. I held this position until the following June, when I was relieved by Colonel Horace N. Fischer, who had been recently appointed by the President of the United States as Inspector in the army, and was ordered by the War Department to report to the commanding officer of this corps. After the battle of Stone River, the army under General Rosecrans was practically reorganized and strengthened. The corps of General McCook, which constituted the right wing of the Army of the Cumberland, designated as the Twentieth Corps, consisted of the divisions commanded by Generals Sheridan, Davis, and Johnson. The Twenty-first Army Corps, commanded by General Thomas L. Crittenden, formed the left wing, and the Fourteenth Corps, under the command of General George H. Thomas, constituted the center and reserve of our army. In the month of May, the Army of the Cumberland moved south from Murfreesboro, and the next engagement in which General McCook's corps participated was that in

forcing their passage in opposition to the command of General Hardee, of the rebel army, through Liberty Gap, Tenn., where we suffered a loss of about 1,000 men, and among other casualties sustained, General John F. Miller, afterward U. S. Senator from California, received the terrible wound which destroyed one of his eyes and finally resulted in his untimely death, while representing his State in Congress. After our army remained in camp at Tullahoma and Winchester for several weeks, the so-called Chickamauga campaign was begun, the history in detail of which would occupy too much time and space for my narrative this evening. The Twentieth Army Corps crossed the Tennessee River at Stevenson, Ala., on a pontoon bridge, traversed the Lookout Mountain Range, and descended into Broomtown Valley. At midnight on the 13th of September, General McCook received the order to hurry back and join General Thomas in McLemore's Cove. Then began the race of life and death crossing back over Lookout Mountain with his long line of wagons and the junction at last at Steven's Gap on the 17th, and finally being joined with the rest of the Army of the Cumberland at Crawfish Springs on September 18, 1863. During that day portions of the army, while getting into the positions assigned them, became in some instances hotly engaged with the enemy, as is always the case previous to a battle, and in many cases the conflicts were serious and desperately fought for the advantages sought in location, but it was not until the morning of September 19th that the great battle between the two powerful and well-seasoned armies of Rosecrans and Bragg really commenced, and it proved to be a battle-royal indeed. During the first day the Union forces were successful, and everything seemed favorable for our side, not only in the movement of concentration of the army toward the left, so as to cover all the approaches to Chattanooga, but in the skill and generalship displayed. It was a bloody affair, resulting in serious losses of men and material on both sides,

and among the distinguished officers in our army whose lives were sacrificed on that terrible battlefield I deeply lament the death of my brother, Colonel William G. Jones, commanding the Thirty-sixth O. V. I., in Reynolds' division of General Thomas' corps. He received his mortal wound at the head of his regiment about 5 o'clock p. m., September 19th. I endeavored to recover his remains, but a change in the front of our army during the night placed the field hospital where he died within the rebel lines. He was buried by Colonel Holonquist, of Bragg's staff, a classmate at West Point. I subsequently recovered his body in the following December, after the battle of Missionary Ridge, and it was buried with military honors in Spring Grove Cemetery. At the end of the first day everything seemed to be encouraging to General Rosecrans and his army, but the next day General Bragg received fresh reinforcements from Virginia, commanded by General Longstreet, and about noon of that day the right wing, under General McCook, which had been seriously depleted in strength by sending General Johnson's entire division, as well as other parts of his command, to the support of General Thomas in the center, his greatly attenuated line was thus weakened and pierced by the greatly reinforced enemy, which resulted in the separation of the right wing by a considerable gap in the line of battle from the rest of the army, and at nightfall of that day, having been driven off the battlefield, we found ourselves at Rossville Gap, where the brave Thomas, deservedly called the Rock of Chickamauga, rallied the remnant of the army and stemmed the tide of the jubilant and victorious forces of Bragg, and thus prevented a most disastrous calamity. General William H. Lytle, the poet, lawyer and gallant soldier, who commanded a brigade in Sheridan's division in McCook's corps, was among those killed in the afternoon of the second day's battle. He was a gallant and brave soldier and a most attractive gentleman, and his death brought intense sorrow to

his many admiring friends as well as to his grief-stricken family at home. In this terrible carnage of death the Union army lost 1,664 killed, 9,262 wounded and 4,945 missing, and the rebels, who fought with equal desperation, lost 2,839 killed, 13,412 wounded and 2,000 missing. Both armies were commanded by able generals, who displayed great skill and science in the management of their forces, and upon this field of blood many gallant men of the North and South lay in mighty heaps everywhere.

Never was a battle fought with greater heroism and determination than that in which these men of valor participated. On the Monday night following the battle of Chickamauga our army retired to Chattanooga, where it remained behind the intrenchments thrown up around that city until the memorable engagement of the Army of the Cumberland, in conjunction with the Army of the Tennessee, which resulted in the capture of Lookout Mountain and of Missionary Ridge and the hasty retreat of General Bragg and his defeated army. This was a brilliant victory, which gave imperishable fame to General Thomas and his army. In the month of October, after the battle of Chickamauga, Generals Rosecrans, McCook, and Crittenden were relieved of their commands, and ordered before a Court of Inquiry, consisting of Generals Hunter, Wadsworth, and Cadwalader. This court was to investigate and report to the Government upon all matters relating to the battle of Chickamauga, and the alleged failure of our army in that engagement, for which the above officers were held responsible. Being one of his personal staff, I accompanied General McCook and attended the sessions of the court, which were held in Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Nashville, occupying most of the winter of 1863 and 1864. The remainder of my military career was spent in court-martial duty and upon other detached service, but not in the active field at the front. My story now comes to an end; and after

a service of three years and eight months in the army, a combination of influences of a sad nature, intimately associated with the death of two brothers and a young uncle, whose lives were sacrificed for their country, and the increasing age of two infirm parents, induced me to return home to assist in looking after the family household, and, acting upon this filial impulse, I tendered my resignation as an officer in the army in the summer of 1864, which was accepted in the fall of that year, and I resumed the study of law in the office of the Hon. Rufus King, of this city. My regret will always be that I did not continue in the army until the close of the war. It is now nearly forty years since the close of that desperate struggle for the preservation of our glorious Union, and we who have survived those perilous times now live to enjoy the privileges and benefits of our reunited country. Much has been obliterated forever from our memory, much is vague and obscure in our remembrance of the important incidents of that great national crisis, and much we regret has been irretrievably forgotten, but friendships formed around the camp-fire and the consciousness of having performed our duty as good citizens of this great republic at a time when our services were most needed, and the proud satisfaction we now have in our honorable record as true patriots, who loved the old flag of our country, will remain forever dear and precious to us through all the days of our lives. And this is the rich heritage we give to posterity.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH AS A PRIVATE SAW IT.

By Robert H. Flemming,
Captain, Seventy-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

This paper makes no claim to any literary or historical value, but is written hastily and intended to cover events which came under the writer's own observation at Shiloh, and which were then indelibly stamped on his memory.

Being a narrative of personal experience, the writer is necessarily obliged to follow the instructions of General R. B. Hayes, a former Chief of this Commandery, to "use the personal pronoun freely."

Sherman's division was organized at Paducah, Ky., in February, 1862, the Seventy-seventh Ohio Regiment, to which I belonged, being brigaded with the Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Ohio, composing the Third Brigade of W. T. Sherman's division, commanded by Colonel Jesse Hildebrand, of our regiment.

After our arrival at Pittsburg Landing, the Fifth Ohio Cavalry was also attached to this brigade. All the regiments were perfectly raw, having been recruited during the summer and fall of 1861.

Arms were not furnished the Seventy-seventh Ohio until a short time before the army started up the Tennessee River from Paducah. The guns issued were known as Austrian rifled muskets, a gun using a large-caliber bullet. They were not considered a desirable arm, and there was bitter disappointment among the men in not getting the Enfield rifle, which was then considered a very superior gun. I well remember the bitter revolt of some of the companies, and that Company C stacked their guns in front of the company tents and almost mutinied.

They were a very heavy, awkward gun, and had a very unpleasant habit of kicking back when fired. The regiment had been well drilled in company and regimental movements since September or October, 1861, but had little time for practice in the manual of arms before the general movement of the army up the Tennessee River, which took place early in March, 1862.

Nothing transpired during the progress of the immense fleet of steamers transporting the army up the Tennessee River which particularly impressed itself on my memory. The river was nearly bank full, and the sight of the immense flotilla, all loaded to the guards with soldiers and army supplies, was an exhilarating one. The fleet was convoyed by several gunboats. This looked at last like real war, and the troops were all in high spirits.

The first landing of Sherman's division was at' Yellow Creek, some distance above Pittsburg Landing, where it was proposed to march to Iuka and cut the railroad. We were marched off the boat long before daylight and formed in line in the deep mud. The night was inky dark and a perfect deluge of rain was falling. My recollection is, that we did not move more than a mile all day. Some of the regiments in advance had crossed a bayou, but, owing to the rapid rise in the river, it was found impossible to cross the troops over, and those already across the bayou had to wade back and the artillery was pulled back across with ropes. Some of the men in my company had built a fire on a high spot of ground and were attempting to do some cooking, but the encroaching river finally covered the ground, and extinguished the fire, and all the troops were obliged to re-embark on the boats. The division then dropped down to Pittsburg Landing and disembarked next day.

There was only one road up the steep bluff at this point, and troops were put to work and made several other roads

to expedite the disembarkation. Our division immediately moved forward toward Corinth about ten miles, to a place near Pea Ridge, where we camped for the night, returning to the river next day.

This was our first night out without tents or other shelter, and is vividly remembered. Our brigade then moved out about two and one-half miles and camped at Shiloh Church, the church being used by brigade commander, Colonel Hildebrand, as his headquarters.

About this time I was detailed as clerk to the Adjutant-General at brigade headquarters, and it was my fortune to spend a number of nights in Shiloh Church until the headquarters tents were erected immediately alongside of the church. Little did we then think that the name of this crude little log structure was to be so soon engraved on history's pages as the center of one of the most bloody of the Nation's battles.

On March 31st General Sherman sent Colonel Hildebrand with the Seventy-seventh Ohio and four companies of the Fifty-seventh Ohio, accompanied by two gunboats, up the river to Eastport, where a small Confederate force was camped. The gunboats shelled the town, which was back a half mile or more from the river, and our regiment disembarked and marched back through the town. The effects of the cannonading were plainly visible. In places cannon balls from the gunboats had gone through several houses in a row. Not a human being was visible, man, woman or child, the whole population having suddenly abandoned their homes and fled behind a hill for protection from the gunboats. Meals were on the tables untouched, and every evidence of a hasty exit. Just beyond the town where the road wound around behind a hill beyond the protection of the gunboats, the advance guard encountered the enemy, and we experienced for the first time the thrilling sensation of being rapidly deployed from column

into line of battle prepared for instant action. The enemy's cavalry scouts, who were visible, instantly fled, and General Sherman, who accompanied the boats, ordered the regiment to re-embark and return to Pittsburg Landing, where we resumed our old camp at Shiloh Church.

General Sherman had at this time an officer named J. H. Hammond acting as his Assistant Adjutant-General. He was a very arbitrary and impetuous individual, and a little incident in which I figured about this time caused me to hate him intensely.

Colonel Hildebrand, our brigade commander, was as brave a man as ever lived, but very unmethodical as to the transaction of his official business. General Sherman had issued an order for every brigade commander to report at once the amount and character of the transportation in his command. This order reached Colonel Hildebrand personally, and, instead of turning it over to his Assistant Adjutant-General for compliance, he put it in his pocket and went off personally to inspect the pickets. Captain Hammond came later to headquarters in Shiloh Church to learn why the report had not been made. Colonel Hildebrand and the Assistant Adjutant-General were both absent, and I was the sole occupant of headquarters, being busily engaged in my regular duties. Captain Hammond asked me why the order had not been obeyed. I replied that I had not seen it and knew nothing about it. He asked where Colonel Hildebrand was, and I replied politely that I did not know. He then flew into a violent passion, and, with a string of oaths, ordered me to go out quick and hunt up Hildebrand, or he would help me out with his boot. Later in war I would probably have taken a musket and blown his head off, but, being young and green, I complied with alacrity. This man lacked the requisites of both a gentleman and a soldier. He did not remain with Sherman long, and I never heard what became of him.

The Fifth Ohio Cavalry belonged to our brigade, but was detached shortly before the Shiloh battle. This regiment was commanded by Col. W. H. H. Taylor. Each battalion had an adjutant, and there was also a regimental adjutant. I had much trouble each day with the regimental report of that regiment, owing to errors in it, and I was obliged to send the report back almost daily for correction.

The regimental adjutant was a very tall, pompous-looking man. I can remember particularly that he wore a stunning pair of high top boots. I think he had seen service in some European army. At any rate, he had the most supreme contempt for our volunteer infantry, officers and soldiers. He did not propose to even have his reports questioned by one of these green men, and came to headquarters in a rage one day to call us down. I listened respectfully until he was through with his tirade, and then had the pleasure of showing him that he was wrong and that the figures of his morning report would not prove up. He beat a hasty retreat and sent his battalion adjutants to receive instructions and correct the reports.

During the early days of April we got accustomed to hearing an occasional shot from the picket line. On Friday, April 4th, Sergeant C. J. Eagler, of Company B of our regiment (later Captain of that company), came into camp and reported the enemy in force in our front, and General Sherman ordered him put under arrest for bringing a false alarm into camp. I will let Sergeant Eagler tell in his own language the particulars in this matter, which he does in the following letter:

MACKSBURG, O., January 23, 1903.

Major R. H. Flemming, Ludlow, Ky.:

DEAR COMRADE: Yours received, and will say in reply that I am glad to hear from you, and to know that you are still in the land and among the living. It has been some time since I last saw you, and a great many changes have taken place.

In regard to the matter that you write me about, I will state the facts briefly as I now remember them.

At 12 o'clock noon, Friday, April 4th, 1862, Company B and a part of Company A, Seventy-seventh Ohio Regiment, were ordered out on the picket line in front of our camp at Shiloh. It rained all night Friday night, and in the morning of Saturday the rain had ceased, and the sun came out nice and warm, and all of Company B that were not needed at the outposts were standing around drying their clothing, when our Captain, W. B. Mason, suggested to Samuel Tracey and myself that we take a walk down into the woods to the edge of the plantation in our front. We agreed, and we walked about three hundred or four hundred yards to the plantation, and when we got to the fence we looked across the fields about one-fourth of a mile to the edge of a piece of timber, and there we saw the enemy in force, and to all appearances they were getting breakfast. We saw infantry, cavalry, and artillery very plainly. Captain Mason turned to me and ordered me to report to headquarters that the enemy was in our front in full force. I took my musket and double-quicked to headquarters, and reported what we had seen to our Major, B. D. Fearing, and the Major said to me that he would report to General Sherman himself.

I stood and watched Major Fearing until he got half way to Sherman's headquarters, when I turned and went back to my company on the picket. In about one hour after I had joined my company, Captain Stevens and ten men of Company A came to where we were, and Stevens handed Captain Mason a paper, and Mason read the paper, and said to Captain Stevens he would attend to the matter himself. About 12 o'clock Saturday a squad of rebel cavalry rode within firing distance of one of our outposts, and Sam Dillon and Dave Brown exchanged shots with them, and about a half hour later Company G relieved our company on the picket line. Captain A. W. McCormick, of Company G, can tell you what happened on the picket line in the afternoon of Saturday. The next morning the ball opened, and the results we all remember very well. About two weeks after the Shiloh fight I received a letter from home stating that it was published in the Northern papers that Sergeant C. J. Eagler had been placed under arrest for reporting a false alarm at Shiloh, and they wanted to know if it was true. I took the letter to Captain Mason and asked him if he knew what it meant, and he asked me if I remembered Captain Stevens and ten men coming out to the picket line on Saturday morning, and I told him I did, and he told me the paper Captain Stevens handed him was an order for my arrest from General Sherman for bringing a false alarm into camp. I asked Captain Mason why he did not let Stevens carry out his orders, and he replied that it would have fallen back on him, as I had only done what he had ordered me.

Now, Major, I think these are the facts in the case very briefly stated. I am in hopes we will both be able to go to our next regimental reunion. Very truly yours,

C. J. Eagler,
Late Captain Company B, Seventy-seventh Ohio Infantry.

The dawn of Sunday morning, April 6th, opened on a spring day of superb beauty. The regiment was astir with the usual camp duties. There were no indications of the impending bloody conflict, excepting the distant sound of an occasional musket shot from the pickets away out in the front, and as that had been going on at intervals for a day or two, we thought nothing of it.

Company rolls had been called, breakfast had been eaten, and orderly sergeants had made their reports to the adjutant, and the adjutant had made his regimental report to brigade headquarters. I was at work compiling the brigade morning report from the regimental reports. The firing away out in our front became gradually more incessant and distinct, indicating that our pickets were being driven in.

The regiment was finally formed in line and advanced partly down the gentle decline leading from the tents to the creek, which ran nearly parallel with our front, and about five hundred feet distant from the line of battle. This branch crossed the brigade line between the camps of the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-third Ohio Regiments. Here the regiment stood in line of battle for some time awaiting events.

The headquarters' tents were deserted by everybody except myself, and it was my duty to remain there and complete the morning report and care for the brigade records. Occasionally a wounded man would pass along the road in front of headquarters on his way to the landing, and it was a difficult matter to do clerical work inside the tent when matters so exciting were transpiring outside. I ran out several trips past the church to the regimental camp, where I could see the boys

in line, then returning to my duties. Matters finally became so strenuous outside that I could remain in the tent no longer.

I had a brother in line, orderly sergeant of my company, and a large number of my schoolmates, and the impression was on my mind that the regiment was going to get into a skirmish, and the boys would be writing home that they were all *in it* except "Little Bob," and he was clerking at headquarters. As I went down to the tents of my company I passed Colonel Hildebrand, who was sitting on his big black horse watching the line of the brigade. The ground was open between Shiloh Church and the left of the Fifty-third Ohio, and from Shiloh Church the whole line was plainly visible.

While passing near the church I saw Adjutant E. C. Dawes, of the Fifty-third Ohio Regiment, ride up to Colonel Hildebrand and salute, and I heard him say: "Colonel, the enemy are coming in on our left flank," and Colonel Hildebrand replied, instructing him to have the regiment change front to the left. I passed on down between the tents and Company D quarters to hunt for a gun. As I passed the door of one of the tents, Basil Chalfant, who was sick, came out of a tent with his gun and accoutrements on, and evidently suffering greatly. I asked him if he would not loan me his gun and cartridge box a while, and he promptly consented, and I went down and fell in line on the left of my company.

My front-rank man was Second Sergeant E. A. McPeek, and the man to my right was a little Irishman named John McInerney. The underbrush and timber were pretty well cleared off down as far as the creek in our front, but the large trees were standing. Our pickets were still being driven in, but we could not see anything until our own pickets commenced to emerge from the woods on the far side of the creek.

We were crouched down on our knees, with our muskets ready for action as soon as our men came back to the lines and we could see any enemy to shoot at. The first intimation

I saw that they were not far off was a musket ball striking a few feet in front of us, and throwing the dirt over Sergeant McPeek and myself. He glanced around and gave me a very significant smile, which I reciprocated.

I remember seeing Captain W. A. Stevens, of Company A, who was with the pickets, dodging from tree to tree for protection as he made his way back over the creek to the regiment.

Finally the enemy's artillery opened, firing over our heads into our camp. The cannon balls commenced cutting the limbs off the trees over our heads, and my particular fear at that time was of being killed by a falling limb. Before the enemy had emerged into full view, my right-hand man, John McInerney, received a ball just over his right eye. The blood spurted out profusely, and I thought he was finished, until I saw him jump up and step to the rear of the line and say to Lieutenant Jack Henricle: "Leftenant, do you think that went in dape?" It proved to be a glancing blow, and though "Johnny" was knocked out for that battle, he returned, and served until the close of the war.

All this time the enemy's artillery was blazing away over our heads, and suddenly the artillery fire trebled in volume, and all the furies of hell broke loose at once could not have made more din. We did not know whether the guns were all on the enemy's side or not, but I well remember the feeling of joy when Major B. D. Fearing came running along behind the line, shouting at the top of his voice, to make himself heard above the din of battle: "Boys, those are our guns."

Just at this time the rebel lines, firm, compact, and terrible, emerged from the woods across the creek, and advanced into the creek to get the shelter of its banks, and the battle opened in fury along the whole front. At about this time General Sherman, with his staff, was near the flank of our left regiment, the Fifty-third Ohio. The General was, with his glasses, examining the front. I have often heard Captain E. H. Ball,

of the Fifty-third Regiment, relate how he called to Sherman: "General, you are looking in the wrong direction." A volley at that moment killed Sherman's orderly, and the General exclaimed: "My God, we're attacked!"

Our fire was too hot for the enemy in our immediate front, and they disappeared from view in the brush beyond the creek. Some of our men thought the battle was over, and several, among them being Sergeant-Major Gordon B. West, ran down to the creek in our front to secure some trophies of the battle. The lull did not last long, however, as they came back with redoubled force, and settled down to that long series of sledge-hammer blows, kept up almost incessantly during that long day. We could see off to the left of our brigade line that everything seemed to be giving away; in fact, the position of the left regiment, the Fifty-third Ohio, was untenable from the start. If they remained in line with the brigade, their left flank stuck out in air. They were probably caught executing the order for change of flank, which I had heard Colonel Hildebrand give Adjutant Dawes, and soon swept from the field.

General Sherman states in his official reports that Colonel Hildebrand held his own regiment in position an hour after the balance of the brigade had disappeared to the rear. As a matter of fact, the men in line were not aware that any officer *held* them there. I never heard any command to go or stay. The truth was, the men in line were equal, if not superior, in average intelligence and army experience, to the officers in immediate command. I know my own company had in its ranks, as privates and non-commissioned officers, quite a number of Latin and Greek scholars — men who later in the war became the company and regimental officers. The Confederates made repeated attempts to carry our line, but were as often driven rapidly back to cover of the timber.

When the Fifty-third Ohio was compelled to give way, it left the left flank of the Fifty-seventh Ohio exposed, and they

in turn were flanked, and compelled to retire. This left the left flank of our regiment unprotected, and, as a matter of actual fact, the men in the left companies of our regiment had left-faced in their tracks, and were firing at the enemy in the rear of the position first occupied by the Fifty-seventh Ohio before we fell back from our first line of battle. There was no formal movement in falling back; the men in the left gradually sloughed off and passed to the rear, singly and in squads, as they were flanked.

I received a wound which knocked me out while we were still in front of the church. As I fell and felt that deathly shiver which many of the companions present have experienced, and felt the warm blood spurting out, I thought I was done for. However, I soon struggled to my feet, and, boylike, my first thought was to saving and returning the gun and accourtrements which I had borrowed. Realizing, however, that "discretion was the better part of valor," I left the musket, and made my way back through the regimental tents to the improvised field hospital in the small ravine back of our camps. While going through the camp I encountered a wounded man of my company named Chris. Bowman. His left arm was shattered and bleeding profusely, but in his right hand he playfully displayed a canister shot, and showed me where it had hit one of the buttons of his blouse and drove the button into concave shape.

After lying at the hospital perhaps a half hour, the surgeon, seeing that the left flank of the brigade was entirely turned, ordered all who were able to go to the rear, and, with the aid of two sick convalescents, I reached the river shortly after noon and was placed on the hurricane deck of one of the steamers, every available foot of space on the first deck and cabin being filled with wounded men.

From this position I had a good view of what was going on along the landing. There was a motley crowd of sick men,

teamsters, company servants and straggling soldiers. I never noticed, however, any evidence of panic among them, and have never thought the number of stragglers was much greater than is usually found in the rear of any army during a great battle.

The space occupied by the landing was quite limited, and I do not think that at any time during Sunday there could have been as many as five thousand men under the brow of the landing. I remember seeing a line officer go among a lot of men, swinging his saber and berating them, but his harangue had not the slightest effect. They evidently thought he should be on the front line himself instead of under the bank berating them.

Men were kept busy with stretchers, carrying men off the boat as fast as they succumbed to their wounds, and laying them in a row on a level ledge about half way up the bank. While watching this rapidly-increasing line of dead soldiers, I noticed one of those who had been carried out as dead attempting to raise his head. Two of the Sisters of Charity who were on the boat quickly went to his aid with water and other restoratives, and he was again brought aboard, and is possibly alive to-day to tell this same story.

My brother James, a beardless boy two years my senior, who was first sergeant of our company, was wounded about the same time I was. I learned late Sunday evening that he was on the same boat and was desperately wounded. Monday morning I managed to reach his side. He was lying on one of the guards of the boat in a puddle of water, it having rained heavily during the night, and I saw at a glance that death was written on his face. I took off my shirt and got a man to take it out and fill it with hay for a pillow for him, and got some stimulants to ease his pain as much as possible. He told me the doctor told him Sunday that his wound was mortal, and, lying beside him with my own wound still undressed, bloody,

battle stained, sore and miserable, with the thought that I must communicate this sad news to that anxious widowed mother at home, my cup of sorrow was full. He passed away during the day Monday, giving loud orders to his company, which, in his delirium, he was commanding. I directed the making of a rough board box by the boat carpenter, and he was buried near the old log house on top of the hill, where his remains still lie, on that ground hallowed by his blood and that of other brave boys.

Sergeant-Major Gordon B. West, who was shot through the shoulder, and on the same boat, and I then determined not to go home, and on the following Thursday we worked our way painfully back to camp, and I was put into a headquarters tent and tenderly nursed by that gallant soldier, Major B. D. Fearing, my wound being dressed by his body servant.

Long before able to bear arms I resumed my duties as clerk at headquarters, and a promotion from private to second sergeant when I again took my place in the ranks was more appreciated than any subsequent promotion.

Among the wounded in Sunday's fight was Corporal John Morris, of my company. He was my nearest neighbor at home, had been my schoolmate, and we enlisted together. No one of our regiment saw him after the battle. It was known that his leg was shattered below the knee, and that he had a thigh wound in the same limb, and he was left on the battlefield when it was occupied by the enemy. Some weeks later an official report came to the regiment that he had died in a Cincinnati hospital. It became incumbent on me to write a letter of condolence to his parents, and, as he had been a model soldier and fighter, I had a good subject. He was home to read my letter when it came, and he said it was certainly a first-class obituary and almost made him weep. The doctors had wanted to cut off his leg on the battlefield, but he fought them off, saying he did not want his corpse worse mangled

than the rebel bullets had left it. His father came to Cincinnati and found him and took him home. Another poor fellow had doubtless been put in his cot without changing the number and died there, and the mother of some poor boy may yet be mourning the unknown fate of a lost son.

John Morris lived in his own home, an honored and highly-respected citizen, until a few years ago, when he dropped dead in the twinkling of an eye while reading the morning paper.

I desire now to touch on a matter the mention of which has always aroused a feeling of the utmost indignation in the breast of every member of the Seventy-seventh Ohio Regiment. About a week after the battle, the newspapers reached us from the North containing outrageous accounts of how the troops had been surprised and bayoneted in their tents; of how some of the Ohio troops behaved shamefully, and particularly how the Seventy-seventh Regiment *ran without firing a gun.*

Some cowardly correspondent of a Chicago paper, who probably got no nearer the battlefield than Paducah, started the lie, and it never got less as it traveled. Even as late as a few years ago a comrade of an Ohio regiment, which fought in the Eastern army, asked me about our being disgraced at Shiloh. In answer I showed him a photograph of the monument of the Seventy-seventh Regiment near Shiloh Church, and this is what the inscription on the granite says:

"This regiment was engaged here from 7 a. m. to 9:30 a. m. April 6, 1862. On the 8th it joined in pursuit of the enemy and was engaged in fight near Mickeys. Its losses on the 6th, 7th and 8th were: 1 officer and 50 men killed; 7 officers and 109 men wounded, and 3 officers and 48 men missing; total, 219."

The mortality of this regiment was only exceeded by two regiments in the entire battle, the Ninth Illinois having a death list of 61, and the Sixth Iowa 52. The Fifty-fifth Illinois was exactly equal to our regiment, 51 killed.

Our regiment's loss in this battle was greater than the entire American army in the famous battles of Bennington, Saratoga or Cowpens of the Revolutionary War, or Resaca de la Palma or Palo Alto of the Mexican War.

General Sherman states in his report that he regarded Shiloh as so important that he remained by it, and gave orders to hold the ground, which was done until about 10 a. m. General Grant, on page 338 of his memoirs, states that Shiloh Church was the key to our position.

That gallant soldier, General R. R. Dawes, wrote some years before his death regarding the battle of Shiloh as follows:

"General Sherman's star was then flickering in the fogs of criticism, calumny, and charges of insanity. All that saved his reputation in that dark hour of swift and cruel accusation was victory snatched from surprise, and that was won at Shiloh by the individual valor and fidelity of common soldiers."

Had any one of these green regiments in Prentiss' or Sherman's division of the front line, who stood their ground until 10 a. m. of that fateful Sunday, stampeded early or given way an hour sooner, is it not possible that Beauregard would have watered his horse in the Tennessee River, and the country would have lost the transcendent record and invaluable services of its two greatest generals?

Great generals as well as private soldiers must take their first lessons.

The personal and individual valor of the American volunteers who handled the muskets, and who were ignorant of their own defeat, carried the day at Shiloh. The humble private values his heritage of honor as much as the greatest general.

There is no part of the writer's army record in which he takes as much pride as in having been one of the "boys behind the guns" at Shiloh.

THE "UNDERGROUND RAILROAD" AND THE "GRAPEVINE TELEGRAPH."

AN ESCAPING PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE—1863.

By Theodore F. Allen,
Captain, Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Brevet Colonel U. S. Volunteers.

Coincident with the campaign of the army under General Rosecrans, which ended in the great battle of Chickamauga and the possession of Chattanooga by the gallant Army of the Cumberland, was the movement of General Burnside's army into East Tennessee. After securing possession of Knoxville, General Burnside had moved with all his forces up the Tennessee Valley, defeating the enemy at Blue Springs. A short time prior to this our army had received the surrender of the enemy's Gibraltar at Cumberland Gap, and, after a series of successes, had driven the enemy out of East Tennessee at Bristol, on the Virginia line. General Burnside then returned to Knoxville with a large portion of the Ninth and Twenty-third Army Corps, leaving General Wilcox with six regiments of cavalry and four regiments of infantry posted at a naturally strong position at Bull's Gap, covering the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. My regiment, the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, with the Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry and four pieces of artillery, were detached, with orders to take station at or near Rogersville, Hawkins County, Tennessee, twelve or fifteen miles northeast of Bull's Gap, covering the eastern approaches in the valley of the Holston River. On the evening of November 5, 1863, a dispatch was received by Colonel Israel Garrard, commanding our brigade, from General Wilcox, division commander, stating that information had reached him that two brigades of Confederate cavalry, comprising twelve

regiments commanded by General William E. Jones and Colonel Henry Giltner, were moving down the Holston Valley, with the probable intention of attacking our two regiments on outpost duty near Rogersville. General Wilcox stated that if attacked by these two brigades of the enemy, he (Wilcox) hoped we would be able to give a good account of ourselves. Colonel Garrard, supposing that he was to be supported by General Wilcox with the ten regiments at his hand, all of which were within hearing of our artillery, made his plans to meet the expected attack. Colonel Garrard considered that it was his duty to remain at his station and make the best fight he could, although he had only two regiments to meet the twelve regiments that were coming against us. Orders were issued to our command to be ready to fight at daybreak, and at midnight strong scouting parties were sent out on the two roads of the enemy's approach, with orders to fall back only as they were driven. At dawn the scouting party of the Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry was scattered by a charge of the rebel column coming down the Carter Valley. This rebel column, comprising six regiments, proceeded on into the town of Rogersville, thereby getting in our rear on the left flank. The enemy in the Holston Valley was delayed by the skirmishing of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry scouts, so that the fighting from our position did not begin until about 7 o'clock in the morning. The rebel force that came down the Carter Valley moved upon our left and rear and opened the attack, which was immediately followed by the attack of the other forces in our front. The Union position was a wooded tableland, with steep, open slopes to a dry creek and ravine in front, open fields to the Holston River on our right, and on our left and rear across open fields was a dense forest.

I ask to be permitted to diverge a moment from the thread of my story at this point to state, what you all well know, that

during the four years of the Civil War there were thousands and tens of thousands of messages borne from the battlefields of the South which brought mourning to thousands of homes. At this time my father was the editor of the Ohio State Journal, and my home was at Columbus, Ohio. I was then twenty-one years of age, and the only member of my father's household in the army, as my only brother was too young for military service. The engagement at Rogersville of which I am speaking occurred November 6th, and on the next day, November 7th, the following letter was sent by Colonel Israel Garrard, commander of our brigade, to my father. This letter fully explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
FOURTH DIVISION, TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS,
MORRISTOWN, TENN., Nov. 7, 1863.

Hon. Isaac J. Allen, Editor The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, O.:

MY DEAR SIR: It has become my sad duty to inform you of all we know of the fate of your son in yesterday's desperate battle.

He was riding by my side, when a heavy volley of musketry was opened upon us from a forest up to which we were leading a portion of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry. We were driven back, and did not regain the ground. I can, therefore, only say that his horse fell with him, rolled over on him, and then dashed off, leaving him on the ground motionless. It is possible that he was crushed senseless by his horse, and that he may be a prisoner and unwounded. The fire of the enemy was so terrific that I scarcely dare hope that he escaped it. I will know in a few days more about it, and will write to you every particular.

His loss is the saddest event to me of all the disastrous day. His high character, his gallant courage, his fine intellect, and his thorough military bearing and feeling made him an honor to the regiment and to the service, and made me trust him and love him far beyond the confidence and regard I feel for any that is left to me. His place in the regiment can not be filled.

On my appointment to the command of the brigade he was appointed Brigade Adjutant, and it was in the performance of the duties of that office that he fell.

I feel such a bereavement in his absence as only a brother's death could cause, and in place of the pleasant visions of the honors we would share together, the future is blank and dreary to me.

My dearest friend and my best soldier, the one that I would have delighted most to honor, is lost to me.

With great respect, sincerely your friend,

ISRAEL GARRARD,

Colonel Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Commanding Brigade.

I am sure you will agree with me that this is a very handsome obituary notice. It is my purpose this evening to take up the thread of the story where Colonel Garrard's letter left off. He promised to write my father full details of my death, but I propose to explain to you why he found it unnecessary to comply with his promise in this regard.

I am not able to give you full details of the engagement at Rogersville by reason of the fact that I was among the number that first went down under the enemy's fire, but the result of the battle was that the twelve Confederate regiments were eminently victorious. The Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry (Union troops) surrendered. The Seventh Ohio Cavalry, fighting with the river at their back, mounted their horses and cut their way out, but in so doing lost 112 men and 5 officers in a period of about five minutes.

At the opening of the engagement, in company with Colonel Garrard, we were leading a portion of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry to take possession of a piece of woods in front of us, but it proved that the enemy already had possession of this piece of woods, and we were met with an exceedingly heavy volley of musketry, men and horses going down all around me from the effects of this fire. I was uninjured by this volley, although one of the bullets of the enemy cut away the shank of my bridle bit, leaving me only one rein. My mare was exceedingly spirited, but entirely obedient to my voice, and with this one rein I was taking her and myself out from under this heavy fire at a full gallop, when, in my effort to make her take a fence, I exercised rather too much zeal, pulled her head too far to one side, and just at this moment she

struck a depression in the ground and fell, rolling over me twice. The first time I came up without serious injury, but the second time she left me senseless and unconscious on the field, in plain view of the men of our regiment. I was slightly wounded by a musket ball swiping across my face, but had multi-injuries of the body, some of which I feel even to this day, by reason of my horse rolling over me.

I do not know how long I lay on the field; but with the return of consciousness the first thing I knew was that a Confederate soldier was trying to take my boots off, or it may be that this action on the part of the Confederate soldier was what brought me to my senses, as the loss of my only pair of boots was a serious matter. After I had convinced this soldier that the time had not yet come to number me among the dead, he gave me a helping hand and assisted me to a log cabin near by. Here he supplied me with water taken from a well by one of the old-fashioned sweeps, which you have so often seen throughout the South. This soldier helped me to bathe my face and remove the blood and mud from my face and hair. It had rained nearly all the night before, and I had been rolled over twice in the Tennessee mud, giving my uniform the color of the soil, which was nearly a butternut. After a while I revived sufficiently to enable me to realize my surroundings. This rebel soldier then told me that my boots were worth about three thousand dollars (Confederate money, of course), and as he was almost barefooted he proposed an exchange of footgear. I told him that I had about fifty dollars in money (greenbacks) which I would give him for my boots and I keep the boots. He agreed to this arrangement, and I *bought my own boots.* I surrendered the fifty dollars to this soldier, who was a member of the Fourth Kentucky Confederate Cavalry, together with my cavalry saber and an exceedingly handsome pair of Mexican spurs, which had been presented to me. I felt that I was not likely to need spurs or saber for some time

to come, as at this time the exchange of prisoners had been suspended.

About noon that day the Confederates gathered all their prisoners together, including the Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry, which had surrendered, and quite a bunch of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry boys. We started afoot along the vitrified road of Despair toward Libby Prison and Belle Isle, with a heavy force of Confederates guarding us. We marched two abreast, and the man alongside me was Lieutenant A. A. Carr, of my regiment, a very gallant officer, who had been taken prisoner out of our hospital, where he was suffering from a double rupture. Lieutenant Carr and myself were a mighty weak set of twos, as we were both so badly hurt that we were hardly able to walk. We continued this painful journey until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebel cavalry column stopped to feed their horses. The prisoners were turned into a large meadow with a heavy guard around us. Neither the Confederate soldiers or the prisoners had anything to eat. I remember making an appeal to a Confederate officer for some food. He told me that all he had to eat was two apples, but that he would be very glad to divide with me, which he did, giving me one apple and keeping one himself. I divided my apple with Lieutenant Carr. From observation, made on the spot, we concluded that this Confederate force would probably march all night in order to escape being intercepted by a force which we expected would be sent out by General Wilcox from Bull's Gap. I did not feel myself to be physically capable of making an all-night march afoot, and I asked the officer of the guard for permission to go to General W. E. Jones' headquarters near by, with the intention of making a request for a mount for myself and Lieutenant Carr. The officer of the guard was kindly, and sent a soldier with me to General Jones' headquarters. I saw the General and told him I was badly hurt, and that my com-

panion, Lieutenant Carr, was suffering from a double rupture, and neither one of us felt able to march all night on foot. I found General Jones to be a fatherly sort of a man, and when he looked upon my condition he expressed surprise that I had been able to walk as far as I had. He was very sympathetic and very kindly, and promised that he would send horses for Lieutenant Carr and myself, and he directed the guard who was with me to return to the prisoners' bivouac and to say to the officer of the guard that Lieutenant Carr and myself were not to be dispatched on foot with the other prisoners when the column took up its night march. We returned to the meadow, where the other prisoners were under guard. It was now near nightfall of a gray November day. The cavalry horses had finished their meal and preparations were being made for a night march. Soon the Confederate cavalry had begun to move along the road and the prisoners were being marched out on foot into the column. About this time a new officer of the guard appeared upon the scene for the night duty, relieving the officer who had had charge of us during the day. The officer of the old guard stated to the new officer of the guard that all the prisoners were to be marched out except Lieutenant Carr and myself, and that General Jones would furnish horses for us two. Just as this conversation was taking place an orderly appeared on the scene from General Jones' headquarters with two led horses, which he stated were for Carr and myself. The officer of the guard turned to me and said, "Here are your horses." Lieutenant Carr was physically unable to mount his horse, owing to his injuries, and I helped him up on his horse, after which, with some effort, I mounted my horse. Just at this moment a Confederate captain was mounting his company right near us, and gave the order, "Prepare to mount." The men led their horses out, and, at the command, "Mount," they all sprang into their saddles, but, in mounting, their horses

moved forward, and took Lieutenant Carr and myself into the company. The captain then marched the company out of the field into the road, and we marched out with this company, Lieutenant Carr and myself forming one set of twos in this rebel company. The night was cool, and both Lieutenant Carr and myself had blankets thrown over our shoulders. We had done this for warmth, but at this moment the blankets served excellently well to hide our uniforms. The rebel soldiers in the company we were marching with also had their blankets thrown over their shoulders, so that we were quite in uniform with the rest of the company. As I have since learned (many years afterward), the officer of the old guard presumed we were being looked after by the officer of the new guard, while the new officer of the guard presumed that the old officer of the guard was still looking after us. At all events, we very quickly observed that no one was guarding us, and we rode along with the rebel company which had formed about us. With this company we filed out into the road and joined the full column of twelve regiments, and, without any definite idea of what we were going to do or when we were going to do it, Lieutenant Carr and I rode along in peace and comfort as a part of this rebel column. We had discussed the situation with each other during our afternoon march, and agreed to escape together if possible, but we were not looking for the opportunity to come so soon. We had rather expected that, as this rebel column had marched all night previously, they would be sleepy during the night and that we might make our escape unobserved in the early hours of the next morning; but here, almost by accident, or by Providential interference, we were in a fair way to make our escape early in the evening, after having been prisoners for less than one day.

As we rode along in the column we came to frequent fires on the roadside which the soldiers had made for warmth, and as we passed we saw several gaps in the fence which we

thought it would be possible for us to go through, but our courage rather failed us at these gaps until we had passed them by. We had marched maybe a mile and a half with this column, when the officers began to ride along the column, going to the rear, giving directions to the troops to "close up," this being quite necessary with all cavalry columns on night marches by reason of the fact that the slow-walking horses made gaps in the column. We were quite familiar with all this, and after a little while we rode out and started down the side of the column, going to the rear, calling out in a moderately loud voice, "Close up," wherever there happened to be a gap in the column. The rebel soldiers obeyed these commands and closed up the gaps promptly, and so we proceeded toward the rear until we came to a gap in the fence leading off from the column, and we turned gently and quietly through this gap. It was now quite dark, and when we were fifty feet or even less distant from the column, we were out of sight. We made no effort to pass along the road, knowing full well that a strong rear guard would gather up all stragglers, and would catch us in the net. We therefore diverged from the column, and started across the open field which we had entered. Coming to a fence, we threw off the top rail, jumped our horses over, and galloped across the turf of that field, which gave no sound, until we came to the line of foothills, almost mountains, following the Holston River Valley.

We were perfectly familiar with the country, and knew now exactly where we were going and what we intended to do. Coming to the base of the foothills, which were covered with a dense forest, we turned our horses loose, knowing full well they would graze the rest of the night and that they would not stay where we left them to indicate the direction we had taken. We hastily entered the forest-clad hills, and started on our journey to freedom.

One hour prior to this moment I could have testified under

the most solemn oath that I was physically unable to walk another mile, and I am quite certain that Lieutenant Carr would have truthfully testified that he was not able to walk as far as I could. All this when we were marching in the direction of Libby Prison, but when our faces were turned in the other direction, and we were marching to freedom and to rejoin our regiment, we were as good a pair of sprinters as ever struck Tennessee soil! All our wounds, pains and aches were forgotten, as we jumped into the forest-clad hills of the Holston Valley with only the stars to guide us.

Of course, we were entirely without food, without arms, and without anything in the world except the clothing on our backs, and that was none too good, but, as previously stated, I *had saved my boots.* We were fully prepared to take what might come. By midnight we had crossed one range of hills and were proceeding across a little valley to the next range of hills toward the Holston River. The underbrush was dense, and we made but slow progress; none the less, we made progress all the time. When crossing this little valley we were halted by the barking of a dog. We feared that maybe we were making too much noise and that the dog, with his keen senses, had discovered us. We stopped and waited a little while until we concluded that the dog was not disturbed by us We had gone but a little way when we were halted by a man saying "*Whoa*" to his horse. It was now about midnight, and we were not taking any chances with stray Confederates who might live in that locality. We made a wide detour around this man and his horse without betraying our presence. I have always felt that it was fortunate for us that he spoke to his horse when he did, otherwise we might have walked right into his arms in the night. In ascending the next range of hills we found several places too precipitous for our progress. We made detours and found ways to get around these precipitous places, and daylight the next morning found us safe on top of

the hills overlooking the Holston River. In view of the fact that a considerable number of Confederate soldiers lived in that locality, we concluded, after a council of war, to take no chances in daylight and would spend the day under cover. We selected a "cozy corner" among some cedar trees for our day's rest, and took turns in sleeping, one of us being awake and on guard at all times. During the day we saw several Confederate scouting parties passing along the road, but we were not discovered. It was now about fifty hours since we had anything to eat, except half of an apple for each of us; but we were provided with an ample supply of chewing tobacco, and did not suffer particularly from hunger; but later in the day we began to experience an exceedingly uncomfortable degree of thirst. A little mountain brook ran through the valley below us, but it was greatly exposed and we were afraid to make an effort to get water from this brook, as it could be seen from every direction. When the first shades of night began to fall we crept down toward this little brook, and when we arrived at the banks we simply rolled down to the water's edge, and drank to our full content. Following the road in the Holston River Valley, we journeyed westward, keeping just outside the road and inside the line of fence that we might jump to cover in case there were any scouting parties coming along the road. During the day we had each of us cut a good stick for a cane, which we might use as a club to drive off dogs, but it would be of no use against armed soldiers. About 9 o'clock at night we came to a cabin alongside the road, in front of which Lieutenant Carr had at one time stood picket. He knew the family in this cabin in a casual sort of way, knew that they were Union people and that the father had run away to join the Union army, leaving his wife and children to drag along on a little farm attached to the cabin. It was just such a cabin as you have all seen thousands of times throughout the South, where the front door was cut in two, that the

upper half might be open, while the lower half was closed to keep the pigs and chickens out of the house and the young children in the house. It was not chinked, and we could look into it from any quarter. On approaching the house we were questioned by the family dog. We immediately made friends with him and boldly knocked on the door of the cabin. The upper half of the door was opened and a woman presented herself. We could make out her outline by the small fire on the hearth. On this occasion Lieutenant Carr was the spokesman, and told the woman that he had on such and such a date stood picket in front of her house, and that we were escaped Union prisoners trying to get back to the Union lines, and that we were very much in need of food. The woman expressed her gratification that we had made our escape, and stated that she was glad to be able to help us. We entered the house, and her little group of children gathered around us. She immediately stirred up the embers on the hearth to cook us some meat. Upon second thought, however, she asked that we would not stay in the house, as scouting parties were passing up and down the road more or less all the time, and that we had better go out in the orchard, and that one of the girls would go with us and take the family dog along to keep him quiet. While we waited there she prepared a meal for us and brought it to us. The meal was composed of bread, meat and a pitcher of milk. We made a hearty meal here, after about sixty hours of fasting; ate as much as we could, and what was left over we put in our pockets for such future use as our necessities might require. In the years which have passed since then I have eaten at Delmonico's, I have partaken of some of the best food in America around about Baltimore, and I have had many bounteous feasts, but never before or since have I had as satisfactory a meal as that little supper of cornbread, sidemeat and milk on the night of November 7, 1863, at this poor woman's cabin in Hawkins County, Ten-

nessee. At the conclusion of our repast we thanked the woman most heartily, and resumed our journey. We did not follow the middle of the road, but kept close to the edge of the road all the time, that we might be prepared to take to cover in case of threatening danger. About midnight we stopped to rest, being at that time in a little nursery, where the growing trees were planted in rows. Our line of march was across the rows, and it was rather difficult going. While resting, Lieutenant Carr fell asleep. Soon he was dreaming, and he evidently was cold, for he said, "Allen, give me more of the blanket." I woke him up, and told him what had happened while he was asleep, and he replied that he guessed we had better be continuing the journey, that he might get warmed up. About 3 o'clock in the morning we came to the town of Rogersville, this being the county seat of Hawkins County. It was populated by a considerable number of Union people, and an equal number of rebels. Between the two factions there was great enmity. On each side of the town were precipitous hills, and we felt that if we undertook to scale these hills we would not succeed before daylight, and might be discovered. We therefore decided to go right through the town, presuming that everybody would be in bed. We tiptoed through the town without making sufficient noise to waken a cat. By dawn we were out of the town of Rogersville and fairly on the way to Morristown, the advance post of the Union line.

Living just west of the town of Rogersville was Colonel John R. Netherland, a noted Union man, a distinguished lawyer and citizen of Tennessee, a man who was known far and wide all through that section of the country for his stanch loyalty to the Union. He had been a candidate for Governor of Tennessee just prior to the war, when Isham B. Harris was elected Governor. I had previously been at Colonel Netherland's house, only on one occasion, however.

I knew his strong Union sentiments and that of his family,

and, as it was now approaching daylight, I concluded to go to his house for advice and protection, feeling that it was a station of the "Underground Railway" for Union men. It was in the early morning when we knocked at the door of Colonel Netherland's residence, and without any preliminary questions from the upper windows or from inside the door, the door opened, and Mrs. Netherland, but lightly clad, and evidently just from bed, asked what might be wanted. In the gray dawn of the morning and in my exceedingly unattractive appearance, I being bloody, muddy, and wholly wretched, she did not recognize me. I told her who I was, that we were escaped Union prisoners, and had stopped at her home for such assistance as she might be able to give us. She gave us a most cordial welcome, invited us in, called up the household and the servants and began to prepare breakfast for us, and gave every evidence of joy and satisfaction at our escape. As the family began to gather after their night's rest, among others there came a lady who introduced herself by stating that she was from Vermont. She did not give me her name, but simply stated, "I am from Vermont." This, I told her, was sufficient introduction to assure us that she was a Union woman. I told her that she needed no further introduction, that there had never been anybody from Vermont who was other than a strong Unionist. She was a Vermont woman by the name of Mrs. Kneeland, who had married in the South. She was then a widow, owning handsome property in Tennessee. To make a long story short, I may state that we spent the larger part of the day at this house, Mrs. Netherland and Mrs. Kneeland standing guard for us while we slept on the parlor floor. We were afraid to go to bed upstairs for fear that we might have to make a quick run from the house and that it might lengthen our journey too much to run downstairs, so Mrs. Netherland and Mrs. Kneeland and the family made a bed for us on the parlor floor. Mrs. Kneeland then went to a neighbor's house which

stood on the roadside on the top of a hill, where she could have a long view of the road each way. In case of approaching danger she was to wave a towel as a signal for us to seek cover. Mrs. Netherland and her daughter Margaret remained at home to watch for this signal, while we two escaping prisoners revived our energies by sleep. Early in the afternoon we were awakened by Colonel Netherland appearing on the scene. As I have stated, he was a strong Union man, and it was by no means safe for him to sleep in his own house. He only visited his home occasionally, and on this occasion when he came home he found two escaped prisoners, and he was very greatly rejoiced at the opportunity to do something for us. He immediately began to send "grapevine telegrams" to Union people all along the road we were to pass on our journey toward our lines at Morristown. These "grapevine telegrams" were sent mostly by little niggers, some mounted on mules, some afoot. There were no written messages, as you can well understand, but the Union people all through that section were informed of our coming, and were asked to be prepared to take care of us. Furthermore, he sent up into the mountains and brought out a man who was known in that section as a "Mountain Pilot," a man who was thoroughly familiar with the mountain paths and who knew every possible road of escape and could lead us from one place to another without danger of our being discovered. While we were holding a conference, our picket, Mrs. Kneeland, at the house on the hill, gave the signal of danger. Her towel was seen waving from the window, and there was a scattering of our crowd. We all ran out of the house, for that house had been searched a hundred times for Union men. We hid in the overgrown field, filled with tall grass and weeds. While here we discovered a rebel scouting party coming down the road, a lieutenant and about fifteen men. We felt certain that this scouting party was on our trail. We saw the scouting party

come along the road, stop in front of Colonel Netherland's house, where they seemed to hold a council of some kind. Apparently they were familiar with that section, and knew everybody, and I dare say some one of them said that there was no use searching that house, that it had been searched a hundred times already, and nothing had ever been found. So, on this occasion, they passed the house by and did not search it, although we were within close pistol range.

While Lieutenant Carr and I were at Colonel Netherland's house we were told of the frequent searchings of this house for Union soldiers and Union refugees. One instance I may mention. A Union soldier, hard pressed by the enemy, took refuge at Colonel Netherland's house, and was seen to enter the house. The Confederate forces in pursuit dashed into the house, almost at the heels of this Union soldier, but he had mysteriously disappeared and was not to be found. Guided by Mrs. Netherland, he had entered a cabin of one of the servants near the house. This cabin was occupied by a colored woman who at that moment was rocking her baby to sleep in the cradle. Grasping the situation, this colored woman moved the cradle aside, lifted a board in the floor and put the soldier in this opening in the floor. She replaced the board, put the cradle in its place over the board, and resumed her lullaby. The Confederate soldiers entered this little one-room cabin and asked the colored mother if she had seen the Union soldier. She replied, "Yes," that he had come to this cabin and *had gone right on through*, whereupon the Confederate soldiers continued the search elsewhere. In relating her experience, the young colored mother stated that she was afraid that the loud beating of her heart would betray the presence of the man under the floor.

The rebel scouting party, after stopping a few minutes near our hiding place, disappeared, going west along the road in the direction we were to follow later. We returned to Colonel

Netherland's house, where the "Mountain Pilot" took charge of us, and, skirting up through the mountains, avoiding the main roads, and under the guidance of the pilot, we went to the residence of Mr. John Blevins, who lived a few miles down the road in the direction we were to go. It was full daylight, maybe 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we started from Colonel Netherland's house under the guidance of this pilot, and, going as rapidly as we two could walk, which was not very fast, the pilot guided us along the mountainside and through the valleys, always under cover, until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached the mountainside in the vicinity of Mr. Blevins' home. Mr. Blevins had been United States Marshal of Tennessee, and was a man of strong character, too old for service in the army, but a Union man of the first water. Old as he was, he was ready to fight, at any time, and with anybody, in support of his Union principles. He had a family of several daughters, one married, Mrs. J. R. Pace. Her husband was in the Union army, and had served with me, and we were well acquainted. The pilot, leaving us on the mountainside, under cover, went himself to Mr. Blevins' house to see if the road was clear. The "grapevine telegraph" had notified him of our coming, and he was prepared for us. He sent a written note to me by the pilot, telling us to come down to his house and we would be cared for, *and signed his name to it*, which was quite an unusual thing in those days. Upon receipt of this note we went down to the house. It was a handsome mansion in the Tennessee River Valley, surrounded by a beautiful farm. Mr. Blevins and his family were standing on a wide veranda in front of the house to welcome us. Five or six steps led up to this veranda, and I found myself in so wretched a physical condition that I was scarcely able to mount these steps. Seeing my condition, Mrs. Pace, Mr. Blevins' daughter, came down the steps, and, putting her arm around me, helped me up, while the Mountain Pilot helped

Carr up. Mrs. Pace marched us into the wide hall of this residence, on one side of which was located a large sideboard with an array of glasses of generous size. Mrs. Pace poured two of these tumblers half full of strained honey and the other half she filled with peach brandy, stirred the whole together and passed one of them to me and the other to Carr, with directions to "*Drink it all.*" Each of us finished our tumbler of "peach and honey" to the last drop. I can state here that it was the best drink I ever had in all my life. Mr. Blevins told us the scouting party we had seen in the afternoon had been down as far as his house, and had there turned back and gone east. We had supper here, and after supper, by which time it had grown dark, Mr. Blevins furnished each of us with a horse and a revolver, and also furnished us with a mounted negro man as guide, with directions to take us to Mr. John Profit, a strong Union man, who lived some miles further along on our journey. The directions given by Mr. Blevins were to reach this point by midnight, feed the horses there, send them back by the guide, and Carr and myself were to spend the rest of the night with Mr. Profit, who would see us further on our journey in the morning. The colored man who was to guide us on this night trip was thoroughly familiar with the byways and avoided the highways. We went at a good gait until midnight, at which time we arrived at Mr. Profit's house. Mr. Profit had also been informed of our coming by the "grapevine telegraph," as his house was also a station on the "Underground Railroad" for escaping prisoners and Union refugees. Upon our knocking at the door with ever so gentle a knock, it was opened and the house was aglow with light, and a full square meal awaited our coming to be served on the table at the prearranged hour. Mr. Profit was more than six feet tall, weighed about 225 pounds, and very much resembled that distinguished soldier patriot of Ohio, the

late Rev. Colonel Granville Moody. Mr. Profit and his family greeted us most cordially; told us that the Union pickets were within two miles of the house, and told us to eat a hearty midnight meal and go to bed, and that they would stand picket the rest of the night and warn us of any possible danger. We felt so secure in the hands of these Union people in charge of the stations on the underground railroad for escaping prisoners that we confided entirely and absolutely in them, obeyed literally their instructions, and actually went to sleep that night in a bed in the house. At the first streak of gray in the morning Mr. Profit waked us up, told us the road was open, and that our pickets would be found less than two miles away at the ford of the Holston River. We thanked him and his family for their cordial and generous entertainment and safe-guarding, and took up our journey down the middle of the road. In a short time we came to the ford of the Holston River, where we could see our vidette on the opposite side. We threw up both hands as a signal of friendship. The vidette called over to ask who we were. We told him we were escaped Union prisoners. He told us to stay where we were until he could call the officer of the guard. He rode back for the officer of the guard, and returned, bringing a lieutenant, who called across the river to ask us who we were and what regiment we belonged to. After we had identified ourselves, he told us to wait and he would bring horses over the ford to us. In a few minutes the lieutenant came back with two led horses, which he brought over to us, and we mounted them and rode back. We were again within the Union lines. The lieutenant then sent us with an officer to the colonel of his regiment, in compliance with his proper duty in such cases.

The colonel of this regiment sent an escort with us and loaned us horses on which to rejoin our own regiment. We rode along toward Morristown, where we saw a regiment

moving through the fields, apparently taking up a line of march. I said to Lieutenant Carr: "There is our regiment." Carr said: "I think not." I replied to Carr that I had been adjutant of that regiment too long not to know it when I saw it, and I galloped across the fields, struck into the head of the column, and rode to my position at the side of the colonel. Colonel Garrard had not observed me, or if he had, he did not recognize me. This was by no means surprising, as I fancy my own mother would not have known me as I then appeared, as I was still bloody and muddy. However, as the regimental adjutant, I felt that I was privileged to ride in my own place. Colonel Garrard gave a surprised look at this strange fellow who had ridden up alongside him, and then a gleam of recognition came over his face. He reached out his hand to take hold of me, apparently to satisfy himself that I was not a ghost, but real flesh and blood. After taking hold of me and feeling me to see that I was really and truly in the flesh, he threw his arms around me, halted the regiment, and Carr and I held a regimental reception right there, shaking hands with every man in the regiment, who all gathered around us, and greeted us as though we had returned from the dead. At the conclusion of this hearty reception, Colonel Garrard brought forward my mare, "Nellie," who had also made her escape and rejoined the regiment. She and I had another reception all by ourselves. Colonel Garrard then directed me to ride immediately to the nearest telegraph station, even if I had to go to Knoxville, and telegraph my father that I was alive and as well as could be expected under the circumstances. I learned afterward that my father received my telegram ten minutes after he had received Colonel Garrard's letter telling him that he scarcely dared hope that I had escaped the terrific fire of the enemy, under which I went down.

Lieutenant A. A. Carr, of Jackson, O., my companion in

this escape, was not able to resume his duty in the regiment. He never recovered from the effects of the hardships here experienced, and died soon after.

The story here told covers a period of only four days of my three years' service. On my return to the regiment I immediately resumed my duties, and continued in the field till the end of the war.

THE BATTLE OF HOOVER'S GAP.

By John T. Wilder,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

In the winter of 1863, following the battle of Murfreesboro, General Rosecrans directed the First Brigade (Wilder), Fourth Division (Reynolds), Fourteenth Corps (Thomas), to seize horses in the neighboring country north and east of Murfreesboro in sufficient number to mount the brigade of four infantry regiments. This was speedily accomplished, and the brigade, numbering over two thousand men, were then armed with the Spencer magazine rifle, capable of firing a shot without drawing on the magazine, which held seven cartridges; the rifle carried an ounce bullet of fifty-two caliber in copper cartridge, and had a bayonet, and was a most formidable weapon, especially at short range, and would carry with accuracy a half mile.

This mounted infantry brigade was in a number of skirmishes with the cavalry of the enemy, and the men soon found themselves equal to at least twice or thrice their number of men armed with muzzle-loading guns. On June 23d orders were issued to prepare for an advance on Bragg's right center by way of the Manchester turnpike, leading south from Murfreesboro. The army was organized with three corps. General Thomas L. Crittenden, in command of the Twenty-first Corps, to move on the left by way of Readyville, with Minty's cavalry brigade; General George H. Thomas, in command of the Fourteenth Corps, with Wilder's mounted infantry, to move in advance directly south on the Manchester turnpike, and General A. McD. McCook, commanding the Twentieth Corps, to move south along the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, and the remaining force of cavalry, under General D. S. Stanley, to

move south on McCook's right on the Shelbyville turnpike, with orders to care for McCook's right flank. General Stanley seemed anxious to send a cavalry brigade with General Thomas, as he said, to take care of Wilder's "tadpole" cavalry, as he called us, fearing Wilder would rush into the enemy and get captured, and Stanley would have those magazine guns to fight. General Thomas assured General Rosecrans that if Wilder's brigade were captured there would be no need for cavalry about.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of June 24th Wilder's brigade passed south through Murfreesboro and took the advance of the Fourteenth Corps, with General J. J. Reynolds following as the advanced division of Thomas' infantry. The mounted infantry moved forward at a quick walk toward Hoover's Gap, ten miles south of Murfreesboro, where a brigade of cavalry under General A. Buford stood guard to prevent the passage of our forces. Hoover's Gap was a narrow valley through a line of lumpy hills, some four miles in extent and about three hundred feet high, the hills being wooded and thickly grown with underbrush and green briers, making it impracticable for cavalry. The turnpike, a good macadamized road, wound through this narrow pass some four miles in extent, following the little brook, one of the headwaters of Stone's River.

Our advance guard, consisting of five companies of the Seventy-second Indiana and twenty-five brigade scouts, all under Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, Seventy-second Indiana, came suddenly on the enemy's pickets about a mile north of the entrance to the gap. We at once charged them at a gallop in a column of fours, surprising and dispersing Buford's command, who were in bivouac at the gap, routing them in disorder, without even time to saddle or mount their horses, and the brigade pushed on through the gap, and not even a scout or messenger of the enemy being ahead of us to give the alarm to the enemy's infantry, under General Bate, supposed to be

at the summit of the gap, where the turnpike descends to the valley of the Garrison fork of Duck River, running west at right angles to the line of Hoover's Gap. I decided to move rapidly on, intending to surprise the enemy's infantry, the same as we had surprised and dispersed their cavalry. Judge of my astonishment, when we reached their supposed position, to find no force there. Looking down the valley to the village of Beech Grove, two miles to the west, down the valley of the Garrison fork, we could see the tents of an encampment. I at once halted the command, dismounted, and deployed three regiments of my force in a line across the road and gap, with the flanks retired, keeping the Ninety-eighth Illinois in reserve, and put the Eighteenth Indiana Battery in position to cover any advance of the enemy, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, with his five companies and the scouts, to stir up the enemy, which they did in fine style. General William B. Bate commanded the brigade, which belonged to General A. P. Stewart's division of four brigades of infantry, placed along the valley of Garrison fork, and seemed to be entirely unaware of our advance. Many of the officers of Bate's brigade were at a spring holding a Masonic picnic in honor of St. John, it being the 24th of June, St. John's day. Colonel Kirkpatrick rode into their camp and had time to take seven wagons loaded with tobacco out with him and bring them back to our men, who had "tobacco to burn." General Bate, supposing it to be a cavalry dash, aroused his men and came speedily up to attack us. We allowed him to come within about one hundred yards up a gentle slope in front of our line when we opened a terrible fire from our Spencer rifles, and Captain Lilly poured double-shotted canister from his ten-pound Rodman guns into their lines, which staggered and repulsed them with severe loss. Bate's Twentieth Tennessee Infantry tried to turn the right flank of the Seventeenth Indiana in the forest at our right, when the Ninety-eighth Illinois quickly moved up the

hill and doubled them up by a charge on their left, hurling them back in confusion out of reach, and they were compelled to retreat beyond reach of our fire, and other troops were sent to their assistance. Then they came up more cautiously, and opened on us with two batteries at a distance of about half a mile, with a rapid fire, which did little execution. While this was going on, Captain Rice, Adjutant-General of the division, came riding speedily to the front with orders from General Reynolds to me to fall back immediately, as the division was six or eight miles in our rear, having stopped to repair a bridge, without letting me know of it. I told him I would hold this position against any force, and to tell General Reynolds to come on without hurrying, as there was no danger of our being driven out of the position. Captain Rice repeated his order for me to fall back, and I told him I would take the responsibility of remaining where I was, and that if General Reynolds were on the ground he would not give such an order. Captain Rice said that he had no discretion in the matter, and that if I did not obey the order he would put me in arrest and give the command to Colonel Miller, who would fall back as ordered. I declined to obey the order of arrest, and requested Captain Rice to return to General Reynolds and tell him we had driven their force back, and could not be driven by any forces that could come at us. He then left just as the second attack was being made. This move was repulsed without difficulty, and when the enemy had fallen back out of range, General Rosecrans, with General Thomas and General Garfield, came riding up with their staff and escort. General Rosecrans came up to me and asked what we had done, and I told him in a few words, and also told him I had taken the responsibility of disobeying the order of General Reynolds to fall back, knowing that we could hold the position, and also felt sure that General Reynolds would not order us to retire if he were present. General Rosecrans took off his hat and

handed it to an orderly, and grasped my hand in both of his, saying: "You took the responsibility to disobey the order, did you? Thank God for your decision. It would have cost us two thousand lives to have taken this position if you had given it up." General Reynolds just then came riding up in advance of his forces, and General Rosecrans said to him: "Wilder has done right. Promote him, promote him," and General Reynolds, after looking over the position, said to me: "You did right, and should be promoted and not censured."

The next morning an order was read at the head of every regiment of the Fourteenth Corps describing the attack of my command, and saying that the conduct of the brigade should be emulated by all, and recommended my promotion as a Brigadier-General, and directing that the command should thereafter be known as Wilder's Lightning Brigade.

I have forgotten to say that just before we reached the south end of Hoover's Gap a bright orderly came riding up to me, as we were trotting forward, and said that General Reynolds directed me to halt until the arrival of his infantry, which was several miles in my rear. I assured him that I would halt as soon as we arrived at the head of the gap. Years afterward I learned that this messenger was J. B. Foraker, since Governor of Ohio and now Senator from that State.

Our rapid movement broke through Bragg's right center and enabled our army to threaten his flank and rear, which forced his retreat over the mountains to Chattanooga, and thus giving up his stronghold of Tullahoma. The heavy rains, which began falling just as our fight at Hoover's Gap begun, lasted fourteen days, making it impossible for our army to move around Bragg's right flank to intercept him crossing the mountains, and escaping the certain defeat that awaited him had he accepted battle in Middle Tennessee.

My command consisted of the Seventeenth Indiana Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Jordan; Seventy-second

Indiana Infantry, Colonel A. O. Miller; Eighteenth Indiana Battery, Captain Eli Lilly, with six ten-pound Rodman guns and four mountain howitzers; Ninety-eighth Illinois Infantry, Colonel John J. Funkhauser; One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois Infantry, Colonel James Monroe, in all about two thousand men, rank and file, a most reliable command, and thoroughly well officered.

The effect of our terrible fire was overwhelming to our opponents, who bravely tried to withstand its effects. No human being could successfully face such an avalanche of destruction as our continuous fire swept through their lines. This was the first battle where the Spencer repeating rifles had ever been used, and in my estimation they were better weapons than has yet taken their place, being strong and not easily injured by the rough usage of the army movements, and carrying a projectile that disabled any man who was unlucky enough to be hit by it. With a slight improvement in the cartridge, making them central fire, they would still be the best in use. All great infantry battles are decided within three hundred yards' range, and always will be. In my judgment, based on over three years of active operations in the field of the great Civil War, the only field battle in the Spanish War, Santiago, was fought out and won at close range, although both combatants were armed with the most modern long-range guns.

The battles in Manchuria and about Port Arthur were decided largely with bayonets in actual collision of the contestants, although both sides were armed with most modern long-range magazine rifles, and well supplied with rapid-fire machine guns. Yet the supreme test came at close quarters, and these battles were no more deadly than ours of the great Civil War. The losses were not as great in percentage in those great contests as were ours in 1861 to 1865.

FIELD NOTES OF THE SELMA CAMPAIGN.

By Charles D. Mitchell,
First Lieutenant and Adjutant Seventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

However attractive and interesting the face of a portrait painted in a past generation may be, the casual and careless observer is probably only impressed that the costume and setting was long ago out of fashion. The few who knew and loved the subject will alone understand the harmony of the picture as a whole; how true it was to the life and the time, and that not a line can be changed nor a color added without marring the beauty and charm of it.

So, in presenting "Field Notes of the Selma Campaign," all I can do — would dare do — is to brush away the dust of time and arrange the lights so that they may be read as they were written.

It must be understood that no attempt was made to write history. The writer was only one of the units that made up General Wilson's cavalry corps. He had no command, no perspective, but little horizon, and was a boy. He jotted down the things that impressed *him* for his *own* satisfaction, and many of the day's doings were written on the pommel of his saddle, or by the dim light of a camp fire. Had one hundred others in the same command done the same thing, no two would have been alike, because points of view would have differed. The only value that it has is, it was the experience of "the man behind the guns," and it was written on the spot. Therefore it is the occasion, rather than the matter, that will give it interest.

THE SETTING.

The Nashville campaign, in which the cavalry corps, commanded by Major-General James H. Wilson, took conspicuous

and important part, ended about January 1, 1865, when Hood succeeded in getting the shattered and demoralized remnant of his army south of the Tennessee River, near Decatur, Ala. It had been a most successful but arduous campaign for the Union army, carried on in the worst of winter weather, and General Thomas' command needed rest. The cavalry corps went into cantonment in the vicinity of Gravelly Springs, Ala., on the Tennessee River, near the present town of Sheffield. We were ordered to build quarters and stabling, and for the first time during our service were permitted to enjoy them for a period of some length. For two months we remained in these camps, but we were not idle. Drilling, organizing, and equipping fully occupied the time.

I belonged to the Second Brigade (First and Seventh Ohio and Fifth Iowa Cavalry), commanded by Brigadier-General A. J. Alexander, and of which I had the honor to be the Acting Assistant Adjutant-General. We were a part of the Fourth (Upton's) Division.

By the middle of March spring had come, and we were rendezvoused at Eastport, Miss., ready and prepared to open

THE SELMA CAMPAIGN.

This *saber thrust through the heart of the Confederacy* is popularly known as "the Wilson Raid," but it is a misnomer. As well may "Sherman's march to the sea" be called a raid, for both were alike in bold initiative and thorough equipment for a campaign, and both alike reached the very vitals of the falling cause. It was the custom, however, to call all independent distance movements by cavalry, when not supported by infantry, *raids*, because in the earlier stages of the war cavalry was attached to infantry commands as eyes and ears, and not as brains nor muscle. Later on generals like Sheridan, Custer, Kilpatrick, and Wilson demonstrated that cavalry in independent formation was a powerful arm with which to

strike; that they could be fought as infantry with the added advantage of horses for rapid transit to a given point. Therefore, raid does not express the meaning of a military movement of this character made by cavalry.

I call this the Selma campaign, because I am quite sure Selma, Ala., was the objective point. Here were foundries, factories, military stores, and an arsenal, all very valuable to the Confederates. Between us and this goal was General Forrest, vigilant, adroit, of uncertain strength, and, up to his recent campaign with Hood, generally successful. He must seriously be taken into account. I hazard the statement that General Wilson did not know when we left the Tennessee River where we would head for after Selma, but that circumstances alone must decide the direction we should take. We could go south and join Canby at Mobile, or west and reach Vicksburg, either more probable than turning east via Montgomery, Columbus, and Macon, the route that was taken.

For better understanding, Selma was about two hundred miles due south of us, and between was a poor mountainous country, thinly inhabited, with rough roads most of the way, and several bad rivers to cross. These natural barriers were formidable defenses, because being in "light marching order," we would carry but little with us in the way of supplies — save ammunition — leaving us dependent on the country for both food and feed.

General Wilson planned the campaign, and requested permission to organize and command it. His force consisted of three divisions (Long's, McCook's, and Upton's), equipped with light artillery and armed with Spencer (seven-shooting) carbines. The command mustered probably twelve thousand men, with, say, ten thousand ready for the fighting line at the call of the bugle. It was a model organization, hardened by drill, veteran by experience, and confident in themselves and their leaders. It was an inspiration to belong to it. The Gen-

eral said to me thirty-three years later, when he had a command in the Spanish-American War: "Mitchell, if I had my old corps I could take Cuba without help." This was a true reflex of the spirit with which this campaign was begun in March, 1865. And now, looking back through the lapse of years, I do not believe that ten thousand better soldiers ever sat the saddle than those fire-tried, but still young and enthusiastic boys commanded by General James H. Wilson.

The country to be invaded was rich both by nature and culture, and at this time was densely populated. Many Southrons had crowded back into it with their movable possessions, it being about the only free zone left them. In fact, it was the storehouse of the rapidly-disintegrating Confederacy. These spoils of war were rich and valuable to us, and their loss irreparable to the enemy.

Had this victorious campaign been made six months earlier it would have stood as unique in the annals of cavalry service as that of Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay in naval warfare. As it is, it stands without a rival. But the closing scenes in the most sanguinary struggle of modern times had come, and this greatest cavalry campaign was overshadowed by events that attracted all thought and riveted all attention — Richmond is evacuated; Generals Sherman and Johnston agree to an armistice; the surrender at Appomattox and the assassination of our great and good Lincoln follow in rapid and exciting procession. So this brilliant rough ride, that swept all before it, was like the gorgeous tableaux at the end of a great play, when the tired audience, thinking of home and the last car, are donning their coats and wraps, with eyes toward the exits instead of the footlights.

THE START.

EASTPORT, MISS., March 22, 1865.

The "dead wood" has been sent to the rear and we are

down to our "fighting weight." Reveille sounds at 3:30 a. m. Soon the fires are alight; the aroma of coffee is in the air and the restless horses are pawing the ground impatiently for breakfast.

Boots and saddles at 5, and as the dawn of day casts its weird gray light on the yellow waters of the Tennessee we bid farewell to all we have known and march toward concentrated rebeldom. The morning is cool. Our horses sniff the air enjoyingly and the men are in great spirits. There's contagion in it. When three miles away we hear the steamboats piping up their crews, and turning our faces, look back, and without words say good-bye.

It is a poor piney country, growing better as we near Dixon Station, on the Memphis Railroad. Here is a fertile valley, which we follow to Cherokee Station and beyond, then turn south on a good road where homelike farm houses mark the way, but their doors and windows are closed and the occupants do not deign to notice us. There are strict orders against straggling, and their seclusion is not disturbed. Camp at 3 p. m. on a fine plantation belonging to Colonel Thompson, and enjoy watching the antics of a flock of young nigs while our band plays. Tired, though we have marched only twenty-four miles. The Second Division is marching on a road to our right, and the First still further right, no doubt to mislead General Forrest as to our destination.

March 23d.—March at 5:30. We are on the extreme left. It's a poor country and roads rough. Pick up nine rebs. Travel thirty-six miles, and finding a good supply of forage, camp near Newburg.

March 24th.—Again mounted at 5:30, and again extreme left. Pass Mount Hope and reach the mountain at noon over a pretty fair country, but now it is barren indeed. Move southwest toward Houston, marching hard and fast. Camp late on a small mountain stream, margined by laurel in bloom.

No feed, no inhabitants, nothing. Day has been fine and we make thirty-two miles.

March 25th.—March on time (5:30), following a mountain-ridge road. Not a house for twelve miles. Find a little corn about noon and stop to feed. Cross Sipsey Creek in a bit of wild scenery. Pass through Houston — great place. The court house, the only building in the town, is a log building without roof. (Justice is not blindfolded here.) Come up with the First Brigade and wagon train near Clear Creek Falls this evening and camp. Have covered twenty-six miles. Light rations to-night.

March 26th.—Mount at usual time, but as we are in charge of wagon train to-day, are delayed. Poor, barren country. Cross Blackwater River and pass through Jasper, finding feed near town. In the afternoon march to the Black Warrior River and camp. Both men and horses are tired, but in good condition. Day has been cloudy, but no rain. Have marched twenty-three miles.

March 27th.—Prepare to ford Warrior at dawn. It is a deep, rapid stream, with rough, rocky bottom. Dangerous, but there's no back out. Our brigade over by 9 o'clock. Lots of men and horses have to swim for it, but none drown. Artillery and wagon train follow, and last the First Brigade. March fifteen miles to Locust Fork, and again have deep fording. Camp on south bank and find abundance of forage. Pick up a few Johnnies and note more people along the way. Strangely enough, we have a good many evidences of Union sentiment among the citizens. They stealthily slip into camp to shake hands with the boys and express gladness at our coming. One incident to remember. As we pass a poor, windowless log cabin, a woman came out, followed by a troop of half-clad, half-fed children, and as she almost clung to our saddle stirrup, exclaimed: "My husband was killed in your army, thank God." It was too pathetic and sincere to bring

the smile the words evoked. Patriotism seems inborn in poor native mountaineers the world over. .It is raining to-night.

March 28th.—Detained issuing rations and ammunition, and do not get on the road till 10 a. m. Our brigade has the advance, and we move toward Elyton, cross Five-mile Creek, and meet a rebel scout. They are soon out of our way. Bad roads and the artillery detain us. Have a hard day's march, but cover twenty miles. Go into camp at dark at Elyton. Headquarters at Mr. Budd's. Patterson's rebel regiment left town two hours ahead of us. Spend the evening reading letters we find in the post office. According to their own testimony, it's not so bad.

(Note.—We did not then dream that here, among the scrub oaks and pines of this sterile soil, where less than a dozen dilapidated houses were clustered, there was to spring up as by magic, within two score years, the city of Birmingham, with nearly one hundred thousand people. Nor could we have believed that we were marching over one of the richest mineral regions in the world, the Birmingham district, which was to become a great iron and steel center. Nature truly has her compensations and keeps well her secrets.)

March 29th.—March at 9:30 a. m., in a misty rain, toward Montevallo. Destroy two large iron works before leaving. Country mountainous and poor. Reach the Cahaba River near night, to find a bad ford blockaded by felled trees, and a few rebs on the other side. Push the First Ohio over and scatter them. Our pioneer corps has hard work clearing the channel, and we go into camp in a pouring rain.

March 30th.—Last night's rain raises the Cahaba and makes the ford impassable. We take up cross ties from the little railroad, lay them on the trestle bridge, and go over dry shod. At 1 p. m. our brigade is over. Burn a rolling mill and some railroad trestles, and reach Montevallo at dark. The day

has been cool and misty, but the country is better, and we have forage in abundance to-night.

March 31st.—A clear, bright morning, and no marching orders. Send out a scout of five companies of the Seventh, under Major Green, to destroy the iron furnace, depot, etc., near Columbiana, twenty miles away. Also send out other details after horses, meat, etc.

Hello! We are awakened from a snooze by picket firing on the Selma road. From dreams to reality. Boots and saddles, a hasty lunch, and off. Rebels in line. The Fifth Iowa makes a gallant charge, and it's a four-mile chase. Then the enemy get a strong position and we have a sharp engagement. Our Spencers and enthusiasm too much for them, and we see their backs again in retreat. Our jaded horses need rest, and the First Brigade takes our place and pushes rapidly forward. The afternoon is spent in a rear-end fight, and we camp at 8 p. m. near Randolph Station, tired enough. General Forrest commanded the rebs to-day, but his name has lost its terror; however, we expect hot work to-morrow.

The country is poor pine barrens, and no forage to-night. Made fourteen miles, and the Second Division is up. Good. As the month advanced the play of March grew steadily interesting, and its close is almost exciting. We recommend our friends to its successor, April, which bids to open brilliantly.

April 1st.—Major Green reported at 3 a. m. with his detachment. He destroyed two iron furnaces, depot, stores, etc., at Columbiana, and brought in a number of horses and mules without loss.

Our brigade has the advance, and we are in the saddle at 5:30. By the nervous twitching of our horses' ears we know the enemy is near us, and soon we find him. The First Ohio is in front, and opens the ball with cheers that are good to hear. The Confederates fall back so rapidly through Ran-

dolph that General Forrest is deprived of his breakfast. We take the left-hand road toward Mapleville, and the Second Division continues straight forward on the main road. At 9 o'clock, as there's nothing in our front, we stop and feed, but we can distinctly hear Long's guns on our right, and we know by the receding sounds that he is pressing the enemy back. The order comes: "Forward, the Fourth Division." We swing into the saddles and go at a trot through the woods, down the almost tropical valley. At 3 p. m. we reach the intersection of our road with the main Selma road at Ebenezer Church. We can hear Long's division engaged on our right, and as we emerge from the wood a heavy concentrated fire is poured into us from a strong barricaded position across an open field. Two sergeants and four men of our escort company (Company L, Seventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry) are killed by the first volley. General Alexander, without halting the column, forms line of battle under fire in the edge of the field — First Ohio, Fifth Iowa, and Seventh Ohio are right, center and left respectively — and orders "Charge." There is a fast rush and a stubborn fight against odds, but we literally ride over their rail barricades, capturing many prisoners and two guns. In the charge my splendid gray horse is killed. I both heard and felt the bullet hit him. When struck he stopped still, and I had only time to throw myself out of the saddle when he quivered and fell dead. My poor, faithful friend! I mounted my orderly's horse and galloped forward, sick at heart.

Our victory is complete; may it prove the battle of Franklin. Hurrah for the Second Brigade.

Our First Brigade now takes the advance and moves toward Plantersville, capturing a train of provisions sent out for Forrest, but they will be duly relished by the Yankees. It is reported that Long got one gun on the right. This is certainly "April fool day" for the Johnnies.

We camp at Plantersville. Have covered twenty miles, won a fight, and are dead tired.

April 2d.—The morning dawns auspiciously, soft and hazy. Everything, save wagon and pack trains, precedes us. 'Tis almost 10 o'clock before our column begins dragging "its slow length along." Beautiful, very beautiful country! Each moment brings us nearer our goal, Selma, only eighteen miles away. We listen eagerly for the opening gun. Pass a fine plantation house on fire and note the piano and some household goods scattered about the lawn, but it leaves only an impression like a cloud floating across a clear sky. Our thoughts are tense on Selma.

At last, when only four miles from the city, there is an extra heart beat as the report of a cannon comes rumbling back along our column. Brave men are impatient to go forward, and cowards are anxious for pretext to get to the rear. Horses champ their bits restlessly, and we know that the object and issue of the campaign is near consummation. Gradually we move nearer and the sharp rat-a-tat of musketry is distinct. Steady!

At 6 p. m. a signal gun flashes away off to the right, and Long's division, dismounted, assaults the works.

> Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them;
> Volleyed and thundered.

Steadily go the veterans. They climb the palisade, they leap the ditch, they scramble up the embankment, and open on the defenders with their Spencers. Ah, but it's fine! "In the works" comes whirling back, and "Forward, all," is caught from the bugle's lip, and the air is filled with a hoarse roar. It is one grand rush, mingled with shots and shrieks, and groans and yells, and smoke; an irresistible drunken chaos, an inde-

scribable long hurrah, and *all is ours*. What is toil, privation, fatigue, and all the unpleasant in a soldier's life, compared to this one moment of victory — to one thrill felt at such a moment? 'Tis all forgotten, all repaid. The night closes with a wild scene for the good city of Selma. A number of large buildings are on fire, making a hideous glare. Battle and excitement join to gather a distracted mob on the streets, and whisky does its part. Officers ride through the swaying crowd in search of their men, but order is not restored until the hours are small.

The enemy that escaped mostly fled up the river, and the Seventh Ohio is sent in pursuit. At midnight they bring in four guns and several hundred prisoners. It is reported that General Forrest and staff swam the Alabama River and got away.

I select a horse to replace my lost gray, and by a coincidence it belongs to Major Phillips, whose home we saw burning to-day. She is a fine, high-bred mare, brown, and handsome. The saddle flap is marked "Captured from Major J. H. Hammond, Adjutant-General, Shiloh, April 6th, 1862." The Major is very loath to give up his mare, and also to go to the prison pen, and I accept his parole to report in the morning, so he can spend the night with friends. Weary, very weary.

April 3d.—The sleep we got last night was not the kind to lighten eyelids. Our brigade makes a reconnoissance out to Burnsville. Take a few rebs out of the swamps. The morning ride is delightful and the country gorgeous. We note new trees and plants, among which are magnolia, live oak, juniper, cactus, picayune rose, palms, Spanish moss, etc. Here, too, is the South in its glory. Grand-columned houses, with negro quarters, and nigs, and great plantations. Corn is coming up and cotton ground prepared for the seed. Burnsville is a small place. We destroy the rolling mill, and then move west to the Pea Ridge road and back to Selma, to our former quarters at

Mr. Moore's. Report says we captured thirty-three hundred prisoners yesterday, all of whom are enjoying the fruits of their labor, the prison. Stockade built for Yanks.

Selma is a neat town of about ten thousand people, with wide streets set in shade trees. The arsenal, armory, storehouses, niter works, rolling mills, etc., are important and valuable.

Marching orders for 6 a. m. to-morrow. Our ride to-day was twenty-four miles.

April 4th.—Selmaites not yet over their stupefaction, and we hardly over ours when reveille tells us slumber is over. March down the Alabama River and southwest to Summerfield, a nice town, with neat homes and a young ladies' seminary. The school is running, and we feast our eyes on troops of pretty girls. They also steal curious glances at us, that do not wither nor destroy. March in direction of Plantersville, and camp two miles south of town, on Mrs. Peeples' plantation.

Report says that General Croxton, who was sent in the direction of Tuscaloosa as we marched down, is cut off and retreating toward North Alabama.

One brigade of McCook's division and wagon train are also not yet up, and we are ordered to go out and meet them. Have marched twenty-two miles.

April 5th.—March at 6 o'clock. Pass through Plantersville and six miles toward Randolph when we meet the lost command. Return to our former camp, and turning to the left, go down the beautiful Mulberry Valley to a nice camp near Jones' Station. Forage in abundance. We are now wondering on what coast the next wave of fortune will toss us. We are so much the masters of the situation that it would seem we can go where we please, which will probably be east.

April 6th.—Start back to Selma at 7 o'clock. I go forward to select a camp. Find forage and fine stream of water four miles west of the city. Headquarters at Mrs. Marshall's.

Our First Brigade camps near us. A hard rain sets in at nightfall.

April 7th.—Still raining. Reports are called for in bulk. The horses don't have to make reports; they, at least, can rest. The clouds break away.

April 8th.—Beautiful morning. Court-martial convenes at our headquarters. Ladies plenty, and we have a picnic. Orders to break camp at dark. Move to Selma, and find the command crossing the Alabama River on pontoon bridge. Long's division is over, and we get the First and Seventh Ohio across when the bridge parts. There is a splendid prospect for a night of it, which is fully realized; we work all night.

April 9th.—Bridge repaired at 3 p. m. The river is rising and drift running badly. General Alexander is knocked into the river and is near drowning. Finish crossing our brigade at dusk, but only a part of the First gets over when the bridge parts again. We camp on the south bank to-night. Everything in Selma that could give aid or comfort to the rebels is destroyed, and she sits like a widow in mourning.

April 10th.—Still raining. Our division all over by daylight. We take our prisoners with us and tear up the pontoons. The rebels occupy the town at once. March at 9:30 toward Montgomery, and lose sight of the river and Selma. Destroy part of our wagon train, for we must march light and rapidly.

Country so swampy we can not leave the road. Pass the small town of Bentonville, and camp at 8 p. m. on De Jarnett's plantation, twenty-four miles from starting. Have been rear guard to-day. My new mare is splendid, and I am the envy of the staff.

April 11th.—On the road at 5:30. Go four miles and come to "Big Swamp"— well named. It is a mile and a half wide, and it must all be corduroyed before we can get over with our artillery and train. Both brigades at work, and we denude two

plantations of fence rails. At 4 p. m. we have a substantial, if not smooth, road to cross on. Pass fine plantations and the tidy town of Lownesboro, and at 7 o'clock go into camp, having marched but twelve miles.

It is a beautiful country, and the great trees, festooned with Spanish moss, make it picturesque. I now know where palm fans come from.

April 12th.—Will reach Montgomery to-day. Query: Will we have to fight for it? Roads are swampy and slow. Cross Pintalla and Cotoma Creeks—sluggish streams. Bridge burned over the latter. Report comes that Long's division occupied the city at 9 o'clock this morning. We arrive at 6:30 p. m. Enter from the west, and march to St. Lawrence Street, and south to Main, east to Exchange, and south to the Capitol, then take the Columbus road and go out four miles, and camp at 8 p. m., having made twenty-five miles. Montgomery is the finest city by far we have seen in the South. The streets are wide and shaded by splendid trees; the business houses, residences, etc., show wealth, and the granite capitol building is stately with pillars, dome, etc., and beautiful for situation. The city is built on rolling uplands, something like Atlanta, Ga., and gives one the impression of sensuous, indolent ease — a lotus land, an Acadia.

The city surrendered by flag of truce, and thus saves her beauty, treasures, and dream life.

April 13th.—Resting to-day—*resting*. We smoke the good cigars kindly donated (?) by our hosts, "listen to the mocking bird," and moralize. We think of the changing panorama of events and how time is the general leveler of things; remember the imposing ceremonies over in yonder State House, whose gilded dome we can see, where Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederate States more than four years ago, and now the dear old flag — the flag of *union* — floats in the sunlight from its turrets. We remember, too, that to-day

it is floating over Sumter, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Richmond. The bands are playing "Hail, Columbia," and "The Star Spangled Banner," instead of "The Flag with the Single Star," and in the streets ride boys in blue in place of boys in gray. They loiter under the magnolia and fig trees, and even audaciously stare at the dazed and stupefied citizens, who have only heretofore seen them as prisoners — objects to be jeered and sneered at. Oh, fallen city! Oh, humbled people! You are to learn that this is a "Union, one and inseparable," and that there are none bond, but all are free.

Lieutenant Dryden, of our staff, organized a colored pioneer corps to-day, and had so many applicants that he made the enrollment competitive. It was very funny. The test ran the gamut from foot races to fist fights. The niggers were in dead earnest. There is no doubt but this is the crack athletic corps in the army.

Go over to the city this evening to get a closer view and see if I can "put myself in his place." Ride about leisurely and verify the impressions of yesterday. Visit the deserted Capitol, and the echoes from my footfalls in its twilight corridors sound uncanny. I seek the Senate chamber, where Davis was inaugurated, but the play is over, lights out, and the curtain down. The air is fresher outside, and I hurry away.

Orders for a 5:30 start in the morning.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

Our expedition has been a success from the first, and made under the most cheering auspices. Both men and horses have been well supplied, and both are in better condition than when we started. A good Providence favored us with but little rain, keeping the rivers fordable and the swamps passable; otherwise there would have been dangerous delay. The spirit and morale of the command has been unprecedented, and from the opening skirmish at Montevallo we have literally rode down

the enemy in their feeble attempts to check us, thus intimidating them into a hopeless fight at Ebenezer Church, a weak resistance at Selma, and none at all at this their Capital City.

The discipline of the men has been splendid. There has been no straggling; but little pillaging, and foraging has been done in a systematic way. Our losses have been small as compared with the results, and we are to-day in every way a compact and complete organization, either to fight or run away.

The feeling generally manifested by the people toward us has been one of bitterness and hate, but in some instances we have seen devotion to the old flag that was affecting.

But as much as the chivalry have hated us, in greater degree have the blacks rejoiced at our coming. Thousands left their homes and followed "Massa Lincum's sogers" with "I'se gwine where you all is." They have trailed after us a real "pillar of cloud by day," if they have not been "a pillar of fire by night." The boys got much amusement out of the antics of this mass of ebony and wool, this irresponsible, happy-go-lucky throng, but after all there's a sad side to it.

Through rebel sources we have the cheering news that Lee has been forced out of Richmond, and everything indicates that we are nearing the end. Thus our time passes in contented good humor, with the most lively anticipations of the "good time coming."

April 14th.—March on time, Long's division in advance. Enemy in our front drive easily. Beautiful country and good, sandy roads. Travel briskly in the direction of Columbus. Pass Mount Meigs and LaPlace, both small, neat towns, nearly deserted. Indeed, this is true of the plantation houses generally. I visit several of these to leave guards, and am surprised at their rich furnishings, and wonder what evil spirit prompts the occupants to desert and leave them to the tender mercies of the "Yankee vandals." In one I pick up a copy of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." On the flyleaf is written: "To

Miss Bettie Mitchell, from William L. Yancy." Perhaps it's the name or maybe the autograph of the "fire-eating" Senator that makes me note that it is "a pocket edition," and I pocket it.

Camp at 7 p. m. at Tuskegee Church.

April 15th.—Mount at 6 o'clock, Our division in advance. Both country and roads good. Pass Tuskegee, the prettiest town I have ever seen. Fine homes, beautiful lawns, and pretty girls. That's a good combination.

After leaving here the country is poorer. Cross Swamp Creek, and a hard rain sets in at 4 o'clock. March thirty miles and turn into a wet camp, where forage is scarce.

(NOTE.—Booker T. Washington has now given Tuskegee national reputation by his industrial school for colored people and educational work for his race. I hope the village is as pretty as it seemed to me that bright April morning in 1865.)

April 16th.—Off at 5 o'clock, and we have the advance. Send forward six companies to secure some bridges over Euchee Creek; successful. Country rough, poor, and piney. Pass the town of Crawfordsville, a remote place, and our men liberate a woman named Keeling from the log jail, who says her home is in Richmond, Va., and that she has been confined here two years for "loyalty and unionism." The story seems incredible, but she appears to be a refined lady, though a nervous wreck, poorly clad, and insane with joy at her unexpected release. The boys rig up a carriage, secure some clothes, and Mrs. K. accompanies us in state.

We move rapidly toward Columbus. Rumor says the enemy will oppose us. We are on the hills in sight of the city at noon. Our advance drives in the pickets and charges down almost to the lower bridge that spans the Chattahoochee River. The brigade all up, and we find a position on some low hills facing the town, and from which we can take in the whole situation. First, we note that Columbus is quite a city, pretty for situation, on the east side of the river; that the river is spanned

by three bridges, two public, and one railroad, the latter burning, having been fired on our arrival; that the defenses consist of two forts, one at the mouth of Euchee Creek, and the other nearly one mile above, both on low hills, and both resting on the river; that these are connected with a strong line of earthworks in semi-circle shape, which inclose and defend the approaches to the bridges. Our First Brigade occupies the north side of Euchee Creek, and we the south side. Spend the day resting under the trees, chatting about the next move on the checker board, and watching the enemy in their frantic preparation to receive us. Every soldier is a general to-day, planning the attack and estimating the strength of the foe. They shell us incessantly from the forts and light batteries without effect, at which we smile.

"We will assault at dark on the left," says General Upton, and we are proud to have our division given the post of honor. We are to cross Euchee Creek and press forward when Winslow's brigade opens fire on our left. All is ready. Darkness comes, and we creep down the hills and take position. The attack begins, and we see the flash of Winslow's guns like fireflies. Forward! We are delayed in getting across Euchee because of a very deep ravine and swampy bottom, and only assist in completing the victory. The rout of the enemy is complete. We get swarms of prisoners, all their guns — everything. The enemy probably did not expect a night attack, and it is not common. Order and quiet is partially restored at midnight, and our tired soldiers lay themselves down to dream of victories yet to come.

Still sleepless, I ride back over the river to look upon a battlefield by moonlight. Starting at the railroad bridge, I follow up the line of works that was so short time ago occupied by rebels. The ground is strewn with blankets, guns, haversacks, and camp debris, while at intervals stand silent, abandoned cannon. There are but few dead and wounded men left

on the field, but here and there is a marble face or a wounded man who has raised himself up to hail the chance passer, or beg for water. It is all impressive, even weird, and rendered more so by the added light of some nearby burning buildings.

As I turn back the ambulance corps, with lights and stretchers, comes out to pick up the unfortunates. On reaching my quarters all are asleep, save the crowd of guarded prisoners, who are still moving like a restless sea. I throw myself down, to be roused by an order to move the brigade at once over to the north side of town. We again settle ourselves in camp as morning is flecking the east with gold and gray.

To call this engagement a battle is not fair. It was a rout almost from the start.

April 17th.—A delightful morning. Though our eyes are heavy for sleep, we resolve to keep them open. After establishing headquarters in a house near the brigade, ride down into the city. Already the streets are alive with soldiers and with women and children of both colors. The stores and shops are open, and the contents, without cost, are at the mercy of fancy or desire. It is a strange scene, and it is interesting to watch the free play of human nature. Soldiers are going for the substantials, women for apparel, and the niggers for anything red. There is evident demoralization among the females. They frantically jam and jostle in the chaos, and seem crazy for plunder. There are well-dressed ladies in the throng. The scene can not be described, but we grow tired of it and turn to the city itself. Finely laid out, with broad streets and comfortable homes, Columbus is a beautiful city, but its value to us is its mills, factories, armory, arsenal, depots, and warehouses. 'Tis said that more than a hundred thousand bales of cotton are stored here. Hundreds of workmen group about the streets, as dazed and stupid as bees when robbed of their honey. But none receive so much attention and sympathy as the factory girls, of which there are at least a thousand.

The entire corps comes over the river in the afternoon, and the bridges and factories are fired. To-night all of the city near the river is in conflagration. What a glare! The arsenal and laboratories catch, and the earth trembles with the explosions. We see the flitting forms of frightened citizens as they hurry along the streets to escape from the scene and the danger. We wonder if this people don't begin to surmise that there is war in our land.

I am admonished that my time is up, and that I can not further follow a soldier's jottings, however momentous the events — long since woven into history. It is even an appropriate place to give you a "breathing spell," for the world was holding its breath as it watched the ringing down of the bloody curtain of our theater of war.

Eight days before (unknown to us) Lee had surrendered unconditionally to Grant at Appomattox.

Only three nights ago (although we did not know it for ten days yet) the assassin's blow had been struck, and our beloved, patient, great Lincoln was now lying dead at the Capitol — the Nation's first Presidential martyr.

Four days ahead, at Macon, Ga., we received, under flag of truce, General Sherman's famous dispatch: "The difficulties of four years' standing are about to be settled," and declaring an armistice. Here we beheld a miracle in human nature — the Blue and the Gray fraternally mingling together in the streets of that little city, teaching the great lesson that brave men may differ, radically differ, and still respect each other.

I can not more fittingly close than by reading the last order of Major-General Upton to his division:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS M. D. M.,
EDGEFIELD, TENN., June 10, 1865.

General Orders
No. 21.

Before severing his connection with the command, the Brevet Major-General commanding desires to express his high appreciation of

the bravery, endurance, and soldierly qualities displayed by the officers and men of his division in the late cavalry campaign.

Leaving Chickasaw, Ala., on the 22d of March, as a new organization, and without status in the Cavalry Corps, you in one month traversed six hundred miles, crossed six rivers, met and defeated the enemy at Montevallo, Ala., capturing one hundred prisoners; routed Forrest, Buford, and Rhoddy in their chosen position at Ebenezer Church, capturing two guns and three hundred prisoners; carried the works in your front at Selma, capturing thirteen guns, one thousand one hundred prisoners, and five battle flags, and finally crowned your successes by a night assault upon the enemy's intrenchments at Columbus, Ga., where you captured one thousand five hundred prisoners, twenty-four guns, eight battle flags, and vast munitions of war.

April 21st you arrived at Macon, Ga., having captured on your march three thousand prisoners, thirty-nine pieces of artillery, and thirteen battle flags.

Whether mounted, with the saber, or dismounted, with the carbine, the brave men of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Iowa, First and Seventh Ohio, and Tenth Missouri Cavalry triumphed over the enemy in every conflict.

With regiments led by brave colonels, and brigade commanded with consummate skill and daring, the division, in thirty days, won a reputation unsurpassed in the service.

Though many of you have not received the reward to which your gallantry has entitled you, you have, nevertheless, received the commendation of your superior officers, and won the admiration and gratitude of your countrymen.

You will return to your homes with the proud consciousness of having defended the flag of your country in the hour of the greatest national peril, while through your instrumentality, liberty and civilization will have advanced the greatest stride recorded in history.

The best wishes of your Commanding General will ever attend you.

E. Upton,
Brevet Major-General Commanding.

Official.
James W. Latta,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official.
Charles D. Mitchell,
Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.

THE SECOND DAY AT SHILOH.

By Lewis M. Hosea,
Brevet Major U. S. Army, Sixteenth U. S. Infantry.

INTRODUCTORY.

The two days' battle at Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, fought on Sunday and Monday, April 6th and 7th, 1862, viewed from the standpoint of forty years later, looms up as one of the most significant contests of the great Civil War. The entire battlefield was a wilderness of scrub oak and kindred growths, unbroken save by a few settlers' clearings, located at random upon a plain traversed only by irregular "woods roads," and by drainage ravines leading by winding courses into the two creeks bounding the field of operations on the north and south — these discharging into the Tennessee River behind the Union army.

The troops were for the most part new and untried, and the conditions of the ground made the transmission of orders difficult and uncertain. It was impossible for commanders of large bodies to obtain a comprehensive view of the field so as to perceive and provide intelligently for the varying exigencies of the battle as it progressed. They could only guess the swaying movements of the fight by sounds of musketry and by the chance reports of messengers, who could locate nothing by fixed monuments. Nor could the men in ranks, or even regimental officers, see beyond a limited distance; and the direction of enfilading or turning movements could be discovered only by the course of bullets among the trees or the tearing of the ground by solid shot or shell.

These things made the battle a supreme test of the quality of the individual units of the army rather than of any direct-

ing skill of its higher commanders. The bull-dog courage of individual groups of men, who hung on and fought "to a finish," or who, like Prentiss, sacrificed themselves where they stood because of no order to withdraw, delayed the general advance of the enemy, and thus saved the first day from overwhelming and complete disaster. It became a case of "night or Blucher"; and when, toward evening, the leading regiments of Buell's army arrived upon the field and interposed a fresh line of resistance, the Union troops had been driven from the field and huddled as a mass of disorganized fragments in a semi-circle of half a mile radius about the landing.

But the Confederates drew off flushed with the spirit of victory, and ceased fighting only to prepare for an expected certain and triumphant finish in the morning. Knowing that they had the Union forces hemmed in the semi-circle of their lines extending from river to river, every Confederate soldier fully believed that surrender or annihilation of the Union forces would be easy of accomplishment.

This was the spirit and purpose that animated the Confederate forces on Monday when they began to attack soon after daylight on that second day. To the forces of Buell, arriving during the night on transports from Savannah (on the river twenty miles below), and marching up the bank in the dim light of dawn to form a cordon around the fragments of Grant's army, the scene was dismal and discouraging in the extreme. Making our way through the thousands of men huddled on the bank, hearing at every step the doleful prognostications of defeat, the wooded plain above presented to us visible proof of the disastrous conflict of the day before in the dead and wounded who lay unattended, and the broken and discarded arms and equipments that strewed the ground. These were the sights and sounds that greeted us as we marched to our place in line of battle on the second day; and they fully justified the compliment paid us by our brigade com-

mander, General Lovell H. Rousseau, who says, in his official report of the battle, in substance: "Seldom have men gone into battle under such discouraging circumstances, and never have they borne themselves more gallantly."

In the personal reminiscences that follow I shall speak more particularly of the part taken by Rousseau's brigade of McCook's division.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE BATTLE.

I was personally present throughout that second day, as Adjutant of the First Battalion Sixteenth U. S. Infantry, which, with similar battalions of the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Infantry, and the First Ohio, Fifth Indiana, and Sixth Kentucky Volunteers, constituted Rousseau's brigade (Fourth) of McCook's division (Second) of the Army of the Ohio, commanded by General Buell.

My position as Adjutant gave me a somewhat wider range of observation than that of a line officer on duty with a company, and I retain some very distinct recollections of the battle, which I will briefly state in so far as they bear upon the movements of Rousseau's brigade; but I shall leave others to speak of the severity of the fighting, and leave to you to estimate the quality of the service the brigade rendered the Union cause.

Rousseau's brigade reached Pittsburg Landing during the night of the 6th of April, 1862, by steamers from Savannah, and disembarked just before day. On the level just back of the landing, in the dim light of the coming dawn, we deposited knapsacks and advanced in a southwesterly direction through the woods, passing through camps (probably Hurlbut's), where our dead lay unburied as they had fallen the day before. After a short halt we were advanced and deployed to the right and front at the hither edge of a broad and shallow depression, where a small brook coursed on to our right through a comparatively open forest without any visible clearing. Here we

were halted, muskets loaded, and in a short time, at a little after 6 o'clock, we heard firing toward our right rear, and almost immediately our own skirmishers were driven in, and we were engaged with a battle line of the enemy. Then followed a steady and vigorous "stand-up" musketry fight, which lasted the greater part of an hour, when the enemy drew off, but soon renewed the attack with greater vigor, only to be again repulsed.

This position was probably on Tilghman's Creek, shown on the map of the Shiloh Battlefield Commission, to which I shall refer; but the hour stated on the map as 8 o'clock is wrong, and should be 6 o'clock. By 8 o'clock we had been baptized with fire and blood. Here Captain Acker, of the Sixteenth, was killed, and a number of other officers and men were killed and wounded.

It is an old story, perhaps, to most of you — this first experience of actual battle; yet even now, dimly remembered through the intervening years, it seems to me the most horrifying experience that can possibly fall to the lot of man.

First came the startling report of a musket fired by one of our own skirmishers out in our front; then a crackling of responses from the woods beyond, but we could see only a little blue smoke rising above the undergrowth — for it was early spring and the green leaves were just beginning to appear — and hear the skipping of stray bullets through the branches with a whir of spent force. A stir went through the lines and faces grew pale, for we knew that the battle was sweeping toward us and that these shots were the first sprinkle of the coming storm. The quiet command of "Attention!" was obeyed ere it was uttered; but the climax of first impressions came with the order to "Load!" That order, like the jarring touch upon the chemist's glass, crystalized the wild turmoil of thoughts and focalized all upon the actual business of war. I can realize now how important a thing in war is the musket as

a steadying factor for overwrought nerves; and how that first order to "load!" brought the panicky thoughts of men back with a sudden shock to the realization that they were there upon equal terms with the enemy to do and not alone to suffer. I remember the "thud" of the muskets as they came down upon the ground almost as one — for our men had been well drilled — and the confused rattle of drawing ramrods, and their ring in the gun barrels as they rebounded in ramming the charges home. Every movement and every sound was an encouragement; and in the reaction of feeling the interchange of boastful speech almost ripened into cheers. But, meantime, the fire of skirmishers increased to an almost continuous rattle and grew closer, until — for all this was a matter of minutes only — our skirmishers could be seen coming in, firing as they came, and half carrying two or three wounded men. This, of course, again deepened the tension of nervous expectation, and faces took on a look of grim determination, as eyes peered forward to catch the first glimpse of the approaching enemy. As our skirmishers came into the lines, there went a hoarse whisper down the ranks, "There they are!" — and looking out through the woods I saw the flutter of battle flags and beneath them a surging line of butternut and gray moving rapidly across our front just beyond the shallow ravine, perhaps fifty or seventy-five yards away. In a moment, as it seemed, there burst forth a rattle of musketry that almost drowned the command of our officers to "fire at will!"

The first shock of battle is appalling. The rattle deepens into a roar as men get down to the work of loading and firing rapidly; but it is not alone the *noise* of firing that appeals. The vicious "whizz," and "zip" past the ears; the heavy "thud" of bullets that strike the tree-trunks with the force of sledge-hammer blows — all these make up a horrible din that has no parallel on earth. But with it all is the realization that this is but the accompaniment of a leaden blast of hell sweep-

ing into one's face as though it were a sort of fierce and deadly wind impossible to stand against; and the rain of leaves and twigs cut from the trees, and the occasional fall of larger branches, heightens this impression of a raging storm. After a little the smoke obscures everything and the battle goes on in an ever-increasing acrid fog that would make breathing impossible were it not for the frenzy of battle that seizes upon every other faculty, physical and mental, and makes one oblivious to all other surroundings.

Here and there a man drops his musket, throws up his hands and falls backward dead; or another lunges heavily forward on hands and knees mortally wounded; and no one who has seen it will ever forget that look of agony unspeakable on the faces of those stricken by sudden death in battle.

For what seemed an interminable time the angry buzz of bullets clipped by our ears and overhead; and I remember that, as I passed up and down the line assisting the commanding officer of the battalion in encouraging the men to take time in loading carefully and aiming low, a bullet struck a musket in the hands of a young Irishman of my own company, just as he was about to bring it to his shoulder, and the force of the impact shattered the stock and turned him partly about and almost threw him down. I saw the blood spurt from his arm, for he had in the excitement rolled up his sleeves to handle his piece the better. I sprang forward to assist him; but with a cry of rage he stripped off his sleeve, and, with the assistance of a comrade, bound up his wound, which proved to be not serious, and seized a dead comrade's musket beside him and went on with the fight.

But, after a time, the whir and hiss of the bullets slackened, and finally ceased; finally, skirmishers were ordered out to reconnoiter, while disposition was made of the dead and wounded. Soon, however, the skirmishers came hastily back and reported new and heavier lines advancing, and again we

saw the battle flags among the trees, nearer than before. This time, however, the fight opened with the thunder of field guns, whose missiles went shrieking overhead with a horrible sound that made the blood run cold. Then came the order to hug the ground and fire at will; and the fight went on as before except that, as we had advanced a few rods down the gentle declivity of the ravine, and the line of the enemy was at a relatively higher level, the majority of the bullets and the cannon shots passed above us and but few came dangerously close.

But the success of our first experience seemed to tell upon the ranks, and the coolness and deliberation of both men and officers were noticeable thenceforward; and soon the artillery discharges ceased, and after a time we knew, as before, by the lessening of the whiz of bullets, that the enemy had again yielded the ground in our front.

As I look back upon it, it seems astonishing how soon all the natural feelings of apprehension and fear give way to what has been aptly termed the "battle rage," which lifts a man up to a plane where the things of the body are forgotten. Amid the roar and din of musketry and the horrible swish and shriek of shells, the intellect seemed to be disembodied, and, while conscious of the danger of being hurled headlong into eternity at any moment, the pressure upon the brain seemed to deaden the physical senses — fear among them. Fear came later when the fight was over, just as in the waiting moments before it began; but throughout the day while the battle was on I remember having a singular feeling of curiosity about personal experiences. I seemed to be looking down upon my bodily self with a sense of impersonality and wondering why I was not afraid in the midst of all this horrible uproar and danger. I suppose this was the common experience of soldiers, for if it were not so, battles could not be fought.

After repulsing the second attack, at about 8 o'clock, we

moved forward slowly across the brook, with skirmishers advanced, fighting at intervals, for the enemy stubbornly contested the ground. On reaching a clearing (probably the Duncan field), in the line of our advance we were met by an opposing concentration of the enemy in great force at the far side of it, who attempted a desperate charge upon us. This was met by a steady fire and an unswerving line; and the fighting that ensued is described by Judge Force, in his account of the battle published in the "Campaigns of the Civil War" by the Scribners (p. 171), as a "desperate struggle" — and indeed it was! Guenther, with a section of Terrill's battery, arrived upon the scene, coming in upon our right, which was unprotected, at the crisis of this fight, and, as the enemy gave way at our front and ran together in a mass to pass through a gate or break in a fence at the rear, he directed his rapid discharges of canister to the same point. The effect upon the enemy was appalling and horrible beyond all description. Among our killed were Lieutenant Mitchell, a most gallant officer of the Sixteenth, and it was here also that Wykoff, then a captain of the Fifteenth, lost his eye.

I recall one striking incident of a personal character connected with this part of the battle. A sergeant of C Company, which I had commanded, was wounded in the shoulder and disabled, though not vitally hurt. A moment later, as the sergeant was making his way to the rear, I was knocked down by an exploding shell, whose fragments relieved me of one boot leg and left one leg of my pants in shreds, but fortunately left the leg intact, except for a wrench and a few bruises of no serious consequence. It so happened that my sergeant saw me fall, and, as he was among the first of the wounded taken to Cincinnati, he reported me as killed, to the great distress of my family at home. My brother, who came down a few days later, found me very much alive, though very ragged, very dirty, and very thankful that the shell that

took my boot leg took no more. I was thankful even for the limp that made me the subject of good-natured derision for some days as I performed my duties as adjutant on one leg.

We immediately followed in pursuit, after this last fight, capturing two field guns from the enemy, and continued the advance until we had repossessed General McClernand's headquarters of Sunday, beyond which we again met a determined resistance, but eventually drove the enemy back through a large open field into what has been termed the "water oaks thicket."

The enemy seemed to be massed in great force at and beyond this point to oppose our further progress, and a heavy line of battle occupied the woods beyond the clearing on the hither edge of which we were halted to replenish our exhausted ammunition.

Our advance, though slow, had been continuous, and resulted in projecting a sort of wedge into the enemy's lines, of which wedge we seemed to be the apex. It resulted, therefore, naturally and necessarily, that the enemy concentrated more and more in our immediate front to break the force that was gradually splitting them in two and endangering their communications in rear. Firing still continued toward the rear on both flanks, for we had considerably outstripped the general advance. Our men fixed bayonets and lay down under orders to hold the position, if attacked, at all hazards. The firing against us grew quite heavy, but no reply was made, although some were killed, among them Lieutenant Keyes, a splendid officer of the Sixteenth, with whom I was standing arm in arm at the time his summons came — for among the regulars it was not then considered "good form" for officers to take shelter.

I have before spoken of the impact of a minie bullet against a tree as like the blow of a sledge hammer. The Keyes incident gives a very realistic illustration. As I have men-

tioned in another paper, Lieutenant Keyes and I were standing arm in arm — my right interlocked with his left — in rear of his company. We were, as I recall, just exchanging sorrowful remarks over the death of a Sergeant Baker — a fine man — who received a bullet through the forehead just a moment before, while Keyes was exchanging words with him. Just then the sledge hammer struck one of us — for the moment I did not know which — and hurled us both to the ground backward. As I scrambled to a footing I saw Keyes' blanched face and the torn garment showing the passage of the bullet through the left shoulder joint, where a hasty examination showed that the bony structure of the vicinity had been shattered. He was taken to the rear and died the second day after.

Here, after a long wait, General Sherman came, and I saw him for the first time. I will let him tell you what next occurred. General Sherman is describing, in his official report of the battle, his own movements as he came up on our right, and is speaking of a battery that had reached him at the rear. He says:

> Under cover of their fire we advanced until we reached the point where the Corinth road crosses the line of McClernand camp, and here I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact columns of General Buell's Kentucky forces, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less disciplined men. Here I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water oaks and thicket, behind which I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style.

(The thicket described by General Sherman, I may remark, was just beyond the field on the edge of which we were lying and through which it was necessary to pass. The Thirty-second Indiana was regarded as the crack German regiment of our Western army.)

General Sherman continues:

> Then arose the severest musketry fire I ever heard, and lasted some twenty minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back.

(The Thirty-second, let me explain further, had passed around our left and formed in our front, in the open, in column of companies—"double column to the center," as the formation is described by its commander in his report. The absurdity of this formation seemed to strike even the rank and file, for it drew a direct and enfilading fire from the extended line of the enemy in front that reached even the rear companies and gave rise to the claim on their part that they had been fired upon by the troops in their own rear. This claim was and is, of course, ridiculous. The regulars were at that moment engaged in replenishing their cartridge boxes in the rear of Kirke's brigade, which had been in reserve and had taken our position temporarily for this purpose. The claim was made as an excuse for a most unmilitary blunder in placing a column formation in the open in the face of a battle line, and, as it naturally resulted in a complete rout of the regiment, some excuse was sought as a salve for wounded pride.)

General Sherman continues:

This green point of timber is about five hundred yards east of Shiloh meeting house, and it was evident here was to be the struggle. The enemy could be seen also forming his lines to the south. * * * This was about 2 p. m. The enemy had one battery close by Shiloh and another near the Hamburg road, both pouring grape and canister upon any column of troops that advanced upon the green point of water oaks. Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beautifully, deployed, and entered this dreaded wood. * * * This I afterward found to be Rousseau's brigade of McCook's division.

Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it; and at 4 p. m. we stood upon the ground of our original front line, and the enemy was in full retreat. * * *

I am ordered by General Grant to give personal credit where I think it is due, and censure where I think it merited. I concede that General McCook's splendid division from Kentucky drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great center of this field of battle, where Beauregard commanded in person, supported by Bragg's, Polk's, and Breckinridge's divisions.

General Sherman lived many years in the belief that he had fully and truly stated the facts in this matter, but we now know from a veracious history to which I shall refer, "compiled from the official records upon the authority of the Shiloh Battlefield Commission," that what Sherman supposed to be a concentration of the Confederate army under Beauregard, including many divisions under distinguished leaders, was only Colonel Looney, of the Shiloh Battlefield Commission, with his regiment "augmented by a few detachments" from others, "driving back the Union line to the Purdy road" and enabling the Confederate army to "leisurely" walk away unmolested without our even suspecting it!

At the time Sherman came to us, Willich, with his large regiment, was just going into the open field and our reserve brigade — Kirke's — was taking our position while we retired to the road to get a supply of ammunition which had come forward meantime; so that Sherman saw the advance and repulse of Willich, and the reforming, deploying and advance of Rousseau's brigade that so favorably attracted his attention as to merit official praise.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon we had pushed the enemy, still fighting, back to the vicinity of Shiloh Church. This, as afterward appeared, was Beauregard's headquarters, which he vacated about 2 o'clock from prudential motives, and, manifestly by an afterthought, sought to minimize the fact of his own defeat by making it appear that an order to withdraw his army had been given long before. As a matter of fact, we know now from the records that the only order given was an order to the extreme wings of his army to fall back to this very point as a concentration of his forces against the center of our army.

Rousseau's brigade continued its slow but relentless advance until we reached and passed the church itself, when the forces immediately in our front in the vicinity of the road

broke in disorder, leaving, however, a considerable body of the enemy on our right against whom the regular battalions right-wheeled and whom we pursued half way through the former camps of Sherman's troops lying parallel with the Shiloh branch, completing the rout of all the enemy's forces in sight. They fled in disorder, across the branch, and we were ordered to rejoin the brigade. At the final rout of the enemy at 4 o'clock p. m., we were astraddle of the camps of McDowell's brigade of Sherman's division, and this is what General Sherman refers to when he says in his report:

> At 4 p. m. we stood upon the ground of our original first line and the enemy were in full retreat.

In this final movement the troops of Sherman took no part, nor was the division of General Lew Wallace or that of McClernand in sight. And this is what General Sherman admits by his frank confession that:

> General McCook's splendid division drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great center of the field of battle.

This crisis of the battle really lasted from about noon, when we faced the point of water oaks, until 4 o'clock, when the enemy were routed and fleeing in confusion across Shiloh branch. If there was any rallying force at all on the other side of this branch, it made no demonstration, and certainly it was not a battle line of the enemy, as represented on the map of the commission. The only rear-guard-stand mentioned in the reports was at a point two miles further on, and a final stand by Breckinridge's division at Mickey's, still further toward Monterey.

A few of the Confederate authorities place their final "withdrawal" at 2 o'clock, and a few others at 3, but the overwhelming consensus of testimony of the reports places the final and complete rout of the enemy beyond Shiloh Church at and after 4 o'clock; and Sherman again in his report particularizes 4 p. m. as the close of the engagement (p. 254).

After the fighting was over, General Sherman came over to us in his camps of the day before, and, speaking to Major Carpenter (of the Nineteenth), complimented most highly the work of the brigade and particularly of the regular battalions.

It was about this time also that General Thomas J. Woods arrived at the front, at the head of a brigade of his division, and, as Major Lowe reminds me, demanded in no "Sunday-school language" to be allowed to go forward in pursuit of the enemy. But the darkness was approaching, and the impossibility of handling new troops in the dark in a wilderness of black jack was manifest, and the pursuit was given over for the night.

The map of the commission shows Woods' entire division in line with us and taking part at 2 p. m. in the great and final crisis of the day, in which the musketry fire was, as described by General Force, "more severe than any that occurred on the field in either of the two days of the battle." *Woods' division was not there.* One brigade came upon the field *just as the fighting was over, at about 4 o'clock*, and the other did not leave the landing until dark. General Force's statement, substantially to the same effect in his history of the battle (p. 177 in the Scribner's Series) is:

> Wood's division, arriving too late to take part in the battle, pushed to the front and engaged his skirmishers, with the light troops covering the retreat.

General Buell's report states the fact as I give it from my recollection.

TESTIMONY OF THE RECORDS.

A few brief extracts from the official reports will confirm what I have stated, and I desire your attention particularly to the time of beginning the fight on Monday, its stubborn character and the time and circumstances of its ending.

As these records have been entirely ignored by the Shiloh Battlefield Commission and its able historian, I cite the book

and page of the published official records — the extracts being from Series 1, Volume 10. The first reports are those of the Army of the Tennessee.

General McClernand (p. 113) describes the order to him to assume command of all "detached and fragmentary" corps in his vicinity on the morning of the 7th (Monday), and his sending the Twenty-ninth Illinois to his left near the landing "for the purpose of driving and keeping back fugitives." He details the various repulses of his troops in contests that he describes as the "severest conflicts that ensued during the two days," and in which his command was "succored by Rousseau's brigade, who were on his left front." He describes another instance of a similar character, and specifies the duration of the entire contest as from *7 a. m.* to *4 p. m.*, and says of it, that "so protracted, obstinate, and sanguinary a battle has rarely occurred."

General Grant (p. 108) states that an advance was ordered on Monday as soon as day dawned, resulting in a repulse at all parts of the line from *morning* until about *5 o'clock* in the afternoon, when it became evident that the enemy were retreating.

A review of the brigade and regimental reports of McClernand's division shows conclusively, that, on the second day, such of its fragments as retained organization acted as a reserve and in support of batteries, with a few instances of direct fighting, although they witnessed the fighting of McCook's division and were "succored" by them.

Colonel Marsh, commanding Second Brigade, First Division (p. 135), speaks of his division as being commanded by Colonel Tuttle, and of the firing beginning at *daylight* on Monday on a portion of Wallace's front on his right, and says: "*Directly afterward* firing commenced to our left and front, both artillery and musketry, supposed by me to be a portion of *General Buell's command*, who, I had been informed during the night, had taken position on our left and *considerably in advance*." This was Rousseau's brigade, who were at the right of McCook's division.

Colonel Tuttle, commanding Second Division (p. 149), describes his gathering "all of the division that could be found," and acting as a *reserve to Buell's forces throughout Monday*, together with such other detached regiments as "volunteered to join him."

Captain Hugonin (p. 158), commanding Twelfth Illinois, describes W. H. L. Wallace's division and his brigade (McArthur's) as having

been broken up and scattered on Sunday. On Monday he joined the fragments led by McClernand, on the left. He describes unimportant long-range firing from 9:30 to about 12:30, when he says General Buell's army was *mainly in their immediate front.*

He says:

We could do little else than watch those brave fellows, occasionally putting in a shot or two, but *always at long distance.* About 12:30 the battle was general and most furious, both armies as hotly engaged as it was possible to be. *We followed the first line, supporting them when they* needed support. We advanced in this manner about two hours, and until the enemy, beaten at all hands, were breaking and flying so fast that the engagement was narrowed to a front of not over a half a mile wide. We then moved more slowly. I remained on the field until the battle was all over. *At 6 o'clock in the evening* I withdrew from the field and returned to my camp.

This, as will be seen, definitely locates McClernand in rear of McCook at long range at and during the crisis from 12 o'clock onward; and fixes the actual close of the battle at not long before 6 o'clock in the evening.

General Buell (p. 291) describes the movements of Rousseau's brigade as causing a *widening of gaps at both flanks.* He also describes the *last stand of the enemy as in the woods beyond Sherman's camp.* He says that *one brigade of Wood's division arrived at the close of the fighting, and the other after dark.*

Nelson's advance, being on the Hamburg road (Eastern Corinth road), separated him from us by a deep and difficult ravine, and gradually threw him out of the fight, except as to cavalry and a few troops on the enemy's extreme right flank. He describes our fighting as beginning at *6 o'clock* in the morning and lasting until *evening.*

General McCook (p. 304) says that Rousseau's advance was continued to a point *beyond Sherman's camp of the day before.*

He describes the repeated attacks *beginning about 6:30 a. m.*, and the short advances of two or three hundred yards each time until we reached the McClernand camps (Wolf field), where the great concentration of the enemy took place. He also describes the giving way of McClernand's troops at our right and the putting in of Buckley's regiment (Sixth Kentucky) to protect our flank.

General Thomas L. Crittenden (p. 354): From this report (which is meager) it will be seen that he was exposed chiefly to artillery attacks, which shows that he did not advance so as to take part in the active

contest that fell upon McCook's troops, being occupied chiefly in supporting Nelson on his left. His descriptions are too indefinite for location. However, he speaks of being in line at *5 a. m., with McCook coming in on his right soon after.*

Colonel Pond (p. 516): By following the movements and contests of Pond's brigade, which was opposed to Lew Wallace, on the extreme right of our army, it will be seen that Wallace's chief part in the battle was a long-range artillery duel, with a skirmishing contact with cavalry at about noon.

General Lew Wallace (p. 169) describes his fight as beginning with artillery soon after daybreak, and as continuing at intervals of halting, with his artillery against cavalry. He describes the forward movement of a "handsome line of battle" (Rousseau's brigade) on his left, and of his emulating it by advancing two brigades, and thus coming once into contact with the enemy about noon. He then describes picturesquely the wind-up as a "terrific contest." "From the time the wood was entered, forward was the only word of order. Step by step, from tree to tree, position to position, the rebel lines went back, never stopping again. Infantry, horse and artillery — all went back. The firing was grand and terrible. Before us" (us, here, means General Wallace's division of three brigades of eleven regiments, together with two battalions of artillery, and two battalions of cavalry)—"before us was the *Crescent Regiment,* of New Orleans. Shelling us on the right was the Washington Artillery, of Manassas renown. To and fro, in my front, rode General Beauregard, inciting his troops and fighting for his faded prestige of invincibility. The desperation of the struggle may easily be imagined. While this was in progress, along the lines to the left"—(this concession to the line on the left (Rousseau) is generous)—"the contest was raging with equal obstinacy. * * * About *4 o'clock* the enemy in my front broke into a rout and ran through the *camps occupied by General Sherman* on Sunday morning." (He does not say *how far* in his front.)

General Wallace then proceeds to say that he followed after the enemy, caused them to burn and destroy their own camp two miles beyond, and that he pursued them until after midnight.

It is sad and significant that General Grant should have sent on Wallace's report weighted down with a most hard-hearted indorsement touching upon the non-arrival of Wallace upon the first day, and adding:

This report, in some other particulars, I do not fully indorse. U. S. Grant, Major-General. (Records, Vol. X, series 1, p. 174.)

The gallant part performed by Wallace's division entirely escaped the notice of General Sherman, also; unless, indeed, he knew of the extravagant claims made by Wallace, and intended, by his manly action in "giving credit where credit was due," to signify his disapproval also.

As a matter of fact, Wallace had advanced slowly along the border of Owl Creek, protecting our extreme right flank against Pond's brigade and the enemy's cavalry. His fighting was chiefly an artillery duel. When, at and after 12 o'clock, from the point of water oaks at the crossing of the Corinth road and Purdy road, our advance lay more to the southward, *Wallace's course diverged from ours to such an extent that his left flank was exposed to attack from the extreme flank of the enemy, overlapping our front, and had to be protected by throwing back the Eleventh Indiana.* But this divergence threw him relatively to the rear at the critical period of the battle from 2 to 4 o'clock.

General Hurlbut had but a fragment of one brigade with him, and he acted as a reserve to McClernand's fragmentary force, in our rear (p. 203).

"HISTORY" BY THE SHILOH BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION.

In the year 1901, I addressed a letter to the Shiloh Battlefield Commission, at the invitation of its chairman, stating the substance of the personal recollections herein given, with a view to the correction of some very serious errors in its official blue print maps. In this letter I referred to between thirty and forty official reports of field organizations engaged in the battle, all showing that the errors complained of existed; but from that day to this no notice whatever has been taken of the letter.

I had then not the slightest idea that the commission

intended to constitute itself the official historian of the battle of Shiloh — for certainly the law of its appointment contemplates no such thing. But, during the year 1903, there appeared from the press of the Government Printing Office, Washington, an innocent-looking work bearing on its title page the following:

> Shiloh National Park Commission. The Battle of Shiloh, and the Organizations Engaged. Compiled from the Official Records by Major D. W. Reed, Historian and Secretary, under the Authority of the Commission, 1902. Washington, Government Printing Office, 1903.

There follows, on a subsequent page, a preface addressed by the Chairman of the Commission —

> "To Shiloh Soldiers"— in which, referring to the intent of the statute establishing the Shiloh National Military Park to perpetuate the history of the battle on the ground where it was fought, he expresses the desire of the Commission that "this history" (meaning this publication) "shall be complete, impartial, and correct," etc. He then states that, "to insure this accuracy, *all reports have been carefully studied and compared. The records at Washington have been thoroughly searched, and many who participated in the battle have been interviewed.* * * * It is, therefore, desired that the statements of the book be earnestly studied by every survivor of Shiloh, and any errors or omissions be reported to the Commission, with a view to the publication of a revised edition of the report."

This so-called official "history" of the battle contains in permanent form the same erroneous maps put forth as blue prints in 1901. The history proper devotes about sixteen pages to a description of the first day's operations of the Army of the Tennessee, and one page to those of the second day covering the participation of the Army of the Ohio. Short as is the latter portion of the history, we learn that the weight of numbers really decided the issue before the fight began; and, while Beauregard made a show of resistance for a while, along about dinner time he sent Colonel Looney (of the Shiloh Battlefield Commission) with his regiment "augmented by detachments from other regiments," who charged and "drove

of Willich's single regiment by an overwhelming musketry fire, as detailed by General Sherman, and without any "charge" of the enemy whatever. Such instances of the growing power of "historic fact" — if not watched — are not rare. But what is to be thought of the action of a body of men clothed with a semi-official relation to a great battle deliberately putting forth so ridiculous a statement to enable one of their own number to pose as a historic figure, while another gives versimilitude to the performance by a signed assurance that all this is real "history," carefully ascertained and proved by the official records of the Government?

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE IN THE REAR AT STONE'S RIVER, TENNESSEE.

WITH TWO MAPS.

By Brevet Brigadier-General Gates P. Thruston,
U. S. Volunteers.

The main features of the deadly and dramatic struggle between the Union and Confederate forces on the battlefield of Stone's River, Tennessee, are well known, but the story of the battles of the cavalry, the conflicts, captures and confusion in the rear of Rosecrans' army on Wednesday, December 31, 1862, the day of the main engagement, has never been told in its fullness and details. The firing line at the rear was at times as dangerous as at the front. For hours General Rosecrans' gallant army, while repelling the attacks of General Bragg's infantry and artillery along its entire front, had to meet the assaults of over four thousand Confederate cavalry under able leaders, attacking its rear; the two Confederate lines of attack, front and rear, not being more than a mile or a mile and a half apart. For a time the Confederate cavalry encircled the entire rear of the Union army from flank to flank.

Stone's River is a fascinating war story. Its victory came soon after our practical failure at Perryville, and when uncertainty and disappointment marked the movements of the Union armies. It gave the Government a breath of relief and filled the anxious, throbbing heart of the Nation with a new hope. The strategy of the campaign and the tactical movements on the battlefield will always be of interest to the student of military affairs. No greater relative losses were sustained in the few greater battles of the Civil War, neither were the

courage and endurance of the American soldier more severely tested at Shiloh, Gettysburg or Chickamauga.

The battle in the rear was a series of tumultuous cavalry fights, of charges and counter charges, at times fierce and furious, of captures and recaptures, of hand-to-hand personal combats, continuing through the day, yet the tremendous conflict of the infantry and artillery at the front almost completely overshadowed it, and has minimized its historical importance. The report of the engagements in the rear on Wednesday, made by General Stanley, our able Union cavalry commander, consists of but twenty-two lines in the official record. Those of most of his subordinate officers are almost as brief, and the Confederate reports, though more extended and satisfactory, give but a meager and disconnected history of these thrilling events.

Some personal recollections of the contests and incidents on the firing line at the rear, and of my experience as ordnance officer in charge of the ammunition trains of the right wing of the army, on the day of the great battle, may still be of interest. To better understand the situation a brief review of the positions and movements of the two armies at the front will be necessary.

The strategy of the campaign is easily explained. Bragg had the tremendous advantage of selecting his own position, in a country admirably suited for defense. Nature and engineering genius had made his front almost impregnable. Excellent local roads radiated from his headquarters to both flanks of his army. There, secure and confident, behind entrenchments, with his center masked by a dense cedar thicket, he silently awaited Rosecrans' advance. On Tuesday the Union army forged its way down toward the enemy, through open fields and streams, rocks and cedar thickets, Bragg's cavalry and a brigade or two of infantry resisting, and noting each movement. General McCook, commanding the right

wing, had more than a skirmish line battle on his front, and it was nightfall, indeed darkness came, before his lines on the extreme right were finally established.

Rosecrans' general position on the battlefield was, in fact, practically selected by General Bragg and his engineers. On Tuesday night they knew the exact position of every division on our army front. On that difficult and unknown field, with a frontage of about three miles, it was almost impossible, within the short hours of a winter evening, to establish an army line that would safely stand the test of attack; neither did we know with absolute certainty whether Bragg's army was on the eve of retreat or was silently crouching in the shadows of the forest in our immediate front. Rosecrans' weary soldiers, conscious of the dangers of the morrow, slept upon their arms. Too well they learned at the early dawn that Bragg's whole army was in battle array behind intrenchments but a few hundred yards away. I examined the Confederate lines on Monday, after Bragg's retreat, and was surprised at the completeness of his defenses.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Rosecrans and Bragg had determined upon the same plan of attack. Both had massed their reserve divisions on the left flank, to begin the attack at daylight. Unhappily for the Federals, Bragg being in position, fully prepared, and knowing every foot of the field, was able to execute his movement earlier than Rosecrans. General McCook had instructions from Rosecrans on Tuesday evening to select a strong position, refuse his right, and if attacked to strenuously hold his position or retire fighting stubbornly, while Rosecrans was to attack Bragg's right at daylight with his main force. I was present with General McCook at General Rosecrans' headquarters about midnight when these instructions for the morning were repeated. McCook's corps occupied more than half our entire army front. He had endeavored to loyally execute General Rose-

crans' instructions. Johnson's division on his right was refused, and Baldwin's fine brigade was placed in his rear as a reserve. McCook repeated Rosecrans' instructions to his division commanders in a stirring order that night. In the light of the next morning's battle we discovered that Johnson's division held too advanced a position for safety, but human foresight could not have anticipated the insecurity of this line in the darkening hours of Tuesday evening, neither is it clear that if Johnson's position had been less advanced it would have materially changed the fortunes of the day. Had his division been still more refused and offered as little resistance to Hardee's attack as it did in his advanced position, Hardee might have pushed his command directly into the rear of the Union center and more seriously compromised the safety of the Union army.

The story of the disaster on our right may be told in a single paragraph. Hardee, with his two divisions, attacked Johnson's division about half-past 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning, whereas Rosecrans' brigades did not cross the river to attack Bragg's right until 8 o'clock. The Confederates thus had an hour and a half the start, time enough and more to win or lose a great battle. General Rosecrans' force of all arms consisted of 43,400 men, according to the detailed official reports. General Bragg had an army of 37,712 men, as stated in the report of Colonel Brent, his Adjutant-General. Colonel Brent also states that Bragg had 4,237 cavalry, Rosecrans had 3,200.

Bragg's well selected position, his defenses and knowledge of the field and his superiority in cavalry about equalized the two forces.

I was an eye witness of General Hardee's brilliant and irresistible assault upon our extreme right wing, at early dawn on Wednesday morning. Hearing the rapid musketry firing on the right, I hastened from General McCook's headquarters to

the front, taking with me two wagon loads of ammunition. On reaching the open and somewhat elevated field in rear of Johnson's position, I first saw in plain view Hardee's overwhelming force of two divisions extending beyond our right, sweeping over Johnson's two light and unprepared brigades. It was an appalling sight I shall never forget, a noble and thrilling spectacle indeed that a soldier might see once in a lifetime of military service, but it filled my heart with dismay.

Hardee, in his official report, states that he attacked our right with a flanking force of 10,045 infantry and artillery, and Wharton's command of 2,000 cavalry. General Johnson had about half that number (6,250) in his three brigades, only two of them on the front line. Hardee's two strong divisions of seven brigades suddenly emerged from behind the curtain of trees and assaulted Johnson's troops almost at right angles. Willich's brigade, on the extreme right, was able to offer little or no resistance. The story of its disaster is not a creditable one. At the moment of attack Johnson was absent from his division, Willich was away from his brigade. There was no unity of action — no one to command. Kirk, on Willich's left, made a better fight. Baldwin's fine brigade in reserve rushed to the rescue, but it was too light to stay the tide. Soon Wharton's Confederate cavalry appeared upon the scene and charged upon our broken regiments' stragglers and trains and all hope of resistance upon our extreme right was lost. At the sound of Hardee's guns Bragg's army left its intrenchments and assaulted our entire front.

Rosecrans' reserves were unfortunately far away, two miles or more to the left, but McCook still had two division commanders with a fighting record, Phil Sheridan and Jeff C. Davis. Negley joined Sheridan on the left. They all fought, front and rear, and made heroic resistance. Wood and Palmer on our extreme left held their ground against all assaults. The losses on both sides were fearful. Two Union brigades on our

left had crossed Stone's River to attack Bragg's right, in pursuance of Rosecrans' plan, when the nearing sound of musketry and artillery and other appalling evidences of the disaster on our right arrested his attention. It is not necessary to repeat the story of his rapid change of plans. His spirit rose with the emergency, and he became the inspiring genius of the army.

When the death of our noble General Sill was reported to him, "Never mind," he said, "brave men must die in battle; we must seek results." When his lamented chief of staff, Colonel Garesché, was beheaded by a cannon ball at his side, though thrilled with the shock, his courage was undaunted. He hastened away to the pivot of danger on the right with Rousseau, Van Cleve, and their reserves. McCook, always a fearless soldier, was there in command, rallying and directing his troops. Dear old "Pap Thomas," the "Rock of Chickamauga," sturdily held and reformed the center of the line, as he later held back Bragg's forces on Snodgrass Hill. The new Union line of the center and right finally successfully resisted all attacks. The Confederates were not only checked, but beaten back along our entire front, and the disaster of the morning was changed into — almost a victory.

But to return to my subject and to the firing line in the rear. As I sat on my horse in the gray dawn of Wednesday morning, in the open field behind Johnson's division, and saw it melting away before Hardee's yelling Confederates, I realized at once the critical position of our army. As aide to General McCook, assigned to duty as ordnance officer of the right wing, I had charge of some seventy-six or seventy-seven heavily-laden ammunition wagons, as I remember, each drawn by four horses or mules. General McCook had the largest corps in the army, and his ammunition trains were relatively large. But a single infantry company of about seventy-five men and two mounted orderlies had been assigned to me as

train guards. I was proud of this new command, but these ordnance treasures carried with them grave responsibilities. I hastened back to my train, located near corps headquarters. Danger already threatened, and it was soon prepared for movement. General McCook was at the front. Everybody was stirring. I had no special orders, and just what to do was something of a problem. I decided to direct my train toward the center of the infantry line, keeping well to the front. At the very start a detachment of Confederate cavalry charged wildly upon the train, attacking and endeavoring to stampede our teamsters and animals, but with the aid of the plucky train guards and some help from Captain Pease, of General Davis' staff, we repulsed the attack and moved on. It was a toilsome struggle to guide and push our unwieldy trains through byways, ravines, and fences, and to cut our way through cedar thickets. We soon reached a series of open fields, where new dangers confronted us, but we managed to move on and on until we found ourselves in the midst of a veritable battlefield, stormy with conflicts and tumult.

On the eve of the great engagement General Bragg had given written orders to his cavalry as follows: "That Wheeler and Wharton, with their whole commands (4,237 men), will make a night march to the right and left, turn the enemy's flanks, gain his rear, vigorously assail his trains and rear guard, blocking his roads and impeding his movements in every way, and holding themselves ready to assail his retreating forces." It is needless to state that these officers must have fully obeyed their orders.

There they were, in full force in the open fields in rear, Joe Wheeler, Wharton, Abe Buford, and John Pegram, all famous cavalry leaders, with their troopers. The present able United States Senator from Alabama, Colonel John T. Morgan, was there, commanding the Fifty-first Alabama. Colonel Baxter Smith, Colonel James C. Malone, Major Holman, distinguished

officers, with whom I have since been associated in Tennessee, were there with their commands. General Buford had his brigade of Kentuckians. Nearly every State in the Confederacy was represented in the twenty-four cavalry regiments and detachments on or near that field. Some of their officers had been reared upon that very battleground, and were familiar with every road and byway in the country, while the whole field was a *terra incognita* to us. We did not even know the correct name of the river upon which the battle was fought. Rosecrans' cavalry was also there in rear that day. General Stanley was in command, with Colonel Kennett, Colonel Minty, and Colonel Zahm as brigade or regimental commanders. They were assigned to duty to defend the trains and rear of our army. They had not yet been formed into a division organization. Some of the regiments fought independently. One brigade consisted of new recruits, who had never been in action. As stated, the Confederate cavalry force outnumbered Rosecrans' cavalry by more than a thousand men, and Wheeler and Wharton were thus able to assume the aggressive from the start, while Stanley and his forces had to defend a thousand wagons, baggage, supplies, beef cattle, and all the indescribable and disorganized camp equipment that gathers in the rear of an army in action. Stanley's forces were necessarily separated, defending our scattered trains, while the Confederates were free and untrammeled in their operations. We could never meet their attacks with an equal force. General Stanley, engaged with Wheeler on our left, never even learned of the disaster on our right until more than two hours after it occurred.

When Johnson's division was shattered by Hardee's assaults, the stragglers, as usual, rushed to the immediate rear, instead of to our center; stray sections of artillery, squads of infantry, wagons, ambulances, thronged the woods and fields on our right and rear, only to be swept down upon and cap-

tured by Wharton's cavalry. Some of the infantry and artillery of Johnson's division drifted back as far as Overall's Creek, where they were halted by the Ninth Michigan Infantry on its way to the front. McCook's baggage train, starting for the rear, was soon in the hands of the enemy; our supply trains shared the same fate. General Joe Wheeler's command appeared in rear of our left flank on the Murfreesboro pike, and all soon became excitement and confusion there. Wharton, after a succession of captures, charged over the fields in rear far down toward our infantry lines, sweeping everything before him. By Rosecrans' orders, Stanley's cavalry hastened to the rescue. There was a succession of conflicts over a wide field, with varying fortunes. The whole area in rear between our right and left was a scene of strife and confusion that beggars description. Stragglers from the front, teamsters, couriers, negro servants, hospital attendants, ambulances, added to the turmoil. Wounded and riderless horses and cattle, wild with fright, rushed frantically over the field.

While in the open ground, moving our ammunition train rapidly to the left, it was discovered by the enemy. In my anxiety for its safety, I had already reported the importance of the train to every cavalry officer within reach, and appealed for protection. Colonel Zahm, of the Second Ohio Cavalry, as he states in his report (pages 636, 637, official record), promised me all possible help, and promptly formed his regiment in line for that purpose. Major Pugh, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, at my request also placed his regiment on our flank, facing the enemy (see pages 644, 645). The First Ohio, the Second East Tennessee, and a battalion of the Third Ohio Cavalry were near at hand.

Alas, when the crisis came, a few moments later, they were not in position to successfully withstand the shock. They were unprepared, and not in brigade line. Wharton's Confederates unexpectedly appeared in great force. His artillery opened fire

furiously upon the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, and threw the regiment into some confusion. Soon apparently his entire command charged down upon us like a tempest, his troopers yelling like a lot of devils. They first struck the Fourth Ohio, which could make but little resistance. Colonel Minor Millikin, the gallant commander of the First Ohio, led a portion of his regiment in a most brilliant counter charge, but it had to retire with fearful losses. In the onslaught the dear, fearless colonel, my intimate college friend, engaged in single combat with a Texas ranger, and was slain.

There was no staying the Confederates. They outnumbered and outflanked us, and to tell the melancholy truth, our defending cavalry retired in confusion to the rear and left the ammunition train to its fate — high and dry in a cornfield. As may be imagined, our teamsters, the train guards and the ordnance officer (yes, I must admit it) were not left far behind in the general stampede. We fired one volley from behind the protection of our wagons, and then hunted cover in rear of a friendly fence and in the nearest thicket. Our teamsters outran the cavalry. Most of them never reappeared. The Confederates began to collect and lead away our teams and wagons, and our condition seemed desperate — indeed, hopeless.

Happily this appalling state of affairs did not last long. Some of our cavalry rallied, other Union detachments came to the rescue. Wharton had soon to look to his own flanks, and was kept too busy to carry off our train. The conflict fortunately shifted. Captain Elmer Otis, with six companies of the Fourth Regular Cavalry, attacked Wharton's command with great vigor and success. Soon two battalions of the Third Ohio Cavalry came up from the rear. I hastened to appeal to the commander to aid our train guard in saving the train, and he at once covered our front and held the enemy in check until our badly wrecked train, with its disabled wagons and scattered

animals, was reorganized and put in moving order. We repaired and patched up the breaks. Everybody — even officers and stragglers — helped, and nearly every wagon was finally recovered. The train guards and volunteers mounted the leaders, and we were soon moving toward the Murfreesboro pike and the left of our army at double-quick speed.

Our new friends and protectors proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas A. Murray and Major James W. Paramore, of the Third Ohio Cavalry, and nobly did they assist in guarding and defending our train — keeping their forces on our danger flank, and successfully repelling every attack.

The enemy, still bent on destroying our train, followed us like sleuth hounds. Pat Cleburne's artillery fired some hot shots at us from a hill on the main battlefield, and just as we reached the Murfreesboro pike General Wheeler's troopers charged furiously upon escort and train and captured several wagons, but with the aid of our infantry they were soon repulsed, and the wagons recaptured.

Thus ended for the day the campaign of the ammunition train. Our army front on the new right was finally established, and for the first time in many hours train guards and animals breathed freely and rested in safety. With thankful hearts we parked our long train in compact sections near the Nashville pike and the lower ford of Stone's River. We had worried through a perilous journey of nearly three miles, losing but few of our wagons, while nearly all the trains, supplies and baggage of the entire right wing had been captured or destroyed by the enemy's cavalry. The losses of Government property on that day were fearful. A million dollars would not cover them. We had hugged the infantry lines with our train and thus escaped many of the dangers of the rear.

On our way, and at a critical time, we had been able to supply General Phil Sheridan's retiring troops and others with

ammunition. We had saved the ordnance that was absolutely necessary to enable General Rosecrans to win the final victory on Friday.

The Count de Paris, in his excellent and graphic description of Wednesday's battle at Stone's River, states that "all the wagon trains of McCook's corps were either captured or dispersed," and "on the morning of January 1st Rosecrans had just enough cartridges left to repel an attack."*

The position of Rosecrans' army on Wednesday evening was indeed critical. Officers high in rank, as well as the men behind the guns, were anxious and restless. Some of them counselled retreat. Chaplain Van Horne, in his excellent "History of the Army of the Cumberland," states that "General Rosecrans' report indicates that he was first in doubt as to the propriety of remaining on the field." †

In his official report of the battle the General states that "after a careful examination and free consultation with corps commanders, it was determined to await the enemy's attack in that position, to send for the provision train, and order up fresh supplies of ammunition." ‡ These statements will enable us to realize how essential to the safety of the army was the ammunition train of the right wing.

The next morning whole brigades were without a ration of provisions. I sent my empty wagons in search of the nearest cornfield for supplies, and the hard grains of corn were parched and devoured by the soldiers with eager appetite. I was glad to have a share in this luxury.

As I have written these recollections partly with a view to preserving the record and incidents of the battle for my sons, I feel at liberty to relate a personal incident and to mention

* "Civil War in America," Vol. II, page 530.

† Van Horne's "Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I, page 246.

‡ War Records, page 194.

a piece of good luck that soon unexpectedly came to me. A soldier, especially a young soldier, does not often get full credit, or over credit, for merely doing his duty. Useful service, even daring service in the army, frequently goes without notice or reward, and is soon forgotten. As a captain in the First Ohio Infantry I had trudged afoot from Louisville to Shiloh, and back to Perryville, and back again to Nashville. I had marched over 2,000 miles. My company had been more than decimated in battle, and had been complimented in general orders, but I have to thank Stone's River and General Rosecrans for my first promotion.

Soon after my train was parked, General Rosecrans, with staff and escort, appeared on the main road not far away, and I happened to meet Captain Thompson, one of his aides, who congratulated me on my escape, remarking that he heard I was captured with my train. "No," I replied, "my ammunition train is safe." He said the General was greatly worried about the loss of that train, and hastened to inform him of its safety. In a short time General Rosecrans, with Captain Thompson and his military retinue, came trotting toward me, and the General called out to me, "Are you the officer who says McCook's ammunition train was saved?" "Yes, sir," I replied, with a salute. "How do you know it?" "I had charge of it, sir," I said. "Where is it?" he asked, and riding with him a few yards around a cedar thicket, I pointed to the train. It really looked fairly well, considering the wear and tear of the day. "How did you manage to get it away over here?" he said. "Well, General," I replied, "we did some sharp fighting, but a great deal more running." He seemed delighted, and asking me my name and rank, he slapped me on the shoulder and remarked in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "Captain, consider yourself a major from to-day." It was a promotion on the field in true Napoleonic style. And I may say the dear old General was as good as his word, and more. He mentioned

the saving of the train in his official report of the battle, and soon after we arrived at Murfreesboro, my commission as major and assistant adjutant-general came from Washington with an assignment to duty as senior aide de camp on the General's own staff.* There I had the pleasure of intimate companionship with him and his very interesting military family — with General Garfield, his Chief of Staff; Colonel James Barnett, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Hepburn, of Iowa; Colonel J. G. Parkhurst and others, all familiar names in our military or political history.

How little I then dreamed that I should become a citizen of Tennessee, and have a home within thirty miles of the historic field at Murfreesboro! I have occasionally visited the battle-grounds and ridden over the old army lines, endeavoring to

---

* "The ammunition train of the right wing, endangered by its sudden discomfiture, was taken charge of by Captain Thruston, of the First Ohio Regiment, ordnance officer, who, by his energy and gallantry, aided by a charge of cavalry and such troops as he could pick up, carried it through the woods to the Murfreesboro pike, around to the rear of the left wing, thus enabling the troops of Sheridan's division to replenish their empty cartridge boxes." Rosecrans' Report, War Records, page 193.

[By telegram.]

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., Feb. 13, 1863.

To Brigadier-General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. A., Washington, D. C.:

Please have Captain G. P. Thruston, First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, appointed my senior aide de camp, with the rank of Major. His gallantry saved the ammunition train of the right wing at the battle of Stone's River.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

Official: HENRY STONE, *A. A. A. G.*

From "official list of special mention." "Captain Gates P. Thruston, First Ohio, specially mentioned by General McCook and others for particular acts of gallantry, skill, and good conduct. He is mentioned by Generals Negley, Johnson, Davis, Sheridan, and Carlin." Rosecrans' Campaign, W. D. Bickham, page 341.

retrace them, but after forty odd years I find I need a local guide and the official reports and maps to refresh my memory. My last visit was in the month of May. The beauty of the blooming fields contrasted strangely with their appearance on the bleak December day of the battle. The rolling plateau is now highly cultivated. Wild roses and wild grape vines lined the fences and filled the air with perfume. Larkspurs and primroses were in bloom, and singing birds made one all-forgetful of the past. I trust the rough plowshare of war will never again desolate these happy fields.

Strange to relate, a Union soldier, Captain Hall, of the Ninety-ninth Ohio Infantry, who fought gallantly at Stone's River, resides upon the battlefield and owns and cultivates the farm embracing part of the ground over which McCook's troops fought on Wednesday. The beautiful and kindly cared for National Cemetery on the field and by the roadside, with its imposing gateway, grassy slopes and innumerable white headstones, tells the stranger as he passes by how deadly was the conflict and how many noble lives were lost in patriotic sacrifice to save the Union.

The handsome monument of Hazen's brigade stands upon the commanding site held by his gallant soldiers from morn till night through all the storms of attack.

Within the past month a new landmark and monument has been erected upon the battlefield by the Nashville & Chattanooga Railway Company. Its line passes through almost the center of the field, and an imposing shaft thirty-four feet high, supported by a base fourteen feet square, commemorates the most dramatic and deadly struggle of the three days' battle. It stands out in bold relief upon the high ground near McFadden's Ford and bears the following inscription upon its base, prepared by Colonel J. W. Thomas, the worthy president of the company:

"On January 2, 1863, at 3:00 o'clock p. m., there were

stationed on this hill fifty-eight cannon, commanding the field across the river, and as the Confederates advanced over the field the shot and shell from these guns resulted in the loss of eighteen hundred killed and wounded in less than an hour."

A brief description of this dreadful tragedy may be of interest. It was the final passage at arms between the contending forces, and led to the retreat of the Confederate army.*

After the half defeat, half victory of Wednesday, General Rosecrans and General Bragg seemed loath to renew the engagement. The Union army had not retired as Bragg expected, and on Friday he determined to attack the isolated division east of Stone's River, commanded by Colonel Beatty, General Van Cleve having been seriously wounded. This division occupied a somewhat elevated position not far from McFadden's Ford and threatened the Confederate right.

Gaining this eminence, Bragg expected to intrench his artillery there where he would be in position to enfilade our line across the river.

Colonel Beatty's force consisted of two brigades, Price's and Fiffe's, with Grider's supporting brigade in rear. General Breckenridge, with four brigades, held the right of Bragg's line and was already in position, east of Stone's River. He was ordered to advance and attack Beatty's position at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. His division was hidden from view by a thicket and forest, but open fields some 650 yards in width lay in the pathway of his advance.

At the sound of the signal gun Breckenridge moved forward, his front covered by a swarm of skirmishers, his force consisting of about 5,000 infantry and artillery. Hanson's and Pillow's brigades formed the front line. Preston and Adams followed in rear. General Polk's artillery, west of the river,

* After seeing the monument, I concluded to add a brief account of this engagement, though it was a feature not included in the caption of my paper.

showered shot and shell on the Union left to prepare the way for Breckenridge's attack. As the Confederate division, with colors flying and bayonets gleaming, emerged from the covering of trees into the open fields it presented a rare and brilliant spectacle. When it approached Beatty's position it was massed in almost solid formation, with a front of two regiments, six lines or more deep. Beatty's single battery on his right front opened vigorously on the advancing Confederates, and Swallow's Union battery on the hill west of the river plowed deeply into their ranks, but the gaps were filled up and they pressed on. Beatty's men were ready for them. Holding their fire until the enemy was within almost a hundred yards, they delivered a deadly volley that decimated Breckenridge's front line. They fought and resisted most gallantly, but the compact Confederate column of attack veering to the left was massed against the single line of Price's brigade, on Beatty's right, and charged with a momentum that soon swept the thin Union line into a rout, and its supporting brigade in rear into confusion. Colonel Fiffe's brigade on Price's left, fearing it would be cut off, after a brave but brief resistance, fell back toward the lower ford of Stone's River. Nothing seemed to stay the onslaught of the Confederates. Passing the hill, they pressed on almost to the bank of the river.

With undaunted courage they had swept over all opposition. They had captured four hundred prisoners and a Union flag. They deserved a victory, but unhappily they had attempted the impossible. Flushed with success, they had rushed on and on into the very jaws of death. As Tennyson sang of Balaklava, surely "some one had blundered." A single division of 5,000 gallant Confederates was pushed to the front without any support whatever until it was suddenly confronted with the roaring artillery and bristling bayonets of an army corps in its immediate presence.

When Breckenridge's division first appeared in the open

fields east of the river, it soon attracted the attention of General Crittenden and of Colonel Mendenhall, his chief of artillery, one of the ablest officers in Rosecrans' army. He at once grasped the situation. Swallow's Indiana battery had already sounded the alarm, and Colonel Mendenhall in a surprisingly brief interval posted nearly every battery of artillery of the left and center of the Union army on that commanding hill. General Rosecrans soon appeared upon the scene and encouraged the artillery men to supreme effort. The concentrated fire of these fifty-eight guns was terrific in its execution. They played sad havoc in the enemy's ranks. As the Confederates neared the river Colonel Miller, of Negley's division, charged with his brigade across the ford and attacked them in front. Hazen's and Brider's brigade attacked their right flank. Davis' division hastened across the river. The startled Confederates soon realized their position. Their column wavered, recoiled, and the retreat began, a retreat more disastrous than the losses of the advance. The storm of shot and shell still fell upon their decreasing ranks. General Hanson was killed and General Adams wounded. Three guns and the flag of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee were captured, and, as the inscription on the monument states, eighteen hundred gallant soldiers of the South lay dead and wounded on that fatal field.

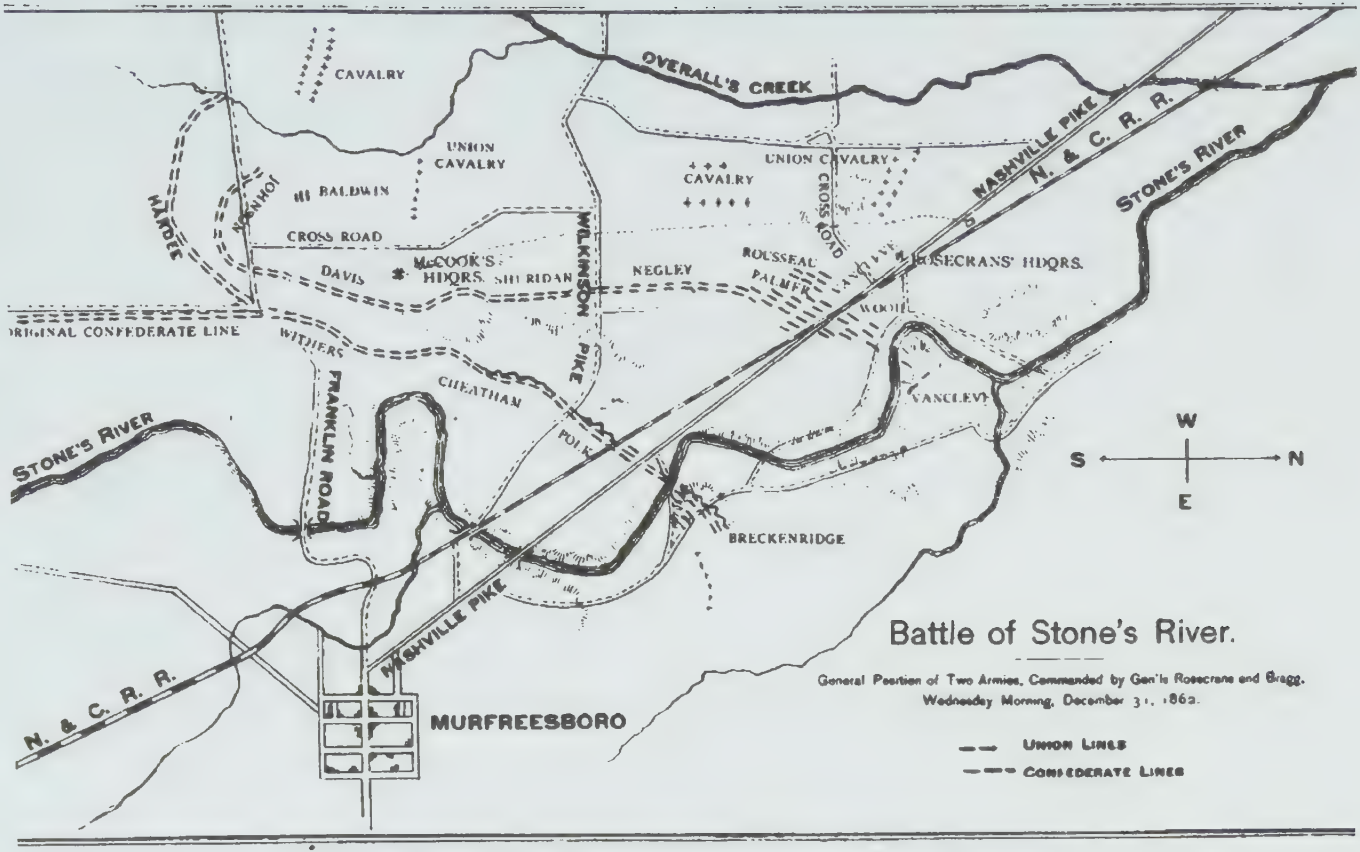
It was a pathetic ending of a brilliant advance. It recalls the fate of the immortal six hundred at the battle of Balaklava, and of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg.

> The tattered standards of the South
> Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
> And all her hopes were desolate.

The next morning General Bragg prepared for his retreat.*

---

*On Friday afternoon, hearing the sudden and startling roar of artillery and musketry at the front, I hastened with a portion of my guard company to the lower ford of Stone's River, near by, to watch

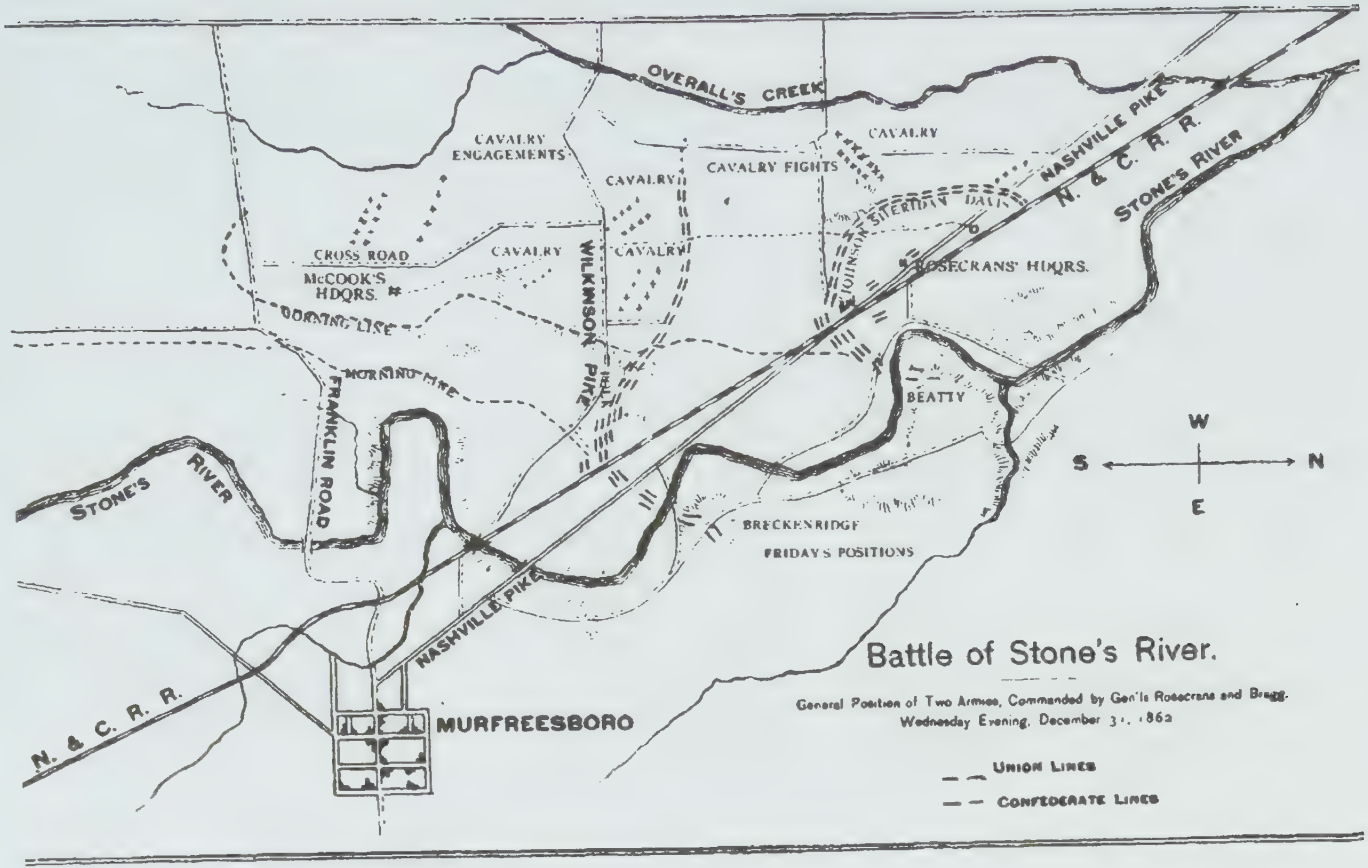


Battle of Stone's River.

General Position of Two Armies, Commanded by Gen'ls Rosecrans and Bragg. Wednesday Morning, December 31, 1862.

— — Union Lines

— — — Confederate Lines


OVERALL'S CREEK
CAVALRY ENGAGEMENTS
CAVALRY
CAVALRY FIGHTS
CAVALRY
NASHVILLE PIKE
N. & C. R. R.
STONE'S RIVER
CROSS ROAD
McCOOK'S HDQRS.
CAVALRY
CAVALRY
WILKINSON PIKE
JOHNSON'S
SHERIDAN'S DIV.
ROSECRANS' HDQRS.
BORING LINE
MORNING LINE
FRANKLIN ROAD
BEATTY
STONE'S RIVER
W
S
N
E
BRECKENRIDGE
FRIDAY'S POSITIONS
NASHVILLE PIKE
N. & C. R. R.
MURFREESBORO
Battle of Stone's River.
General Position of Two Armies, Commanded by Gen'ls Rosecrans and Bragg.
Wednesday Evening, December 31, 1862
UNION LINES
CONFEDERATE LINES

I never recall the battle of Stone's River that my thoughts do not naturally turn to its hero, our beloved commander, General Rosecrans. His remains now rest peacefully in the beautiful National Cemetery at Arlington, but they are unmarked and unhonored, save by a simple headboard of wood. How strange that this great Government he did so much to preserve has as yet failed to pay a just tribute to his memory by erecting there a noble and enduring monument in commemoration of his services.

At the instance of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland a bill is now before Congress calling for an appropriation of $10,000 for a suitable memorial. It is to be hoped that every surviving Union soldier will urge upon Congress the justice of this appropriation.

---

developments. The musketry firing drew nearer and nearer, when suddenly a thousand or more of Colonel Beatty's retreating troops rushed in confusion through the thin forest south of the river down to the ford and across it, but we barred the way at the landing, and no soldier or officer was allowed to pass our line. We formed and held this large force on the north bank of the river, expecting an attack and ready to defend the ford. A few whizzing bullets passed by us, but meantime the Confederates met their fate on the river above us, and never reached our position. Generals Davis, Carlin, and Negley congratulated me upon my success in so speedily raising an independent command.

THE SANDERS RAID INTO EAST TENNESSEE, JUNE, 1863.

By First Lieutenant Charles D. Mitchell,
Adjutant Seventh Ohio Cavalry.

Brief Biography of General W. P. Sanders.

(Cullen's Register.)

William P. Sanders was born in Kentucky in 1833. Was sent as a cadet from Mississippi to West Point in 1852, when nineteen years old. Graduated in 1856. Made Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Second U. S. Dragoons, and served on the frontier and San Diego, Cal., from 1857 to 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, same, in 1857. Promoted to First Lieutenant, same, May 10, 1861, and four days later to Captain, Sixth U. S. Cavalry. Served with the Army of the Potomac in the Peninsular Campaign in 1862, and was at the siege of Yorktown, battle of Williamsburg, Hanover Court House, etc. Early in 1863 he was transferred to the Army of Kentucky, and served on the staff of General Quincy A. Gilmore. It was during this period (March) that the battle of Dutton Hill, Ky., was fought, and in which he showed conspicuous bravery. In this same month he was promoted to Colonel of the Fifth Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry. In June, 1863, he organized and was placed in command of the so-called Sanders' Raid, and on return he at once crossed into Ohio in pursuit of Morgan's rebel raiders. Promoted to Brigadier-General October 18, 1863, and placed in command of a brigade of cavalry in the Twenty-third Army Corps, then with General Burnside in East Tennessee, where he served until his death at Knoxville on November 16, 1863, at the age of thirty years.

About June 1, 1863, General Ambrose E. Burnside was in command of the Army of the Ohio, with field headquarters at Hickman's Bridge, Ky. The heads of his columns were faced toward East Tennessee. General Burnside was called upon to assist General Grant at Vicksburg, and he promptly sent his Ninth Army Corps (about 8,000 men), under General Parks, which left him too weak for an aggressive movement across the Cumberlands. It was evident, however, to that part of his

command camped about Somerset, Ky., that something of more than usual moment was to be introduced "between the acts." Details were made from a number of regiments stationed there for "light riders and good horses, with selected officers." The story is best told by my journal kept at the time:

Wednesday, June 10, 1863.—We leave Camp Somerset at 11 a. m. with 140 men of our regiment (Seventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry), 200 of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Mounted Infantry, 100 of Wolford's Second Kentucky Cavalry, 150 of the Second Ohio Cavalry, and 130 of the Forty-fourth Ohio Infantry, mounted. All are picked men, well armed and horsed, commanded by Major Dow, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois. Our detachment is commanded by Captains Rankin and Warren and Lieutenant Ketterman, perhaps the best officers in the regiment for rough weather. We march away on the Mt. Vernon road with practically nothing save our carbines, clothes, a hundred rounds of ammunition, and a good deal of curiosity; for though camp rumors are rife, nothing has leaked out as to destination. A small wagon train accompanies us, and we do not reach Mt. Vernon until midnight — twenty-seven miles. A drizzling rain all day adds nothing to our comfort, and we lay ourselves down to sleep under some scrubby cedars, thankful for rubber blankets.

We have with us ever two camp followers — "Rumor" and "Report." Though "kinsfolk," they are entirely different in character.

Rumor is a vagabond, without parentage, coming from nowhere, but going everywhere. He is a companionable sort of fellow, for he is welcome at every camp-fire.

Report is at least shabbily respectable, and hangs around headquarters. He prides himself on giving out what he considers "official" information — this gives it color of truth, and even authority. His news, too, is "second-hand," which

relieves him of responsibility. He is at best an aristocratic tattler, but we draw a distinction between "it is rumored" and "it is reported."

June 13th.—Time drags heavily in this uninhabited country, but we have marching orders for 6 a. m. to-morrow. I say in my home letter: "This is Camp Desolation. We can not see the sky without looking straight up, and I think there is no human habitation in this region. I believe we are going over into East Tennessee through Cumberland Gap, but this is guess. We are sure of hard riding, anyway. Colonel W. P. Sanders, a brave, dashing officer who was with us at Dutton Hill, is in command of this expedition."

June 14th.—Are joined by the First Tennessee Mounted Infantry, commanded by Colonel Byrd, and a section (two pieces) of the First Ohio Light Artillery, Lieutenant Lloyd commanding. We march on the London road. The pack-mules — raw recruits — furnish everybody amusement in their efforts to rid themselves of their burdens.

Pass "Wild Cat" — sure enough wild — where the Twenty-fourth Kentucky Infantry is camped. The country is rough and tenantless. Camp five miles beyond London in a dense, dripping pine woods, for it is raining hard. Have made twenty-five miles.

June 15th.—Get an early start and travel toward Williamsburg, on the Cumberland River. Day hot; water scarce, and men and horses suffer. Camp early, three miles before reaching Williamsburg, and are joined by the Forty-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry and a battalion of the Ninth Cavalry. Find some old friends and pass a pleasant evening.

June 16th.—Draw ten days' rations and five days' forage to carry on our horses, and send back the wagon train. On the road at 10 a. m., and ford the Cumberland. Here we take a southwesterly course on the Marsh Creek road, in rear of the rebels at Monticello, while the Forty-fourth Ohio and Ninth

Ohio Cavalry leave us and go in the direction of Big Creek Gap, for a diversion. The road is poor and the country barren. A hard march and camp at dark on a sluggish stream eight miles south of the Tennessee line, in Scott County.

June 17th.—An early start. Pass within three miles of Huntsville, the county seat, and ford New River — get a cool bath — and we are among the mountains in earnest. The road is only a trail through laurel and scrubby pine. March until 10 p. m., and, finding a small meadow of grass on Emory Creek, bivouac and graze our horses until 1 a. m.

(Note.—Most of this day's march and the next was along the line of the present Cincinnati Southern Railway, at that time an unthinkable route for a railway.)

June 18th.—As soon as our horses had finished grazing we are in the saddle, marching toward Montgomery and Wartburg (only one mile apart; the former the county seat of Morgan County), twelve miles ahead. At dawn the First Tennessee — our advance — captures a small force of rebels, about 125, which they surprise at Wartburg, without loss; also two wagon loads of ammunition, and some sick and wounded sent only the day before by General Pegram from Monticello; a large quantity of salt and intrenching tools, etc., are also taken. The boys are jubilant. While the prisoners are being paroled, we graze our horses in a meadow near by, but in an hour the order is "Forward!" and we take a road leading toward Kingston. We are three miles from the town at 5 p. m. Report says Scott's rebel brigade occupies and has fortified the place. After dark our guide, Sergeant Reynolds, of the First Tennessee, takes us a circuitous route by a "hog path" to "Waller's Ford," up the Clinch River — deep and dangerous — eight miles above Kingston. It is very dark, and in swimming over there is much confusion, many narrow escapes, and five men of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois are drowned. This night will be deeply impressed on me, as I barely escape

drowning. My horse founders on a submerged rock, rears and falls backward. In some accidental way as I fell under him, I caught his tail, and on righting he dragged me ashore; but for this my heavy accoutrements would have sunk me like lead. My only loss is my hat. We lose most of our rations.

Kingston is the home of Colonel Byrd, of the First Tennessee Regiment, and his men are mostly residents of this section. They took their lives in their hands when they stole away and traveled on foot, singly and in squads, through the mountains to Central Kentucky, where they could find food and protection at some Union army post, and where they could enlist. It is needless to say that such men have the best of material in them to make good soldiers, and that they are of great value to the Union cause. In this instance they are our guides, as they know every foot of the way, and are burning with desire to get home once more — again taking their lives in their hands to get back to their own. Though marching fast, as we are, I doubt not many a lonely cabin and farmhouse is visited to-night, and mothers, wives and sweethearts made glad. God be praised if they are!

June 19th.—After an all-night march, we are traveling rapidly, headed for Lenoir Station, on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railway. The people look at us in astonishment, but with such manifestations of Union sentiment as has perhaps not been witnessed since the war began. They shout for joy, and thank God for our coming. Three miles from Lenoir we come upon the camp of two rebel regiments and a battery, only vacated the night before. They are now behind us at Kingston. So successful and misleading was our detour that we find three splendid mounted field guns left behind. Of course, we disable them. Arrive at Lenoir about 8 a. m., and find only about seventy-five Johnnies, fifty-two of whom we capture and parole. The fine brick station is filled with shells, cartridges and munitions of war, and a cotton factory

is stored with bales of cotton. Demonstration must show that the enemy are too strong at Loudon to attempt the capture and destruction of the bridge across the Tennessee River, for the advance moves north toward Knoxville, twenty-two miles away. Our detachment is left to play incendiary. When the flames reach the shells I can only think of throwing stones through a hornets' nest; they seem to perforate the roof and sides of the building with like ease, while the sound is deafening. We hurry away to escape danger. Near the station is the beautiful farm of Dr. Lenoir, with fields of golden wheat, standing thick and high, just ready for the harvest. On this farm I pick up a fine mule and ride him to rest my horse. We follow the command up the railroad, destroying bridges and all that is contraband and combustible. Arrive within five miles of Knoxville, long before night, and loiter by the way as though preparing to attack. After dark we move up and pass through the west edge of the city, and go into camp on the north side about 2 a. m., without fires or food, but inside the rebel pickets. The enemy are busy all night forwarding troops from above by rail into Knoxville, and are shipping a vast amount of stores toward Richmond. We let them do this without "countersign" or halt, as it is now evident that our mission is to destroy the railway line of communications; therefore we prefer foes in our rear rather than in our front, as we move eastward. There is no doubt we could have taken the city to-day by assault, if that had been a part of the plan.

June 20th.—At daybreak we are drawn up in "line of fight," and move forward to a low hill nearer the city, and open fire with our two guns. Our detachment and the Forty-fourth Ohio supports them. The enemy respond with four pieces, and they have accurate range. The attack is but a feint, and we are soon ordered away. As I go along the line to tell the men to get back to their horses, I am knocked unconscious by the concussion of a shell which exploded just over my head.

We hurry away up the railroad, and are followed by only a few cavalry. The Johnnies no doubt think we are trying to draw them out into a trap. We hear them still shelling the woods when we are nine miles away.

Four miles above the city we burn a substantial railroad bridge, and slip bridles and feed our horses while it burns. At every turn we see the smoke curling up along the railway. At Flat Creek we burn another fine railroad bridge. The valley of the Holston is very beautiful. Shocks of wheat are standing thick in the fields, and dark-green corn is shoulder high, while beyond blue mountains are seen through a smoky haze. The people are mostly strong — and not milk-and-water — Union. Late in the afternoon we ford the Holston and attack Strawberry Plains, guarded by four hundred rebs, with five pieces of artillery, in strong stockades. The fight is short, but lively. Part of our detachment charges a hill and takes it. We plant our guns and soon dislodge them. They mount a train standing ready and "skee-daddle." We get, however, about 150 prisoners and their guns. The object of interest to us is the bridge spanning the Holston River, 1,600 feet long, and fine trestle work. It is dark when we fire it, along with some nearby buildings, and the spectacle is magnificent. The heavens glow as fire, and the river is a band of gold. We watch till sleep overcomes us, and lie down for our first night's rest in five.

(Note.—On our return to East Tennessee in September, under General Burnside, this bridge had not been rebuilt, and during the winter our engineers reconstructed it.)

June 21st.—Greatly refreshed, we are early in the saddle, moving toward Mossy Creek. Pass New Market station, alive with pretty girls who say they are for the Union, and that the rebs are watching the "bridge burners" from the mountain-tops, and swearing vengeance. Arrive at Mossy Creek at 9 a. m. Burn the station and a fine bridge. Get some prisoners,

tobacco, and a lot of Confederate money. At noon leave the railroad and head for Kentucky. It is a poor country, and after a twelve-mile ride rebels are reported in our front. Our advance develops them, and we find it is General Pegram, from Monticello, Ky., with two or three thousand men, well posted, to receive us. We move forward as if to attack, until we reach a cross road in plain view of them, and, turning to the left, go at break-neck speed in another direction. Ashby's cavalry is sent in pursuit, and the Second Ohio Volunteer Cavalry and our detachment have several sharp skirmishes with them before dark.

During the night we overtake a rebel wagon train and capture about thirty men, destroying the train, loaded mainly with flour. Later we have a trying ordeal. The Second Ohio is in advance of us, and some of their men fall asleep, and the column stops. We do not discover for some time what has happened, and are in dense woods on a mere path, in the dark, and the main column out of hearing. We grope about for two long hours, expecting our pursuers every moment, before the trail is found. We ride hard till break of day before we catch the main body.

June 22d.—We travel at all points of the compass — the way of least resistance. It is "any port in a storm." The ever-present enemy without is less relentless than the enemies within — hunger, thirst, and sleeplessness. Many horses give out, and the riders throw away everything in order to keep up. Some fall asleep and drop from their horses to the ground without waking, and cry as children cry when disturbed. The continuous march in the saddle has caused feet and ankles to swell, and many cut their boots from their feet, because they are too tight to be removed otherwise.

Our detachment is rear guard, and we have repeated skirmishes all day. Late in the afternoon we reach Powell River, and Captain Warren is left with thirty men to "hold the ford

one hour." Minutes seem hours. It is the longest sixty minutes in the calendar of my life. Some large boulders make natural defenses, but we see a long line of dust coming, and we know what it means. The dust halts to reconnoiter, and we wonder if there are other nearby fords. The suspense is fearful. We do a little sharp-shooting, and the hour hand of the watch is creeping forward. A courier comes with an order to "join the command as soon as possible." We draw a breath of relief and mount our horses for a four-mile gallop. Our jaded horses are much exhausted when we catch the column, and new danger confronts us. The two gaps in the mountain (Rogers' and Carpenter's) are strongly guarded by rebels, and there is a large force directly in our front between the two. The cavalry is ordered to hold the rear one hour, and we post ourselves on a rising piece of ground to await events. We hold our post the allotted time, and the rebels are reported between us and the command, but it is not true. Cutting loose our baggage and using our spurs, we hurry away after the advance. We do not slacken pace for six miles, and join the command drawn up in line of battle with a strong force of rebels directly in their front, at the foot of the mountain. Our advance is making feints as if to attack, and the artillery boys are spiking their guns and cutting the harness to bits — crying and swearing the while. The conviction is that we are bagged. Strange to say, our feints have the effect to make the enemy move away to the left to a better position, and the cry, rather than command, is "Forward!" There is a wild rush across a narrow valley, and we scramble up the sheer side of the mountain. Here many horses are abandoned, for there is not even a path, and the base is rugged and steep; but it is get up — or prison. The rebels do not grasp the idea at first that we can escape this way, but when they do, they rush after us like madmen. But *we* now have the position, and drive them back easily at each assault. Darkness soon comes, and

we toil up the mountain — an indescribable climb. The night is warm and the men suffer greatly from thirst. It is after midnight when we reach the top, and every man is searching for water. We straggle down to the foot of the mountain on the other side, and, finding some stagnant water, fall asleep in a confused mass, as it were, for not ten men of any command are together.

June 23d.—Waken cold and stiff. Small squads are marching on, seemingly without orders or officers, and it is noon before all that are not lost get under way. Cross Pine Mountain and arrive at Boston, Ky., only a cluster of small houses, late in the afternoon. Find some young onions in a garden — how good they taste!

June 24th.—My horse is loose, and with a number of others is grazing in a meadow near by. It is 2 p. m. Guess I have overslept. Was wakened by the hot sun burning my face. Captain Warren and I visit a cabin and finally persuade the women folks to get us something to eat. They fish out from under the house a small piece of salt pork, and divide it with us. We can hardly wait for it to be fried. No bread, but we are thankful. We move forward toward Mt. Vernon. Raining hard. Some stragglers and lost men are coming up.

July 25th.—On the march. At London we receive a dispatch from General Burnside, thanking Colonel Sanders and the command for success. It is read to the men. Camp near London.

June 26th.—March to Mt. Vernon, and I am sent forward to Somerset. My first brief letter reads:

"God be praised for our deliverance. I am on the way for clothes, etc., for the boys. A little thin, but well. General Burnside orders us up to the blue-grass country for refitting, and a two weeks' rest. Isn't that splendid? More later."

The following reports are explanatory:

(Union.)

BOSTON, KY., June 23, 1863.

Major-General Burnside:

I arrived here with my command at 11 o'clock this morning. I struck the railroad at Lenoir's; destroyed the road up to Knoxville; made demonstrations against Knoxville so as to have their troops drawn from above; destroyed the track, and started for Strawberry Plains; burned Slate Creek bridge (three hundred and twelve feet long), the Strawberry Plains bridge (sixteen hundred feet long), and also Mossy Creek bridge (three hundred and twenty-five feet long). I captured ten pieces of artillery, some two hundred boxes of artillery ammunition, over five hundred prisoners, one thousand stand of arms, and destroyed a large amount of salt, sugar, flour, saltpeter, and one saltpeter works, and other stores. My command is much fatigued; we have had but two nights' sleep since leaving Williamsburg. The force in East Tennessee was larger than I had supposed. I did not attack Loudon bridge for reasons that I will explain. At Mossy Creek I determined to return into the mountains. I have had very great difficulty that was unexpected. I found the gap strongly guarded with artillery and infantry, and blockaded with fallen timber, through which I expected to return. A force was also forming in our rear. I determined to cross at Smith's Gap. I will report more fully as soon as possible.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. P. SANDERS,
Colonel Commanding.

(Confederate.)

KNOXVILLE, June 24, 1863.

General:

The enemy's cavalry escaped through Chalder's Gap, with loss of a few prisoners and horses and their artillery and baggage. They are beyond the mountains. The railroad and small trestles will be in order to the Holston in four days. The cars can cross the Holston, on a trestle bridge I am building, within two weeks. After that time there will be no delay or transfer of freight. After four days hence the only transfer will be in crossing the Holston, where, if necessary, I will send a small steamer.

S. B. BUCKNER,
Major-General.

Sanders' raid was daringly conceived, and bravely executed. It was no doubt a success, from a military view. It perhaps accomplished all that was intended by destroying an important line of the enemy's communications at a critical time. Our

actual loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was surprisingly small. But to the soldier who participated, and knew but little about either cause or effect, it seemed to him "the game was not worth the candle."

On return we found that our regiment was in pursuit of Morgan through Indiana and Ohio. That chase practically ended at Buffington Island. It was another case of the hunter and the hunted, but the positions were reversed. Colonel Allen has facetiously called the Morgan chase "Six Hundred Miles of Fried Chicken." No such sweet morsel of a name would probably have suggested itself to one of Morgan's men, and I am quite sure it would not to one of Sanders'. The two raids were in great contrast. Sanders' was over a mountainous region, barren of roads, population and supplies, except a little strip of Tennessee valley. Morgan's raid covered a land of plenty, rich in agriculture and population. But both alike were trials of endurance, at least to the hunted. Sanders' raid occupied, all told, about eighteen days, but the crux of it, within the gates of the enemy, lasted only ten days — and, I may add, nights never to be forgotten.

EXTRACT FROM "A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL W. P. SANDERS," BY BREVET COLONEL THEODORE F. ALLEN, SEVENTH OHIO CAVALRY.

General Sanders' death was a great loss to the Union army. With his cavalry command, Sanders had been retarding Longstreet's advance on Knoxville to give the infantry time to intrench. In this he had been eminently successful. But late in the afternoon of November 16, 1863, after three days' fighting, when within two miles of Knoxville, at almost the last shot of the day, Sanders received a mortal wound, reeled upon his horse, and, falling, was caught in the arms of his men, and taken to a house in town. In full possession of his mind, there was no disturbance of his calmness by the answer of the surgeon to his question as to the nature of his wound. Death had no terrors for him. "He had done his duty and served his country as well as he could." That was all, in a few simple words, he had to say. The following day, being informed that the end of his life was nigh at hand, he asked for a

Christian minister, and then that he should be baptized in the faith and name of Jesus, the Son of God. The Rev. Mr. Hyder, chaplain of the post, complied with this earnest desire, and a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* relates that "then the minister in prayer commended the believing soul to God, General Burnside and his staff, who were present, kneeling about the bed. When the prayer was ended, General Sanders took General Burnside by the hand; tears rolled down the bronzed cheek of the chief as he listened to the words that followed. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was about to be administered, but suddenly the strength of the dying soldier failed, and like a child he gently fell asleep." To this pathetic recital the author appends the quotation from the saying of Him who spake as never man spake: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

It was found impossible to assemble the chief officers of the Union army *by day* at the funeral of their dead comrade. Longstreet's troops had alvanced at the ridge for which they had fought, and planted themselves within rifle range of the defenses on the northwest, and the town was besieged. So in the afternoon a resident minister of the gospel was requested by General Burnside to attend after *nightfall* the funeral of the officer, whose wound unto death had signalized the beginning of the siege, and thrown a dark shadow over the spirits of his companions. They gathered together at their commander's headquarters, and among them was the chief engineer of the department, Captain Poe, who was a personal friend of the deceased—his only classmate at the siege—who spoke of him as a "most gallant, chivalric soldier and noble gentleman."

As the party of mourners passed down the street to the hotel where the body lay, General Burnside spoke of the extraordinary personal daring of the departed officer. Upon reaching the hotel the company's number was increased by waiting comrades, and after religious offices, a procession was formed upon the silent street. There was no plumed hearse, drawn by well-fed horses, but kindly hands of brother soldiers, to bear the dead at the end of "the path of glory that leads but to the grave."

A sort of weird solemnity invested the solemn scene. Its features were in such strong contrast with those which might be expected in the fitness of things it would wear. No funeral strains of martial music floated on the air.

At the head of the procession went the Commander-in-Chief and the minister; by their side walked the medical director of the army, bearing a lighted lantern in his hand. That lantern did duty at the grave as the body was committed—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," in hope of the resurrection of the dead.

His grave was in the yard of the Second Presbyterian Church.

Then every one went his way, some to watch and some to sleep; but probably few of the company could forget the burial of General W. P. Sanders, in the likeness of its circumstances, to the "burial of Sir John Moore:

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory."

RAID OF THE UNION CAVALRY, COMMANDED BY GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, AROUND THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN ATLANTA, AUGUST, 1864.

By W. L. Curry,
Captain, First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

In military parlance, cavalry is called the "eyes of the army," and the life of a cavalryman in time of war is one of constant activity, hard and dangerous service. During the winter season, when the main army is snugly ensconced in winter quarters, cavalry is the most active and has the hardest service to perform, as it is kept constantly patroling and scouting. All these movements of the cavalry arm of the service require vigilance, secrecy, energy, promptness and dash; and whether the command is composed of a platoon or division, the commander must not halt or hesitate in an emergency, but must act immediately and supply by strategy what he lacks in numbers.

During the last two years of the War of the Rebellion, cavalry officers were composed largely of young men, who were at the beginning of the war privates or non-commissioned officers. The older officers could but with rare exceptions endure the hard duty of picket guard, routs, raids, and scouts of fifty and sixty miles a day, which were of usual occurrence. Many of the most dangerous expeditions were under command of officers of the line, penetrating the lines of the enemy with a company or squadron, capturing outposts and couriers with dispatches that were of vital importance. Scores of instances of bravery and heroism in the rank and file could be related that would do honor to a Kilpatrick or a Custer, and instances

of individual adventure and heroic deeds in the cavalry service could be multiplied by the hundred.

As an instance of the importance of a cavalry expedition ordered by General Sherman on the Atlanta campaign, and how little the loss of life was considered, the order to General Kenner Garrard, bearing date of July 20, 1864, read in part as follows: "I do wish to inspire all cavalry with my conviction that caution and prudence should be but a small element in their character." "It is a matter of vital importance and must be attempted with great vigor." "The importance of it will justify the loss of a quarter of your command." Garrard's division numbered four thousand men, and the order meant that one thousand men should be sacrificed in this one raid, rather than it should fail.

A cavalry raid is defined in a military sense "to be an incursion or irruption of mounted troops into the theater of war, occupied by or under the control of the enemy."

One of the main duties of cavalry in time of war is to make raids in the rear of the enemy's army. These raids, when successful, always add to the efficiency and raise the morale of the cavalry arm of the service and give forces engaged confidence for any expedition, however hazardous it might seem.

In fact, the cavalryman is always in his element when on reconnoissance or raid, teeming with dash and adventure. Cavalry raids have been in vogue more or less from the earliest times of which we have any history of the cavalry service, yet in no prior war was it practiced to the extent that it was during the War of the Rebellion.

There is no kind of service that so develops the skill of the officer and the endurance and intelligence of the soldier as the cavalry raid. From the time he cuts loose from the main army until the object of the raid is accomplished, the commander must depend on his own resources, as he has nothing to draw from, and his command is being constantly weakened by con-

tact with the enemy. His men are being killed and wounded; his horses are exhausted, or killed by hard marching or by the bullets of the enemy; his ammunition is being rapidly consumed; his rations eaten up, and there is a continuous destruction of his forces.

The object of the raid is to destroy the enemy's communication by burning bridges, filling up tunnels and railroad cuts with rocks and timber; cutting telegraph wires; burning ties; heating and destroying rails; burning and destroying army supplies; capturing railroad and bridge guards, and creating general consternation and havoc in rear of the enemy's lines. Raiding expeditions must carry all their ammunition from the start, as they have no resources from which to draw should their ammunition become exhausted. Therefore they usually avoid all large bodies of the enemy, excepting those in their immediate front, who are endeavoring to repel the expedition from striking some point on a railroad or depot of supplies.

They capture all prisoners that come in their line of march, but the prisoners are usually paroled, as the command moves so rapidly, often marching fifty and sixty miles a day, that prisoners can not be guarded if they are mounted, and if on foot could not march the distance required; besides, all the good mounts captured are needed for the dismounted troopers of the command, as many horses become exhausted, while others are killed or wounded by the enemy.

When prisoners are captured on such raids, they are taken to the commanding officer and questioned very persistently as to their commands, strength, name of commanding officer, and any other information that may be of interest or benefit to the commander.

No rule can be adopted for the time and place of raids, but the commander must be governed by the developments of the campaign. If he sees an opportunity that he may think desirable to draw the enemy's cavalry away from the front,

before making an attack in force, if he has the cavalry to spare from his own army, a raid may be made in the enemy's rear; or if he fears the enemy will receive reinforcements, he may attempt to cut his communications. All these matters must be governed by circumstances, and the commander considers carefully all the surroundings, and whether or not the sacrifice will justify sending out the expedition.

One of the most daring and successful raids made by the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland during the Civil War was the raid made by two divisions of cavalry, commanded by General Judson Kilpatrick, in August, 1864, and as an officer of the First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, I participated with my regiment in that expedition.

General Sherman's magnificent army moved out from Chattanooga May 5, 1864, and the Confederate army, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, had been driven back steadily through the mountain passes and across the rivers of Northern Georgia during that great battle summer of 1864 — the "one hundred days under fire from Chattanooga to Atlanta." The battle of bloody Kenesaw Mountain had been fought, the Chattahoochee River had been crossed, and by the middle of August the Union army was closing in around the "Gate City."

During the month of July two cavalry expeditions had been sent out, one under General Stoneman from the left flank, and the other under General Ed. McCook from the right flank. Neither of these expeditions had been as successful as General Sherman had hoped for, as McCook's division had been repulsed by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and Stoneman, with about one thousand of his command, had been captured. Sherman, therefore, decided to make another effort to break the enemy's communication before beginning his grand flank movement to the right. General Kilpatrick, who had been severely wounded early in the campaign at the battle of Resaca, had just returned to the front, and was chafing to

again be in the saddle for a raid full of dash and danger, was selected to command the two divisions of cavalry detailed for this hazardous undertaking.

The expedition was composed of five brigades of cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The Third Cavalry Division, commanded by Brigadier-General Kilpatrick, was, on August 17th, encamped on the Chattahoochee River at Sandtown, on the right and rear of the army. The three brigades were present; Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Klein commanding the First Brigade, composed of the Third Indiana; Major Alfred Gaddis, and the Fifth Iowa, Major J. Morris Young. Lieutenant-Colonel Fielder A. Jones, commanding the Second Brigade, composed of the Eighth Indiana, Major Thomas Herring commanding; Second Kentucky, Major Owen Starr commanding, and Tenth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas W. Sanderson commanding. Colonel Eli H. Murray, commanding the Third Brigade, composed of the Ninety-second Illinois Mounted Infantry, Colonel Smith D. Atkins commanding; the Third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. King commanding; Fifth Kentucky, Colonel Oliver L. Baldwin commanding; the Tenth Wisconsin Battery, Captain Yates V. Beebe commanding.

The First and Second Brigades and a battery of artillery of General Kenner Garrard's division were ordered to report to General Kilpatrick at Sandtown, to engage in the movement against the Macon Railroad. The First Brigade, commanded by Colonel Robert H. G. Minty, consisted of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, commanded by Major Frank W. Mix; Seventh Pennsylvania, Major William H. Jennings; Fourth United States, Captain James B. McIntyre. The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Eli Long, consisted of the First Ohio, Colonel Beroth B. Eggleston; Third Ohio, Colonel Charles B. Seidel; Fourth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver P. Robie, and the Chicago (Illinois) Board of Trade Battery, Lieutenant George Robinson commanding.

The whole command, numbering about 4,800 men, was composed of veterans of long service, well drilled, splendidly officered, and was ready and anxious for any expedition which had promise of adventure and fighting.

The brigades of Minty and Long were on the extreme left of the Union army at Buck Head, and marched all night on the 17th of August in the rear of the army and joined the Third Division at Sandtown, on the right of the Union army, on the morning of the 18th of August at sunrise, and General Kilpatrick assumed command and turned over the command of his division to Colonel Eli H. Murray, who in turn turned over the command of his brigade to Colonel Robert L. King.

We lay in bivouac all day, and on the same evening at sundown we were in the saddle, and the order from General Kilpatrick was read, stating that we "had been selected as the last hope of the Commanding General to break the enemy's communication, and we must go forth with the determination to do or die."

General Sherman, in a communication to General Thomas, bearing date of August 17th, said: "I beg you will convey the following orders to govern Kilpatrick in his movement on the Macon road. It is not a raid, but a deliberate attack for the purpose of so disabling that road that the enemy will be unable to supply his army at Atlanta. He will have his own division of cavalry and two brigades from General Garrard's division. With these he will move to-morrow night, aiming to cross the West Point road between Red Oak and Fairburn. If he has time, he should remove a small section of the road without using fire, simply to lessen the chances of an infantry force being sent to intercept his return. He should move then in force to the nearest point on the Macon road, about Jonesborough, and should destroy as much of that road as he possibly can do, working steadily until forced to take to his arms and horses for battle.

"He should avoid battle with infantry or artillery, but may safely fight any cavalry he encounters, and all the army should so engage the attention of the enemy that he can not detach infantry as against General Kilpatrick. Instruct the General to advise at the earliest possible moment of his success.

"I wish to notify General Garrard to have one of his brigades ready to make a demonstration, without risking battle, on our left, and have this effective part of two brigades, under Long, if possible, ready to move this night by moonlight by Pace's Ferry and Sandtown bridges, to operate with Kilpatrick, on our right."

Strong demonstrations were made along the front of the Union army as soon as the command drew out from Sandtown, by infantry and artillery, making feints by the display of troops as if to assault on both the 19th and 20th. General Garrard with his remaining cavalry force made a demonstration to the left toward Stone Mountain, and drew a force of Hood's army in that direction. General Jefferson C. Davis, with his division of the Fourteenth Corps, moved out from the right and drove the enemy across the West Point Railroad and destroyed a portion of the track.

In spite of all these aggressive movements of Sherman's army, Hood detached a division of his army to attack Kilpatrick's cavalry, which was seen from the signal station, as shown by the following dispatch:

HOWARD'S HEADQUARTERS, August 20, 1864 — 5 p. m.

General Schofield: The following just received from signal officer: "A train of fifteen freight cars just left Atlanta, loaded with troops inside and outside; tops of cars were crowded."

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General.

This force proved to be Clebourne's division, which fought Kilpatrick at Lovejoy.

Every officer and soldier in the command realized that the proposed expedition was very perilous, and the chances were

that many of us would be either killed or wounded, or, what seemed worse, land in a rebel prison. After the order was read, the command was given for "the pack train to fall out and all troopers whose horses were lame or exhausted should go to the rear." In a few minutes, and just as the sun was dropping behind the mountain, the command was given, "Right, forward, fours right!" and we were off on what proved to be one of the hardest cavalry raids during our four years' service. Soon after dusk we struck the enemy's pickets, which proved to be the advance of Ross' and Ferguson's brigades of cavalry, and a brisk skirmish was kept up all night, and during a greater part of the time we were dismounted, as the enemy would throw up barricades at every good position at bridges or along the edge of a wood, and they gave us so much trouble that instead of reaching the West Point Railroad at midnight, as we intended, we did not strike it until just at daybreak of the 19th. King's brigade of the Third Division had the advance during the night, but before daylight and before we struck the West Point Railroad near Fairburn, King's brigade swung to the left, and Jones' brigade of the Third Division had the advance when we reached the railroad. When the railroad was reached Long's brigade dismounted and commenced tearing up and destroying the railroad track near and southwest of Fairburn.

Cavalry, when they become accustomed to this kind of work, would tear up a track very rapidly. When the order is given to dismount, number one, two and three dismount, and number four always holds horses, remains mounted, and leads the other three horses. Number three hands his reins to number four; number two ties his reins to the bit of number three, and number one to rein of number two. The men then form along one side of the track in close order, and at command grasp the rails and ties and turn the track over, and sometimes a half mile of tracks is turned before a joint is

broken. The men move along rapidly, and many rods of the track will be standing up on edge. If there is time, the rails are then torn loose from the ties by picks and axes, carried for that purpose; the ties are piled up and the rails on top of them, and then the ties are fired; thus the rails are heated in the middle and bent out of shape by being twisted around trees or telegraph poles, are left there to cool, and no doubt some of them are there yet to mark the trail of the cavalry raiders. The brigade destroyed about a mile of track, when we were attacked by the cavalry and artillery of the enemy in both the rear and left flank. The brigade was ordered to mount, and galloped forward to join the First Brigade, under Minty, which had crossed the track and had the advance.

Long's brigade formed a line of battle facing toward the left, and as we began to advance a battery galloped into position on a little knoll to the right of our line. Just at this moment General Kilpatrick, who had been giving orders to the commander of the battery, came dashing along in front of our line, mounted on an Arabian horse, looking the ideal cavalryman. He directed Colonel Long to move his brigade forward at a gallop, and we dashed across a field in front, over ditches and fences, and into the woods, routing the enemy and taking a number of prisoners.

Still farther to the left the First Brigade, under Minty, had a sharp fight with cavalry, mounted infantry and a battery of artillery, which had been carefully masked, and the fighting was terrific for a short time. The Eleventh Wisconsin Battery was brought into action, shelled the woods to the left, and very soon the enemy retreated in confusion toward Atlanta, and were driven back a mile or two from the left of our column.

During all of this time General Kilpatrick's headquarters' band, mounted on white horses near the railroad track, where the work of destruction was being prosecuted vigorously, was

enlivening the scene with patriotic airs, which was rather an unusual innovation during a fight.

As the real objective point was the Atlanta and Macon Railroad, as soon as the left of the column was cleared of the enemy harassing the flank, that part of the command which had been participating in the fight joined the main column and moved forward toward Jonesborough, Long's brigade having the advance, while Minty's brigade was in close support in column, and the Third Division was protecting the rear and flanks.

We struck the enemy in a short time and attacked them at once, pushing them back slowly but steadily. The country was thickly wooded, and a very bad place for cavalry to operate. The enemy would throw up barricades at every favorable position, such as woods, streams or ravines, firing on the advance from ambuscades. The progress of the column was much retarded, and the enemy made every effort to keep our column back from the railroad until reinforcements could be moved down from Atlanta. About noon the advance halted, and dismounted in a thick piece of woods to let the horses rest, and to eat a hard-tack, raw-pork sandwich. The men were all sitting or lying down, when all at once the rebels fired a volley and charged the advance guard, driving them back on the reserves before we could mount.

Colonel Long ordered the brigade forward, dismounted and on the double-quick, and the bang of the carbines was soon ringing out and the rebel horsemen were suddenly checked and sent scurrying back through woods and fields. The brigade then advanced, dismounted, with a strong skirmish line in front and flankers to protect the column, as the rebel cavalry kept a continuous fire from the woods to the right and left. The rebel force was pushed back steadily until we reached Flint River, and on the east side of this stream they had thrown up works, dug rifle-pits, and had a strong position.

As soon as our advance appeared a rebel battery opened up and the Chicago Board of Trade Battery was put in position, and after a lively artillery duel the rebel battery was silenced. The First and Second Brigades of the Second Division dismounted, advanced some distance in the woods on the west side of the stream, where we halted, and both of our batteries, with eight guns, were put in position on a hill in our rear, and at a signal they opened up by volleys for several rounds, and as soon as the batteries ceased firing the two brigades rushed forward with a yell, and the rebel line left their works and rifle-pits and fell back rapidly toward Jonesborough.

When the bridge was reached the planks had been torn up, and there was nothing left but the stringers, on which the First and Third Ohio and Fourth Michigan crossed. As we crossed, Kilpatrick himself came up, and was ordering the men to jump into the stream after the planks to repair the bridge. The dismounted men moved forward, and reached Jonesborough about sundown. The bridge across the stream was soon repaired, and the artillery, mounted men and led horses were closed up by the time we reached the town.

We had some skirmishing in the outskirts of the town, and to the south on the opposite side of the town a strong force of rebel cavalry was drawn up in line of battle in plain view, and the officers could be seen dashing to and fro forming the lines. Our lines were straightened up, and, moving forward, the rear guard of the enemy dismounted, opened up fire on our skirmishers from houses and buildings, and a brisk fire was kept up from a brick church. A section of the Chicago Board of Trade Battery came dashing down the street up to the skirmish line, unlimbered, and sent a few shells into the church, making the bricks and mortar fly, and the church was evacuated in short order.

The sound of the guns and scream of the shells was sweet music to the ears of the skirmishers, and they moved forward

with a shout, and the bang! bang! of their sharp-ringing carbines swelled the chorus as the mayor and a few citizens appeared in the main street with a white flag to surrender the town and claim protection for the citizens.

The line advanced rapidly through the town, the rebels fell back along the railroad, and we soon had undisputed possession. The shells from the artillery had fired the cotton bales, used as barricades around the railroad building, and soon both cotton and buildings were blazing, and the water tank at the station had been shivered by a shell. Our men took possession of the telegraph office, and it was reported that an old operator in our command caught a dispatch stating that reinforcements were on the way from Atlanta, which was very important news to Kilpatrick. Jonesborough is about twenty-five miles south from Atlanta, and a considerable amount of clothing and commissary stores were found, with whisky and other necessary munitions of war. All of these supplies that we did not need for immediate use were burned and destroyed.

As Hood's whole army was now between us and Sherman's army, it was not particularly desirable for less than five thousand cavalrymen to remain in this position very long, and the destruction of the railroad, which ran through the main street of the town, was commenced at once. Tearing up the track and destroying the rails and ties was done principally by the Third Division, as they had not been engaged in the fight when we entered the town. The Second Brigade formed a line of battle south of the town and across the railroad; the First Brigade was formed facing Atlanta, and skirmishing was kept up all night. It was a wild night and a most graphic scene. The sky was lighted up with burning timbers, buildings and cotton bales; the continuous bang of carbines, the galloping of staff officers and orderlies up and down the streets carrying orders or dispatches, the terrified citizens peering out of their windows, the constant marching of troops changing position,

Kilpatrick's headquarters' band discoursing national airs, with the shouts of men — all made up a weird scene never to be forgotten by the troopers who were on that raid.

By midnight about two miles of the road had been effectually destroyed, and in attempting to move farther south along the road a strong force of infantry was found posted behind barricades, with timber cut in front. This position could not have been taken without a hard fight and heavy loss, and Kilpatrick then determined to withdraw from Jonesborough, make a detour to the east and strike the road again farther south. The movement was commenced about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 20th by Murray's division and Minty's brigade of the Second Division marching on the McDonough road to the east, and the Second Brigade, under Colonel Long, remaining in the barricades to hold the infantry in check. The Second Brigade withdrew just as the first streaks of dawn began to appear in the east, and they were followed up closely by the enemy, both cavalry and infantry, the First Ohio holding the rear. After we had marched about five miles, the advance regiments halted to feed their horses, and the enemy made an impetuous attack on the rear guard, and one battalion was dismounted, throwing up barricades hurriedly of logs and rails, and prepared to give the enemy a warm reception.

The enemy attacked the barricades, and as their line was much longer, the battalion was outflanked on both sides, and the balls were soon whizzing from the flanks, and, as the Johnnies would say, they took us "end ways." Although heavily outnumbered, this battalion of the First Ohio held its position until reinforcements were ordered by Colonel Long, and the rebels were soon driven back in confusion toward Jonesborough. General Kilpatrick, in speaking of the fight, complimented Colonel Long for the manner in which he maneuvered his command. As General Phil Kearney once

said to a brigade commander who reported to him during one of the great battles in Virginia, and asked as to the position his brigade should take, "Fighting Phil" replied, "Just go in anywhere; there is lovely fighting all along the line." This seemed to be about the situation at this time.

As soon as the enemy was repulsed, Long's brigade was ordered to the front on a gallop of three or four miles toward Lovejoy Station, where we found that Minty's brigade, on striking the railroad, had been attacked by a heavy force of cavalry and Reynolds' division of infantry. The infantry line was concealed in a railroad cut, and the Seventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth U. S. Cavalry dismounted, drove the enemy's line in, and were within twenty or thirty rods of the railroad, when the infantry line raised up, delivered a very destructive volley, and, rushing from the cut, drove the line of Minty's brigade back in considerable confusion. Just at this moment Long's brigade arrived on the field with the Chicago Board of Trade Battery. The brigade was dismounted, formed a line of battle, and by this time some of the dismounted men of Minty's brigade came rushing back through our line, and it was not safe to fire, as it would endanger the lives of some of our own men. Although the balls from the rebel infantry were whizzing on all sides, the officers of Long's brigade made every effort to keep their men from firing until the rebel line was almost upon us, but when our troops did open up, the rebel line was repulsed and driven back with heavy slaughter. The Chicago Board of Trade Battery was up on the front line, and did excellent execution, and the rebel infantry fell back into the railroad cut. During this fight the lines were so close together that the officers of the First and Second Brigades used their revolvers with good execution.

Our ammunition was exhausted, and a detail was sent back to the ammunition train and got a supply in boxes, and the

boxes were broken open with stones, and the cartridges were distributed in a few moments, much to the delight of the troopers.

The Second Division held this line for an hour, and during this time staff officers were busily engaged in forming the led horses in columns of fours facing the rear. One of the guns of the Chicago Board of Trade Battery was disabled in a cornfield just to the left of the First Ohio, and it was hauled to the rear by some of the troopers of the Second Division. When the Second Division had driven the rebel line back, and the firing had about ceased, Colonel Long and Minty were ordered to withdraw their brigades and fall back to the led horses, a few hundred yards in the rear.

Now we began to realize that we were surrounded, and the chances began to look desperate, as our ammunition had already been pretty well exhausted, and we must cut our way through the lines. The distance between the two lines of the enemy could not have been more than three-fourths of a mile. When the Second Division was fighting along the railroad and near the station, King's brigade was in support of the rear and right and had some hot work. Jones' brigade was protecting the rear, and was hard pressed by the divisions of Ross, Ferguson, and Martin, and kept up a continuous fight for two hours all along the lines. The rattling volleys from the front and rear echoed back and forth alternately, mingled with the shouts and cheers from both the Union and rebel lines.

At this critical time the situation was as follows: In our rear were two brigades of Clebourne's division of infantry, the cavalry brigades of Ross and Ferguson, and about a thousand State troops which had been sent from below Lovejoy Station, and on the right were the remaining brigades of Clebourne's division. Martin's and Jackson's brigades of cavalry were on the left, while Reynolds' division of infantry, with a brigade

of infantry and a six-gun battery sent up from Macon, were along the railroad at Lovejoy Station, with twelve pieces of artillery sent down from Atlanta. A total of five brigades of infantry, eighteen pieces of artillery, six brigades of cavalry, in all a force of more than ten thousand of all arms surrounding our two divisions of cavalry, numbering less than five thousand.

Kilpatrick, finding that he was completely surrounded, ordered his division and brigade commanders to cut their way out. His cavalry had been up to this time fighting almost entirely as infantry, but they soon were going to be given the privilege of drawing their sabers from their rusty scabbards for a cavalry charge, and the opportunity was hailed with delight. Saddle girths were tightened, revolvers examined, saber belts and spurs adjusted, and all equipments were made taut for the shock and melee of the charge. When all was in readiness and the order was given to mount, many a brave trooper sprang into his saddle for the last time and rode to his death in that wild charge, cheering his comrades on to the front as he fell.

Kilpatrick, a cavalry general, remembering the mistakes which had been made on a former expedition for the same purpose, instead of scattering his troops, massed them. The brigades of Minty and Long were formed on the right of the road, and one regiment of Minty's brigade formed in the road. The Third Division, under Colonel Murray, formed on the left of the road, all facing toward McDonough, while the artillery, ambulances filled with wounded, and ammunition wagons, were formed in the road with orders to follow up the charging columns as closely as possible. The troops were formed in columns of fours or platoons with the proper intervals, as it was thought best to strike the rebel line and pierce it in several places rather than charge in line, as it was a

long distance to charge, and in some places the ground was cut up by ditches and washouts, with two or three fences between our forces and the rebel lines.

During the time the troops were forming the surgeons and ambulance corps were busy gathering up the wounded, and caring for them as best they could. The rebels had formed two or three lines with infantry behind barricades of fence rails and logs, as it seems they had anticipated a charge, and they were not disappointed in their expectations. When our troops were forming two batteries opened up on our lines from the front, and the infantry was closing up from our now rear from the railroad. When all was ready every eye was turned intently toward the line of barricades in front, from whence shells were now coming thick and fast, and through this line and over these barricades we must cut our way out, or surrender, and, perhaps, starve in Andersonville.

Draw saber! and forty-five hundred sabers ring out as they are drawn from their scabbards, the reins are tightened, the horses are excited, with nostrils extended as if they "snuffed the battle afar off."

It was a glorious sight, with horses stamping and champing the bits as if eager for the fray, standards and guidons flung to the breeze, with the dashing here and there of staff officers carrying orders, the serious face of the commander, the stern, quick commands of the officers as the squadrons are forming. Many of the boys who witnessed and participated in that charge, but whose hair is now silvered with gray, can feel the flush of youth again mount their cheeks, and the blood course more rapidly through their veins, as they go back in memory to the day they charged with Kilpatrick, August 20th, 1864.

The command "Forward!" is given, the bugles ring out "Trot! Gallop! Charge!" in quick succession, and the columns swept forward under the spur with a yell, scaling fences, jumping ditches, in that wild and reckless charge; the shells

from the batteries were sweeping the lines, while troopers and horses were falling on every side.

The First Brigade struck the rebel line at and just to the right of the road, and Long's brigade struck farther to the right, and Captain W. H. Scott, of the First Ohio, fell mortally wounded in front of one of the guns of a rebel battery. When our columns struck the barricades, the rebels retreated in great confusion, but a lieutenant, commanding a section of artillery, who gave his name as Young, was mortally wounded just in front of where Captain Scott fell, as he was attempting to fire one of his pieces after all of his men had deserted their posts. Both brigades urged their horses over the barricades, cutting right and left. Many of the prisoners had saber cuts on their hands, arms and heads, and it is estimated that from six to eight hundred prisoners were sabered. Infantry, cavalry, led horses and artillery were fleeing in confusion, and at one time we had at least one thousand prisoners, but they nearly all escaped in our rapid march that dark night following.

After this long charge over broken ground, ditches, fences, and woods, the regiments and brigades were considerably broken up, as many horses had been shot, troopers wounded or killed, and some horses falling in a ditch that we crossed were with great difficulty extricated, so that many of the men were dismounted.

Before Long's brigade could get into position, as Colonel Long had been ordered to cover the retreat, Minty's brigade and the Third Division having moved out on the McDonough road, Long's brigade was furiously attacked by Pat Clebourne's division of infantry, and a battery of artillery, and this fight lasted about an hour, with a part of the brigade dismounted. In this assault Colonel Long was severely wounded, but rode his horse to the rear, supported on either side by two mounted orderlies from his escort.

The First Ohio was forming on some high ground just as

Colonel Long rode to the rear, pale and bleeding. As he passed by the regiment he smiled and bowed, and was given a rousing cheer by the boys. The Third Ohio was still fighting, dismounted, and the brigade was falling back by alternate regiments, and just at this time the Chicago Board of Trade Battery came galloping back, dashed through a gate and into the dooryard of a plantation house on the opposite side of the road from where the First Ohio was forming. On the long porch in front of this house there were twelve or fifteen women and children wringing their hands, while some were crying, others were praying.

The battery opened up at once, and the rebel battery in our rear soon got range and sent the shells thick and fast, and at least one of them struck the roof of the house, thus adding to the terror of the women and children. While our battery was firing one of the guns burst, injuring two of the gunners. There was not a grim veteran of our command whose heart was so hardened by the every-day scenes of carnage that it did not go out in sympathy for those mothers with their children, and who would not have freely risked his own life to have saved them; but no aid could be rendered those helpless ones, as no soldier could be spared from his post of duty.

The enemy was crowding the rear guard, and making a desperate effort, by shot and shell, to create a panic and stampede in the brigade. Never were the words of General Sherman more truthfully demonstrated that "War is cruelty, and you can not refine it," than by this incident. Lieutenant Bennett, who commanded the section of the battery in this fight, informed the writer the next day that all of the women and children escaped injury, which he considered almost a miracle under the circumstances, as the shells tore up the ground on all sides of the house.

Soon after Colonel Long was wounded his brigade fell back in column through the lines of Minty's brigade immediately in

the rear, and Minty's men covered the column during the afternoon and had some sharp skirmishes with Clebourne's division, following up with infantry and artillery.

The whole command moved rapidly toward McDonough. Both men and horses were tired out and exhausted, and after the excitement of two days and nights of almost continuous fighting, there was a complete collapse when the fighting ceased, and the men had lost so much sleep that they seemed perfectly indifferent to all surroundings. The command marched all night in a drenching rain, but it was utterly impossible to march in any kind of order or to keep out an advance guard, as men and officers would go to sleep. In some instances the horses would halt along the road in fence corners, and the riders would either unconsciously dismount, or fall asleep until dragged out by the rear guard and compelled to mount and move on with the column. Many of them lost their hats, and no doubt others were taken prisoners by the enemy, and the column moved on silently, horses exhausted, half of the men and officers asleep, and the night as dark as pitch. About 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning of the 21st the column halted.

We were ordered to unsaddle, as we had not unsaddled since leaving Sandtown on the evening of the 18th, and as soon as the saddles were removed the men tumbled down among the trees on the wet ground at their horses' heads, and were soon sound asleep. We halted there until 6 o'clock, about three hours, then saddled. Moving on about half a mile, we found ourselves on the bank of a stream called Cotton Indian Creek, at high flood, the banks full to overflowing, and no bridge. We had to swim our horses across this stream, and, as the banks were steep, there was a deep cut on either side of the stream, leading to the ford, and it was not possible to get up the bank only at one point, so that the process of crossing the stream was tedious. Picket ropes were stretched across the stream, and General Kilpatrick and his division

and brigade commanders were on the bank superintending the crossing. Men, horses and mules were floundering around in the stream, and it was no doubt the first attempt of some of the horses to swim, and in some instances the men would get frightened, pull on the reins, and as a result many of the riders were unhorsed, and were saved only by the ropes. A number of soldiers were drowned. Forty or fifty horses and a number of mules were lost, and the dismounted gun, hauled in an ammunition wagon, was abandoned. But the ambulances, carrying nearly one hundred wounded, were all safely crossed. Having crossed this stream, we were not again troubled by the enemy; they did not follow us up, as they were in no better condition for fighting than our own forces. Guns and ammunition were soaked with water, as every man in the command was wet above the waist after fording the creek.

The command marched on all day, and about dark reached Lithonia, on the Augusta Railroad, and went into bivouac for the night, rejoicing to have the opportunity for a much-needed rest, as we had now been out three days and nights, had only unsaddled once, and had not more than two hours' sleep, excepting what we had snatched in the saddle. The next day the command marched through Lattimer and Decatur, and reached our old camp at Buck Head about sundown of the 22d, having marched completely around Hood's army in five days.

General Kilpatrick, in his report to General Sherman after the raid, stated that the defeat of the Confederates in the charge "was the most complete rout that the rebel cavalry had sustained during the war."

In summing up results he stated that "four miles of railroad track was completely destroyed, and ten miles badly damaged. Two locomotives with one train of cars were totally destroyed, and another train partially destroyed. A wagon train and many ambulances were captured, and a large amount of army supplies burned at Jonesborough. One four-gun battery, three

battle flags, with a large number of horses and mules, were captured, and one hundred prisoners of the eight hundred to one thousand taken at Lovejoy were brought into our lines, the balance having escaped in the darkness during the rapid march in a pouring rain on the night of August 20th."

General Long, in a letter written to the writer a few years ago, stated that in the fight with Clebourne's infantry, after the charge, and when Long was severely wounded, that he "maneuvered his brigade by bugle commands or signals as he had never seen done before or since in a battle."

The losses in killed, wounded and missing in the two divisions was 326, of which 216 were in the brigades of Minty and Long, Second Division, and 110 of the Third Division. Among the officers killed were Captain W. H. Scott, of the First Ohio Cavalry, Inspector-General on the staff of Colonel Long; Captain James G. Taylor, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry; Lieutenant C. C. Hermans, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. The Confederate losses were heavy, but could not be ascertained definitely, but they were, no doubt, as heavy as our own.

A dispatch sent from Atlanta to the *Memphis Appeal,* and published a few days after the fight, gives the Confederate side, and is herewith published:

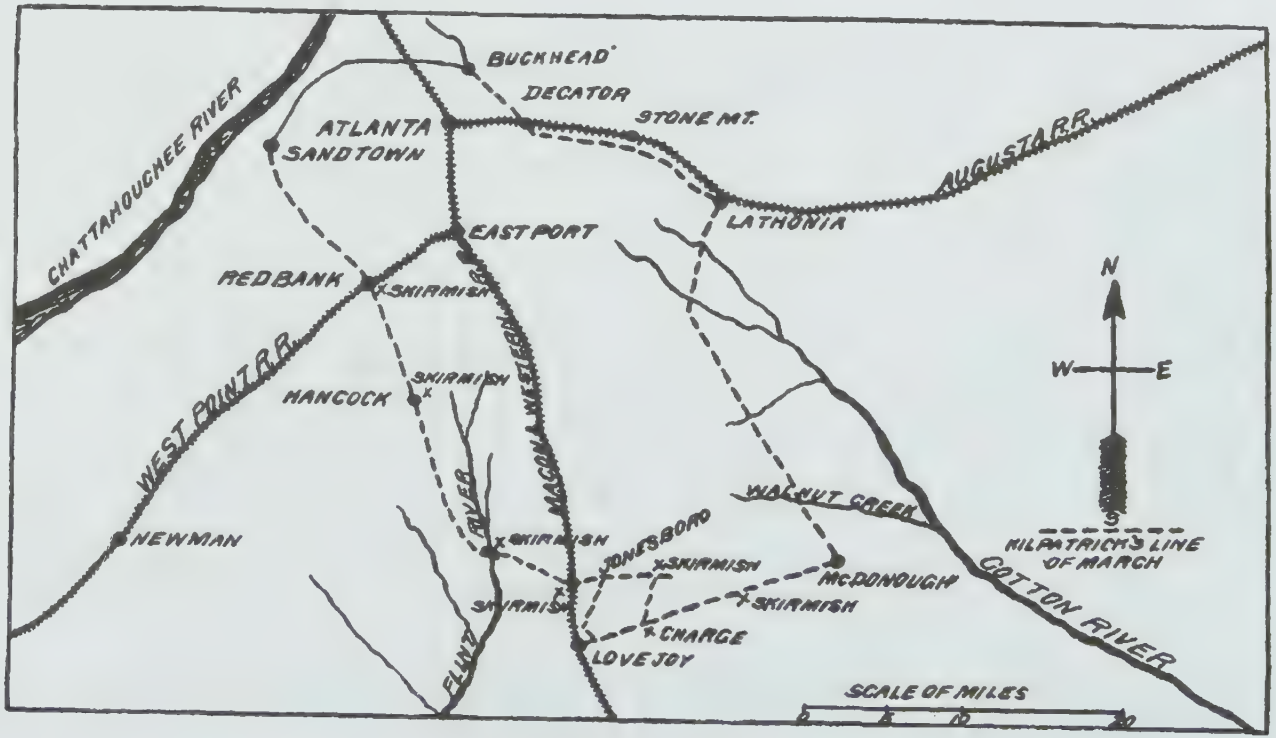
"The newspapers have lately been full of accounts of how Martin's division of cavalry was run over by the Yankees at Lovejoy on the 20th ultimo. The writer was on the field on that occasion, and in justice to the much-abused cavalry states the facts in the matter.

"Martin's division, supporting the battery, was formed on the McDonough road. Ross' and Ferguson's commands on foot were in front and on each side of the battery, behind rail breastworks. A brigade of Clebourne's infantry was on the left of the road in three lines, the last one in a piece of woods. About one hundred yards in rear of the position of

the battery, on the right of the road (east side) the State troops were formed in line. When the Yankees charged they came in a solid column, ten or twelve lines deep, running their horses and yelling like devils. They didn't stop to fight or attempt to keep any kind of order or formation, but each fellow for himself rushed on, swinging his saber over his head.

"They rode over Ross' and Ferguson's men in the center, and over and through Clebourne's lines, one after another, on the left. Clebourne's first line, they say, tried to use their bayonets, but the Yankees cut them to pieces. After the Yankees had cut through all the other forces and captured the battery, Martin, seeing the field was lost, retreated in good order to the east and joined Clebourne's main body, and aided in the final defeat of the enemy on the McDonough road that evening, and pursued them to and through McDonough that night, recapturing nearly five hundred of our men, which they took in the charge. The effort to arouse the people against Martin and his brave division is more disgraceful and demoralizing than the Yankees' charge itself, and should be frowned upon by all who wish well to our cause."

The distance marched by Kilpatrick's command was about one hundred and twenty miles, and the route can be traced on the accompanying official map.



KILPATRICK'S RAID

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

By W. H. Chamberlin,
Major Eighty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

The battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, was in some respects one of the most peculiar battles of the war. On the part of the Confederates it was an unquestioned success in its inception, for their army had reached the rear of Sherman's left without the slightest knowledge of their movements having been discovered by the Union troops. But with this overwhelming advantage Hood's forces met with signal defeat, owing to what was a mere accident. The accident consisted in the halting for orders of the Second Division of the Sixteenth Corps in just the place that would have been chosen if the enemy's plans had been fully known.

During the campaign which began at Rocky Face Ridge early in May, both armies had constantly thrown up earthworks whenever they came in touch, but this battle, in the decisive portion, was fought on open ground. The soldiers in Sherman's army had been hardened by the most rigid field service of seventy days of almost constant marching and fighting, moving with the lightest possible equipment, sleeping practically without shelter, and had become like a band of trained athletes. No service was too arduous to be undertaken. Night marches were made as if they were holiday jaunts, and often the hottest days were spent in forced marches. Streams were waded without a murmur of protest, and at the end of the most wearisome day strong earthworks were thrown up before the troops went to rest. It is not strange that troops with such training, and with such splendid *morale*, were able to turn a complete surprise into a glorious victory.

It will be remembered that only four days before this battle

General Johnston had been summarily relieved of the command of the Confederate army — the reason stated in the telegram being that he had not checked the army of Sherman, and had not expressed confidence that he could hold Atlanta. On the 19th of July General Hood took command, and on the 20th he signalized his aggressive intentions by attacking a portion of the Army of the Cumberland just after it had crossed Peach Tree Creek, a few miles north of Atlanta. The attack was splendidly met and repulsed, the Confederate loss being more than twice that of the Army of the Cumberland.

Then rapidly followed the closing in of the whole of Sherman's army on the north and east of Atlanta, the Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, on the right; the Army of the Ohio, General Schofield, on its left, and the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by General J. B. McPherson, forming the left. The right of the Army of the Tennessee was a short distance north of the Augusta Railroad, which at that point runs nearly east and west. The left was on the McDonough road, some distance south of Bald Hill, or Leggett's Hill, which on July 21 had been captured by General Leggett's division.

Logan's Fifteenth Corps extended a short distance south of the Augusta Railroad, where it joined the Seventeenth, commanded by General Frank P. Blair.

On the morning of the 22d, General Grenville M. Dodge's two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps were separated, General Fuller's division (Fourth) being in bivouac in rear of Blair's left, and Sweeney's division (Second) being north of the Augusta Railroad. Orders had been issued to General Dodge on the night of the 21st to place his corps on Blair's left, and Sweeney was ordered to march to that location early on the 22d. Orders were also given to General Fuller not to move until the location had been established.

Early on the morning of the 22d the Confederate works

in front of the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Ohio, and a portion of the Army of the Tennessee, were discovered to be deserted, and the suggestion became general that Atlanta had been vacated and that Hood was retreating. It was 2 a. m. when the first discovery of the evacuation was made. As similar reports came pouring in from all along the line, the conviction became almost a certainty that Atlanta had fallen. It vividly illustrates the activity of General Sherman's mind, that before 6 a. m. he had devised a plan for the whole army, based on the belief that Hood was retreating.

Schofield's Army of the Ohio was to occupy Atlanta, Thomas was to pass to the west in pursuit, and McPherson was to move south on the east side of the city.

Not only was Sherman and the whole army deceived in this matter, but some of the Northern newspapers actually announced the fall of Atlanta. It happened that the special newspaper correspondents with the army had hastened to Chattanooga, where they could wire their accounts of the battle of the 20th, and they heard the story that was so current in the army that morning. The correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* wired the account to his paper, beginning it with the statement that it was with peculiar gratification that he was able to date his dispatch from the Gate City of the South.

It was soon discovered by General Sherman, however, that instead of evacuating Atlanta, Hood had simply drawn a portion of his troops to an inner line of intrenchments, and the plans for pursuit were, of course, annulled. Unfortunately, another important movement made by Hood during that night of the 21st was not known to General Sherman. This was the transfer of Hardee's big corps south beyond Blair's left with orders to turn toward the northeast so as to reach Blair's rear and flank, and to attack at daylight. The absence of Sherman's cavalry, sent to destroy the Augusta road, and the nature of the ground on Blair's left, which was an almost

impenetrable thicket, enabled Hardee to make the movement without discovery. But the obstruction caused by the woods and thickets also delayed Hardee in forming and advancing in line of battle, so that instead of attacking at daylight, it was noon before he came in reach of the Union lines.

I was at that time Assistant Commissary of Musters attached to the staff of General Dodge. In entire ignorance of General Hardee's movement, General Dodge had put Sweeney's division in motion to carry out the plan of extending the lines on Blair's left, and had ordered Fuller to send a working party to aid in construction of intrenchments. I rode with General Dodge that morning when he went to select the position of his corps. We passed out until, in an open field, we were in plain view of the enemy's works, an intrenched battery being prominent in the line. We wondered why our presence was ignored, but as our little group of horsemen turned to retire, the Confederate artillery sent a shell which exploded within a few yards of us, but did no damage. General Dodge, having located his line, rode back to General Fuller's headquarters. Sweeney's division had marched to a point due east of Fuller, about a half mile distant, and had halted, awaiting a guide to take it to its assigned position.

When we reached General Fuller's headquarters we found that officer just about to eat dinner. General Fuller invited us to dine with him, and we had dismounted to accept, when the shots of skirmishers were heard just east of where Sweeney's division had halted. This was the first intimation of Hardee's presence. General Dodge forgot his dinner. Hastily ordering General Fuller to get his command ready for action, he mounted, and we rushed toward the sound of the firing, which rapidly increased in volume.

General Dodge found Sweeney's division just in the best position to meet the coming force, which was curtained by the timber. The division was quickly formed, with the Second

Brigade facing south, and the First bent back from the left of the Second and facing the east. The two batteries went into position almost as they had halted, Laird's Fourteenth Ohio on the left of the Second Brigade, and Battery H, First Missouri Light Artillery, in the center of the First Brigade.

General Dodge sent me immediately back to Fuller with orders to form his division connecting with Sweeney's right. As I returned I met General Dodge riding furiously. He had sent away all the members of his staff, and he shouted to me to go back to General McPherson and ask for a brigade to cover his left. I started to obey this order, and General Dodge returned to Sweeney. Sweeney's command had already repulsed the first attack of the enemy. As the Confederate troops again came forward, General Dodge perceived a break in their line, exposing a flank. He quickly ordered the two right regiments of the Second Brigade to change front forward to the left, and to charge, delivering the order in person to the regiments. The order was bravely executed, and the enemy was driven back, with the loss of prisoners and two flags.

Before I reached Blair's line I heard a hideous yelling in the thick woods on my left, which I soon found to be a Confederate line of battle, moving north in the rear of Blair's intrenchments, through a wide gap on Fuller's right. I was in open ground, ascending a hill. Looking ahead, I found that Blair's troops had evacuated their trenches and were on the Atlanta side, and had their guns pointed in my direction. The Confederate line was just emerging from the woods at the foot of the hill, and I was about to be caught between two fires. Being well mounted, I gained the other side of the works just as the contending lines opened fire. Finding it useless to ask for troops here, I rode on to Logan's line, the Fifteenth Corps, and that officer sent Martin's brigade to Dodge's left.

Meantime Sweeney's division had held its ground, and

Fuller's division had been equally valiant and efficient, charging and driving back the enemy in front. But Hardee's line extended far beyond Fuller's right, and it was necessary for Fuller to refuse his right by changing front to the rear. This perilous movement was executed by an about-face and a double-quick wheel, with the left as a pivot. There was unavoidable confusion, and an appearance to the enemy of retreat. There was imminent danger that the men, subject to a galling fire from the rear, would fail to halt at the proper time. It was here that General Fuller performed an act of heroism. The right regiment was the Twenty-seventh Ohio, his former command. He knew the men would obey him. It was almost impossible to hear commands. Seizing the colors, General Fuller planted them where he wanted the line to be formed, and pointed with his sword to indicate the position to be taken. The men instantly, with a great shout, formed in line on either side of their flag, and in conjunction with the Thirty-ninth Ohio charged and routed the enemy.

There was still a wide gap between Fuller and Blair's line, which later in the day was occupied by Wangelin's brigade, from the Fifteenth Corps.

General McPherson, from a point in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, had witnessed the splendid action of General Dodge's two divisions, and was riding on to General Giles A. Smith's division, when he suddenly came in view of the enemy's line, coming from the south, and he was shot and instantly killed. As soon as his death became known to General Sherman, that officer designated General Logan as Commander of the Army of the Tennessee. I happened to be with General Logan when he rode to the left to inspect General Dodge's division. I remember a circumstance characteristic of the man. On the way he observed a frightened teamster urging his mules to the rear in such a manner as to be likely to stampede other

teams. Riding swiftly alongside the frightened man, General Logan ordered him to stop his team, and in emphatic language gave him a lesson that he doubtless never forgot.

When General Logan reached the left, he found that the enemy had withdrawn under cover of the woods, and that Dodge's corps had already constructed a formidable line of earthworks for their protection.

Meantime there had been terrific work for the Seventeenth Corps. I have already told of Giles A. Smith's division fighting from the Atlanta side of their works. His left, Hall's brigade, including the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Iowa, was attacked in front and rear, and though compelled to change front more than once, they were not driven back, up to 4 p. m., more than three hundred yards. But after that hour the attack by Hardee's corps was supplemented by an attack direct from Atlanta. General Smith, in his report, says portions of his command occupied seven different positions during the fight.

The front attack from Atlanta by the enemy, which I have just mentioned, extended along the front of the Fifteenth Corps, even north of the Atlanta Railroad. Where the line crossed the railroad there was a cut through which the enemy pushed a column, which attacked the line north of the railroad in rear, and compelled a withdrawal of a portion of the line and the capture of DeGress' battery. General Logan was with Dodge when this happened. He asked for a brigade to help retake the lost line, and General Dodge designated Colonel Mersy's Second Brigade of the Second Division. General Logan led the brigade to its position, and directed Colonel Mersy how to make the attack. Just before the charge was made, Colonel Mersy's horse was shot and the Colonel was disabled. Colonel Adams, of the Eighty-first Ohio, took command of the brigade. At the same time General Woods, on the right, had made ready for an attack on the enemy's flank.

When Adams' brigade charged, the enemy's line fell back, and the prized guns of DeGress' battery were retaken by the borrowed brigade. Soldiers of the Eighty-first Ohio were attempting to fire the guns when Captain DeGress came up, and with tears in his eyes thanked the commander of the brigade for restoring his prized guns.

The battle raged with more or less severity at different points along the front of the line of the Army of the Tennessee almost until dark. Blair's extreme left had been bent back to connect with the Sixteenth Corps, facing south, but it held its line, including Bald Hill, which was the angle. Around that point the struggle had been fierce, actually hand to hand. Our forces captured prisoners, and afterward found themselves compelled to let the prisoners go. Every direction was the front. Even on the position of the Fifteenth Corps lines were formed at right angles with the works during the afternoon, and in some instances these were attacked in flank. The problems forced upon the officers and soldiers of that invincible Army of the Tennessee were the severest tests of bravery and of strategy. Both qualities were there at every point. Never had officers more ready and resourceful men than those who formed the rank and file on that field. And the same measure of admiration must be given to the splendid aggressiveness of the Confederate troops. It was a case where American met American and valor was met by valor.

When night came, both armies were behind intrenchments. Hardee's line almost touched Blair's at Bald Hill, but it stretched away to the southeast through the woods at an ever-increasing distance from Blair's and Dodge's lines. More or less firing continued as night fell, especially in the vicinity of Bald Hill, where the lines were close together.

The night brought keen anxiety to the commanding officers of the Army of the Tennessee. McPherson had been lost. That army had borne the burden of the whole battle, passing

through experiences entirely new. Generals Logan, Blair, and Dodge were together that night planning for the next day. To them came General Leggett, whose troops had captured Bald Hill on the 21st, and had held it stubbornly all through the fierce fight of the 22d. General Leggett asked for relief for that portion of his line. General Logan suggested that the whole Army of the Tennessee had been equally exhaustively engaged. Finally General Leggett declared that he was not willing to be responsible for the holding of Bald Hill with his worn-out troops. General Logan turned to General Dodge and asked if he could send a brigade to relieve General Leggett's men that could be relied upon to hold the place. "Yes, I can," said General Dodge, and turning to me, he ordered me to conduct Mersy's brigade to the position. This was the brigade to whose regiments the General had given direct orders early in the battle, and which later in the afternoon had helped to recapture DeGress' battery. It was midnight when they relieved Leggett, and General Dodge was not disappointed. They not only held Bald Hill. but they constructed such a series of earthworks that no number of troops would have been able to dislodge them. This brigade consisted at that time of the Twelfth and Sixty-sixth Illinois and the Eighty-first Ohio.

There was decided concern manifested by Logan, Blair, and Dodge on the night of the 22d over what might happen on the next day. They, of course, had no definite knowledge of the intentions of Hood. They agreed that if the attack was renewed, it would be on the depleted lines of the Army of the Tennessee, and as they knew that the Army of the Ohio and of the Cumberland had not been fighting, they resolved to suggest to General Sherman to place the Army of the Tennessee in reserve. As General Dodge was the junior officer, he was deputed to carry the suggestion to General Sherman. He relates that when he called on General Sher-

man, and with some natural trepidation delivered his message, this dialogue took place:

Sherman: You defeated Hood to-day, did you not?

Dodge: Yes, we did.

Sherman: Well, can't you do it again to-morrow?

Dodge: I think so.

And he returned to report the result to the other generals. General Sherman's implied compliment, and his actual confidence in the Army of the Tennessee, left no other course to General Dodge.

But the reverses of the Confederate troops were so great that the battle was not resumed the next day. Instead, a flag of truce appeared, and a great part of the day was occupied in burying the dead. I rode over a portion of the field that morning in front of the battle line of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps. The number of dead was appalling, and gave forcible proof alike of the recklessness of the Confederate troops and of the fatal accuracy of the aim of the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee.

At Decatur, two or three miles northeast of this battlefield, there was a separate engagement on the 22d. General Wheeler's cavalry force of two divisions which had moved on Hardee's right flank, encountered Sprague's brigade of Fuller's division, which was reinforced by the Ninth Illinois Mounted Infantry. After a sanguinary engagement, Sprague's command held its ground and protected the vast wagon trains parked in that vicinity. It was here that our late Companion, General Charles E. Brown, received the wound which necessitated the amputation of his leg.

General Logan placed the Confederate loss in the battle of Atlanta at 10,000. General Sherman, writing twenty years after the battle, gave the Confederate loss as 8,899 and the Union at 3,641.

I have spoken of the peculiar features of this battle; of

the complete surprise of Hardee's movement; of the accident of the position of General Sweeney's division; of the open-ground fight of Dodge's corps; of the crushing of Blair's left, and of the brilliant work of that corps and of the Fifteenth in meeting flank, front and rear attacks, and of nightfall finding the Army of the Tennessee practically holding its entire line, while the enemy's loss forbade a further attack. Proud as the Army of the Tennessee might well be of this day's record, its rejoicing was overshadowed by its sorrow over the tragic loss of its idolized young commander, General James B. McPherson, whose heroic features look down on us to-night, from his portrait hanging on our walls.

IN AT THE DEATH, OR THE LAST SHOT AT THE CONFEDERACY.

By W. D. Hamilton,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

The Confederate historian, Pollard, in his history of the Rebellion, which, with complacent incorrectness, he calls "The War Between the States," says that on the 16th day of April, 1865, a portion of Wheeler's cavalry covering the right flank of Johnston's army, was ordered to move round to the rear of Sherman's army, to gain what information they could in regard to his position. He proceeds to say that this force was met near Chapel Hill, North Carolina, by the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, of Kilpatrick's command, on the morning of the 17th, and a sharp engagement occurred, which, however, was suddenly ended by the withdrawal of the Federal forces.

In this affair he says their own loss was twelve men wounded, none killed. The enemy's loss was not ascertained. He then says the Confederate forces retired by way of Chapel Hill, after learning that hostilities were ended, by agreement between Generals Johnston and Sherman, and that our gallant struggle for independence had been given up, and the last blood of the noble sons of the South had been offered on the altar of a Lost Cause.

As it is proper for the truth of history that the details of this last engagement be correctly given, I will state that, at the time mentioned, my command, consisting chiefly of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, of the Second Brigade of Kilpatrick's forces, occupied the extreme left of Sherman's army, some twelve miles from his headquarters at Durham's Station. My orders were to keep a strict watch to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. I became aware that Wheeler

was sending a force by his right flank evidently to reach our rear. I moved my command on a parallel line, one or two miles distant. That night the enemy went into camp on the south side of a cypress swamp, about one-fourth of a mile in width. I encamped a short distance on the other side. There was a corduroy road cut through the timber in the swamp, which the enemy had taken the precaution to guard, by placing a section of artillery at the other end. In the night I received a dispatch stating that General Johnston had requested a conference with General Sherman, but as yet nothing had been arranged, and I was directed to press the enemy with vigor in the morning, but in such a way as not to expose my men too much, as the war was evidently drawing to a close, and Sherman did not want any more men sacrificed than could be avoided. I informed my officers of the nature of the dispatch, and directed that they have the companies in line by 4 o'clock in the morning with a full supply of ammunition.

The Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry had recently been armed with seven-shooting Spencer carbines, and the men were anxious to use them. I directed that in all the companies but two, after counting off, they should dismount numbers 1, 2 and 3, and let number 4 take the horses, the others to form as infantry and move quietly to the edge of the swamp, in which the water was one or two feet deep and covered with a heavy growth of cypress trees, then in young leaf. The officers in charge were to enter the water with their men and move forward in line, with instructions to keep well under cover, until they draw the fire of the enemy's outposts, then to open fire with all the energy the conditions would allow. That I, with the remaining companies, would charge over the corduroy road and strike their right flank as soon as the enemy moved their artillery. The men took the water before it was light and soon drew the enemy's fire. The water was not very cold, and the novelty of the situation increased their

enthusiasm, and the men moved steadily forward, firing upon the camp of the enemy with such thundering noise as to indicate that a full brigade was in action. The artillery was soon turned upon them, which gave me the opportunity I waited for, to dash with the mounted men over the corduroy road and attack their flank. The men who had gotten through the swamp mounted their horses, which had followed me over the corduroy road, and my entire command pressed forward. The enemy at length fell back, delivering an irregular fire, which we were returning, when a courier rode up to me with a dispatch from General Kilpatrick, stating that a flag of truce had been agreed upon, that terms of surrender were being prepared, and hostilities should be suspended. From the movements of the enemy, I inferred a similar dispatch had been received. They retired by way of Chapel Hill to Hillsboro, where they went into camp, and the war was ended. The "last shot had been fired at the Confederacy, and we had the honor to be in at the death!" without the loss of a man. I was ordered to proceed next day to Chapel Hill. The terms arranged by General Sherman were disapproved, however, at Washington, and the official surrender did not take place until the 26th of April.

I can best describe our joy and enthusiasm by recalling to your remembrance your own feelings, my Companions of the Legion, when the sunshine of that welcome news brightened the heavens for us. As for myself, after my joy that the end had come, my second thought was that four out of six of my kindred had been sacrificed to bring about that day, and only I, the oldest, and one other, the youngest, would ever receive a welcome home to share in the blessings purchased at such a cost.

The next day we moved eight miles into Chapel Hill. I established headquarters in a house on the outskirts of the town, and camped the command in a grove near by.

Chapel Hill was, and still is, the seat of the University of North Carolina, with, at that time, a population of about 2,500 inhabitants.

Like most college towns, it contained a large class of intelligent and cultivated people. They received us, however, with a very faint welcome. Here we found that four of their soldiers had been killed and ten or twelve wounded in this last engagement. The killed were buried, and the wounded were being cared for by their people, and although we did everything in our power to allay their feeling of aversion, it was plainly seen that we were not welcome.

On the morning of the 20th of April, I noticed an unusual commotion in the town. Soon the telegraph operator brought me a dispatch stating that last night the President was shot, and had died that morning; that Secretary Seward had been stabbed while lying on a sick bed, and was thought to be fatally injured; that his son was badly wounded while trying to defend him, and that an attempt had been made upon the life of the Vice-President. I gasped for breath. A shadow of darkness and horror came over me. I became dizzy and leaned on a fence for support. Tears ran down my cheeks, and I bitterly exclaimed as in prayer, Great God, has it come to this? Is it possible that, after we had met them in open battle and shot to death their hellish purpose to destroy the Nation, that they are going to steal upon us like cowards with murder in their hearts like this? The news flew through the camp in a moment. Men gathered in squads and talked low, with a threatening look of vengeance. Citizens, pale with alarm, came in squads to see me with the anxious inquiry whether their town would be burned, and begged to assure me that they had no knowledge that such a terrible event was contemplated, and prayed that we would do them no harm, for they were very sorry that such a calamity had fallen upon the country. "Gentlemen," I replied, "we are all broken up

and staggered by this frightful news; it may be that some of your reckless leaders in the desperation of their failure have rashly determined upon a guerrilla warfare and secret assassination, but I can hardly believe it. I am rather persuaded that it has been the crazy act of a band of irresponsible adventurers, who have stricken down (had they but known it) the truest and ablest friend the South, in this, her sore extremity, could ever have. Go home at once, and assure your families for me that, although my men are terribly excited over this event, they are neither guerrillas nor cutthroats, but American soldiers with the common instinct of true American citizens, and that your homes and property will not be disturbed by them." A reaction of feeling resulted, the citizens became more cordial, and met us with more friendly recognition.

In a day or two, Professor Hubbard, of the University, called and invited me and one or two of my officers to dinner. Here we had the pleasure of meeting two very charming ladies, in the persons of his wife and daughter. The husband of the latter was a Confederate officer, at that time a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. The dinner was frugal, but well ordered. I took occasion to compliment the white bread, saying that it was something new to us, and certainly very good. Mrs. Hubbard remarked with a smile that it ought to be, as the barrel of flour cost her one thousand dollars, and she had scraped the bottom of the barrel at the last baking, and did not know where the next was to come from.

Two or three days afterward my scouts reported that they had found eighteen barrels of flour in a mill out in the country marked "C. S. A." I sent three teams to bring it in, and did what any gentleman before me would have done under the circumstances: I directed my commissary lieutenant, who was rather an elegant fellow, to black his boots, put on a white collar, if he had one, and trim himself up, and take a barrel of flour down to Mrs. Hubbard with my compliments.

This little act of courtesy brought from the daughter the next morning a beautiful specimen of the fragrant magnolia in full bloom, and an invitation for me and the lieutenant, with another officer or two, to meet some friends at the house of Professor Ritter the next evening. This was appreciated and accepted. But whether this incident and the subsequent events growing out of it are entirely appropriate in a paper of this kind, I am not quite sure, but they can be stricken out if it is thought advisable. On this evening we met a number of young people of the town, chiefly from the college families. One of the most attractive was the daughter of a former Governor of the State and President of the college. She was also a second cousin to Governor Zeb. Vance, of the State. By the way, the old families of the Carolinas are very exclusive, and trace a blood relationship among themselves after the style of the leading families of England. Miss Swain was as brilliant and original as she was elegant and attractive. I became the especial target of her attack. "Well," said she, "you Yankees have got here at last. We have been looking for you for some time, and have a curiosity to know what you are going to do with us. You have destroyed our country and our means of support; you have burned our fences and many of our homes and factories; you have disorganized and robbed us of our labor; you have killed or disabled our young men, at least the best of them, but the women are all here; what are you going to do with us?" The expression on her strangely bright face as she presented this formidable indictment almost paralyzed me, but I recovered enough to venture modestly the suggestion that it might be well for us to follow the example of the ancient Fabians, who, after they had overrun a neighboring province and killed the men, began the reconstruction of the country by marrying the women. She said the North has assumed the responsibility, and we are at your mercy; but I suppose you will let us have something to say about that. We

passed quite an interesting evening. However, it seemed to be their wish to learn all they could in regard to the intruders. It was claimed by Miss Swain that in a social way they were at a disadvantage. The Northern officers had the means of learning the character and social standing of the Southern people, while they themselves could stand upon the temporary prominence their rank gave them and assume a high position among us, while they might belong to a very ordinary class at home. I frankly admitted that this was true in some instances, but said we had plenty of gentlemen in the army whose standing did not rest upon appearances, but was the result of their personal energy, high character and ability, and said it would give me pleasure to present at her convenience a very gallant friend of mine, who is a good representative of that class, and who, like myself, is a bachelor, and always expected to remain one; "but, Miss Swain, I have been thinking, since I have had the pleasure of meeting you, that if there is a lady in the State of North Carolina that could make him change his mind on that subject, you could." She bowed her thanks and inquired his name. I replied that it was General Smith D. Atkins, of Illinois, commanding the Second Brigade. She said she would be at home to-morrow evening. The meeting was arranged accordingly, and one or two other lady friends were asked to be present.

The next day I called on the General and told him that I had made an appointment for him in a social way for that evening. He replied that he did not want to make any social calls, that we were not here for anything of that kind. I replied that, in my opinion, he was entirely wrong, that the war was over and it had been decided that we were to remain one people — North and South. That it was now as much our duty to break down the unfortunate prejudice which existed between us as it had been to break down the rebellion, and we should devote our best endeavors to bring about a

reconciliation between the sections. He then inquired where I wanted him to go. I told him that it was to Governor Swain's. He had already met the Governor, who had been one of the Committee of Three to meet our forces on our approach to Raleigh, and to offer the surrender of the city. He consented to make a short call, and we spent a very pleasant evening at the house of the Governor. I gave my attention to the ladies of the previous evening, while the General devoted himself to Miss Swain. About 10 o'clock I suggested that it was time to go to camp. He replied that it was not late. Some time afterward I repeated the suggestion. He responded, "Yes, in a few minutes." After another interval I said if we remained much longer we would have trouble, as I had not the countersign. He replied that he had it. I called at his headquarters the next afternoon, and was told that he had gone down to Governor Swain's on some matter of business. It was the old, old story. A feathered arrow from the ancient bow had pierced the heart the modern bullet had failed to reach. After the war he came back and they were married, and reconstruction in its best form was begun in North Carolina.

War teaches us to value peace. Peace is the dream of the philanthropist. We all sympathize with the aim of The Hague Court of Arbitration; but, after all, war is not the greatest calamity that can befall a nation. In the frailties of human nature there are some diseases that nothing else will cure. The nations which have reached the highest plane of development have been the most warlike.

Civilization and even Christianity have followed in the pathway of armies.

In all animated nature the spirit of war is universal, and the survival of the strongest rather than the fittest is the rule. The average man will fight, and there is a limit to provocation

beyond which if he doesn't fight women despise him, and the best men lose faith in him. So it is with nations.

The lion and the unicorn rampant and the eagle with outstretched pinions are the cherished emblems of progressive civilization.

For centuries China has remained as unmoved as a frozen sea, until she was shaken by an upheaval ten years ago. Now she is looking to get her unwieldy proportions into the column of modern progress, and even permitting the introduction of modern thought.

The ingenious energy we displayed during the Civil War has been contagious, and the overturning of the old methods among the nations is America's contribution to the world's advancement. It is said that we are a restless people, but unrest is the secret of advancement.

A stagnant pool loses its vitality and becomes offensive. The water of Lake Michigan washes the city of Chicago, but becomes cleansed in its journey through the canal. The angry torrents that dash through the rapids into Lake Ontario are purer than when they left Lake Erie. Even so, our beloved country, with all her remaining faults, is grander, better and purer than she was in the sixties, because in her efforts at purification she passed through her crimson Niagara.

THE SIEGE OF MUMFORDVILLE.

By John T. Wilder,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

On the 1st of September, 1862, I left Louisville, Ky., with two hundred and fourteen recruits for my regiment, the Seventeenth Indiana, for Nashville, Tenn., where my regiment was with the Army of the Ohio, General D. C. Buell, commanding. When we reached the Red River bridge near Clarksville, Tenn., we found the bridge destroyed and burned, by a detachment of General John H. Morgan's command. My recruits were unarmed. There were about twenty armed convalescent soldiers on the train, returning to their commands from the hospital at Louisville. I was informed that a culvert in our rear had been torn up by the party who had destroyed the Red River bridge. I immediately formed the armed convalescents as a line of skirmishers (it being quite dark) across the line of the railroad, and the recruits in line in their rear, and advanced in front of the railroad train toward the destroyed culvert. The enemy, supposing my force all armed, fell back when the skirmish line opened fire on them, and the culvert was soon repaired, and we went with the train to Bowling Green, Ky. I was then directed to go on to Green River to defend the railroad bridge over that stream. On my arrival there I received a dispatch directing me to come personally to Louisville, where I found General H. G. Wright, commander of the Department; Governor Morton, of Indiana; General Gilbert and General Boyle. I was directed to return to Green River and take command of the post of Mumfordville, and to hold the post to the last if attacked, and further was informed that General Bragg's army was about to invade Kentucky by way of Glasgow, and that General Buell was

coming from Nashville to intercept him. I immediately returned to Mumfordville, taking arms for my recruits there, and found a bridge guard at the place of some two hundred Kentucky recruits, also the Sixty-seventh and Eighty-ninth Regiments of Indiana Infantry, of seven hundred men each. I assumed command September 8th, and at once began to repair the old field works on the south side of the river that had been erected in the previous winter. They consisted of a low line of infantry breastworks encircling the south end of the bridge, and a weak stockade for fifty men at the river bank near the bridge end, and a small redoubt or star fort for two hundred men and two guns at Woodsonville, about a half mile up the river, on ground commanding the bridge and the line of intrenchments near the bridge.

A number of home guard recruits for the Thirty-third Kentucky came in unarmed, and I directed them to spread out over the country and keep me informed of the movements of the enemy, and this they did most admirably, and gave me timely notice of Bragg's advance when it was fifty miles away. General J. H. Morgan had burned the railroad bridge over Salt River, eighteen miles south of Louisville, September 9th, and we had only one day's rations and little infantry ammunition. I repaired an old locomotive and sent it to Salt River with two flat cars, with a request to General Gilbert at Louisville to send me supplies, especially ammunition. He declined to send them, fearing that they would be captured by the prowling bands of the enemy in transit. I at once began collecting provisions from the country, and soon had ten days' food for the men and animals. I got some hard bread from Bowling Green. A number of bridge guards and unarmed loyal Kentuckians came in to escape capture by the mounted forces of Colonel Scott and John H. Morgan. The telegraph to Louisville was kept up, and, having informed General Gilbert of the conditions in my vicinity, he wired me to hold out to the

last, and informed me that Buell would surely relieve me. In the evening of the 12th Scott's brigade of cavalry appeared on the north side of the river and demanded an immediate surrender of the place, which I declined. On the 13th he fired a few shots at us from his battery, but retired out of range when we replied with shots from a twelve-pounder we had found in the works. We worked hard putting the rifle intrenchments in order, and placed a head-log on top of the earth embankment; also cut down the timber in the pasture in front of our intrenchment, thinking that it might break the force of an attack in line. I learned from my scouts that Buell was at Bowling Green with a large part of his army, and that Bragg was at Glasgow, with his infantry advance at Horse Cave, twelve miles south of Mumfordville, on the line of the railroad, and between us and Buell. I sent messengers every night through the enemy's lines to Buell with all information I could secure, but he never replied to my communications. I also wired General Gilbert, at Louisville, every few hours of all I learned of the movements of the enemy. My scouts kept me informed of the advance of the infantry division of Chalmers, who led Bragg's main force, and at daylight of the 14th this force, consisting of seven regiments of infantry and six guns, and Scott's brigade of cavalry, with five howitzers, began a desperate attack on my lines. I had 1,241 infantry armed, and 2,100 men in all, two six-pounders and two twelve-pounders; four regiments of infantry charged my lines near the bridge. The fallen trees somewhat hindered the force of the charge. Our men, entirely undrilled, stood to their works like veterans, and handsomely repulsed a most determined attack, many of the enemy, led by their officers, falling within fifty feet of our works. In all the war I never saw a more brilliant charge or more complete or resolute defense than these undrilled and half-armed men made at this point. At my left flank, in the little fort a half mile east at Woodsonville,

two hundred men, under Major Abbott, of the Sixty-seventh Indiana, had two twelve-pounder guns. General Chalmers led the remainder of this force, three regiments, in a charge on this work. The ground was of such a character that his men were not exposed to the fire from the defenders of the redoubt until within two hundred and fifty yards. Chalmers evidently supposed that his trained veterans would, by their rapid and resolute attack, strike terror to these undrilled recruits, but after a most determined charge up to within fifty feet of the fort, they were completely repulsed, and driven back to a position where the ground covered them from the fire of our men, where they kept up a harmless fire until 9:30 o'clock.

I must here record an act of the greatest heroism. Major Abbott, in command of the fort, when the fire was hottest sprang on the parapet of the fort, hat in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, to defend the fallen flag (which had been shot down), and was instantly killed, and fell on the flag, which he honored with his life's blood; the flag had been pierced by one hundred and forty-six bullets, and the staff was struck eleven times. He fell an unnecessary sacrifice, but one of the bravest and most unselfish on record. His spirit should be in Lincoln's cabinet in heaven, his example an inspiration to every patriot in the world. Another action that I must speak of in this record. Lieutenant Mason, who had lately been promoted Lieutenant from private for bravery at Shiloh, was a strong, muscular boy of eighteen, and had command of the two twelve-pounders in the fort, and when his untrained men were almost smothered by the hot fire of the enemy, he handled his guns with superhuman strength and energy, loading and firing them himself with sweeping cataracts of canister through the closed ranks of the desperate enemy, throwing them into disorder and driving them back out of fire. He came through without a wound.

These two desperate assaults were simultaneous, and both

bravely repulsed. The rebel forces kept up a desultory fire at long range until about 9:30 o'clock, the entire battle having lasted about three hours, the hottest portion of it not over twenty minutes, these six splendid Mississippi regiments having shown the highest quality of courage, only equaled by the Alabama men, who fully equaled them, and fairly beaten by the brave boys in my command, who, inspired by finest patriotism, fought for their cause like the heroes they were. When I state to you that only five men of my undrilled force had ever before been under battle fire, it makes the result most remarkable. My loss in this battle was thirty-seven men killed and wounded; General Chalmers reported two hundred and eighty-eight killed and wounded, although my information at the time was that their losses were more than twice that number. Their loss in field officers was remarkable, three regimental commanders being killed or died of wounds, while their loss of commissioned officers was eleven casualties. After the firing had ceased, General Chalmers sent me an impudent note, as follows:

Colonel J. T. Wilder, Commanding United States Forces at Green River:

You have made a gallant defense of your position, and to avoid further bloodshed I demand an unconditional surrender of your forces. I have six regiments of infantry, one battalion of sharp-shooters, and have just been reinforced by a brigade of cavalry under Colonel Scott, with two batteries of artillery. I have two regiments on the north side of the river, and you can not escape. The railroad track is torn up in your rear, and you can not receive reinforcements. General Bragg's army is but a short distance in the rear.

JAMES R. CHALMERS, *Brigadier-General, Commanding First Brigade of Right Wing, Army of the Mississippi.*

To this I replied:

Brigadier-General James R. Chalmers, Commanding First Brigade, Right Wing, Army of the Mississippi:

Your note demanding the unconditional surrender of my forces has been received. Thank you for your compliments. If you wish to avoid further bloodshed, keep out of the range of my guns. As to reinforce-

ments, they are now entering my works. I think I can defend my position against your entire force; at least I shall try to do so.

J. T. Wilder, *Colonel, Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers, Commanding Force at Green River.*

The reinforcements above alluded to consisted of six companies, about three hundred men each, under Colonel Cyrus L. Dunham, of the Fiftieth Indiana Volunteers, who had eluded Scott's cavalry, on the north side of the river, and came to our relief just after the battle ended. Colonel Dunham's commission antedated mine a few days, which entitled him to take command, which he did the next morning.

After the battle was ended General Chalmers expressed a wish to have a truce sufficiently long to enable him to bury his dead and remove his wounded. To this I agreed, as there were many of his men lying badly wounded near our line. I sent our details to help gather his wounded, surgeons to aid in caring for them, and loaded two flat cars with them, who were too badly injured to be otherwise removed. The cars we pushed by hand out to their lines some two miles from us. The army of General Bragg was moved up to surround us, and a large force under General Polk crossed the river eight miles above us and took position on ground that commanded our position. Fighting had been going on in a desultory manner for two days, and it was evident that Buell would not come onward, although we were assured by telegraph from Louisville that Buell would surely relieve us. At 5 p. m. the 16th, Colonel Dunham called to him the several officers of his rank and stated that we were hopelessly surrounded, and that we could not hope for any relief from any source, and it was agreed to parley for terms of surrender. I objected to a surrender without first knowing to a certainty that they had force sufficient to compel it without any doubt. A telegram came from General Gilbert, at Louisville, for Colonel Dunham to turn the command over to me, which he did under telegraphic

protest to General Gilbert, who at once ordered him to report to me in arrest. The wires were soon cut, and we could not communicate with Louisville.

Colonel Waters, of Bragg's staff, came to our outpost under flag of truce, leaving a dispatch from General Bragg for our immediate, unconditional surrender. I went to the outpost and found General Buckner there, who assured me that Bragg's whole army had us entirely in their power, with sixty cannon in position to crush us with their fire. I answered him, if this was the case, there could be no reason why I could not go around and see this overwhelming force; that we had been summoned four times to surrender, with like assurances of their power to compel it, and we at each time successfully repelled their attacks, and that I would not surrender to any one without absolutely knowing by observation of our inability to resist. He then agreed that I could go over their lines and count the guns and see the forces around us. This I did, and counted forty-five cannon in commanding position on the south side of the river, besides many more on the north side of the river. General Buckner took me to Bragg's headquarters about midnight, and found him very busy writing. He never raised his hand when my presence was announced, but kept on writing for several minutes, when he raised his head and surlily demanded: "What do you want?" General Buckner stated to him that I had proposed to surrender the force if we could be at once paroled, and given all of our personal effects and four days' rations and allowed to go to the Ohio River, giving up all the arms, ammunition, and government supplies. Bragg snappishly replied: "Such terms are unheard of, and can not be considered. We have men and guns enough in position to crush you out of existence without losing a man." I replied that I did not suppose he had hauled ammunition across the Cumberland Mountains in wagons to afford to waste it on us, as he would need it to cope with Buell. He abruptly dismissed

me, and General Buckner guided me out to the gate to the farm yard in which Bragg had his headquarters. He then said: "This is willful murder." I replied: "That if it was, he had to commit it." He then requested me to await his return from another interview with General Bragg. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with the remark that the affair was left to him. We then talked over the matter a few minutes, and agreed to it substantially as I had stated. He said he would send a brigade in possession of our works. To this I declined, and said I would return to my command, have property lists made out, the muster rolls prepared, and march out at sunrise, and lay down our arms in the open fields between our lines. To this he consented, and it was properly carried out in all respects, except that we were sent to Buell instead of the Ohio River direct. The muster rolls showed that we surrendered 3,546 men of all arms, 600 of whom were without arms, ten pieces of artillery, and tents for one and one-half regiments, and one day's rations, and about 2,700 small arms. By some oversight I was not paroled, and when I reported to General Buell, some two days later, I was ordered on duty with my regiment, which was with Buell's army. General Buell sent twenty-eight captured privates to Bragg in exchange for me, and I led the advance of Buell's army to Louisville, where a communication came from General Bragg refusing to accept the exchange, which was done soon after the battle of Perryville, in the court of inquiry to investigate all matters concerning the campaign in Kentucky, and especially the reason for not relieving me at Mumfordville before Bragg surrounded us at that place. General Buell claimed that my command was not in his sphere of operations, and that we were under command of General H. G. Wright, who should have given me discretion as to my actions in an emergency like that we were subjected to. The court held that my course in the whole matter was correct, and General Wright stated that

my conduct was that of a brave and capable soldier, entitled to all praise for my entire course of action. It was further stated that our stubborn defense of Mumfordville delayed Bragg five days and saved our depot of supplies at Louisville from capture, as that was undoubtedly the plan of General Bragg, and when General Buell had assembled his army at Bowling Green, and started in pursuit of Bragg, the latter was compelled to swing off toward Frankfort and connect with Kirby Smith at the latter place; the delay at Mumfordville giving time to move the army supplies at Louisville across the Ohio River to Jeffersonville, and for the new troops from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to assemble at Louisville, which caused Bragg to give up his plan to capture that city.

CPSIA information can be obtained
at www.ICGtesting.com
Printed in the USA
BVHW042333111220
595561BV00016B/480

9 780469 137202

This work has been selected by scholars as being culturally important, and is part of the knowledge base of civilization as we know it. This work was reproduced from the original artifact, and remains as true to the original work as possible. Therefore, you will see the original copyright references, library stamps (as most of these works have been housed in our most important libraries around the world), and other notations in the work.

This work is in the public domain in the United States of America, and possibly other nations. Within the United States, you may freely copy and distribute this work, as no entity (individual or corporate) has a copyright on the body of the work.

As a reproduction of a historical artifact, this work may contain missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. Scholars believe, and we concur, that this work is important enough to be preserved, reproduced, and made generally available to the public. We appreciate your support of the preservation process, and thank you for being an important part of keeping this knowledge alive and relevant.

Published by Wentworth Press, an imprint of Creative Media Partners.
support.creativemedia.io